Collier's

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15¢
August 26, 1950

'The Brain' of the U.S. Army

JAMES A. MICHENER'S

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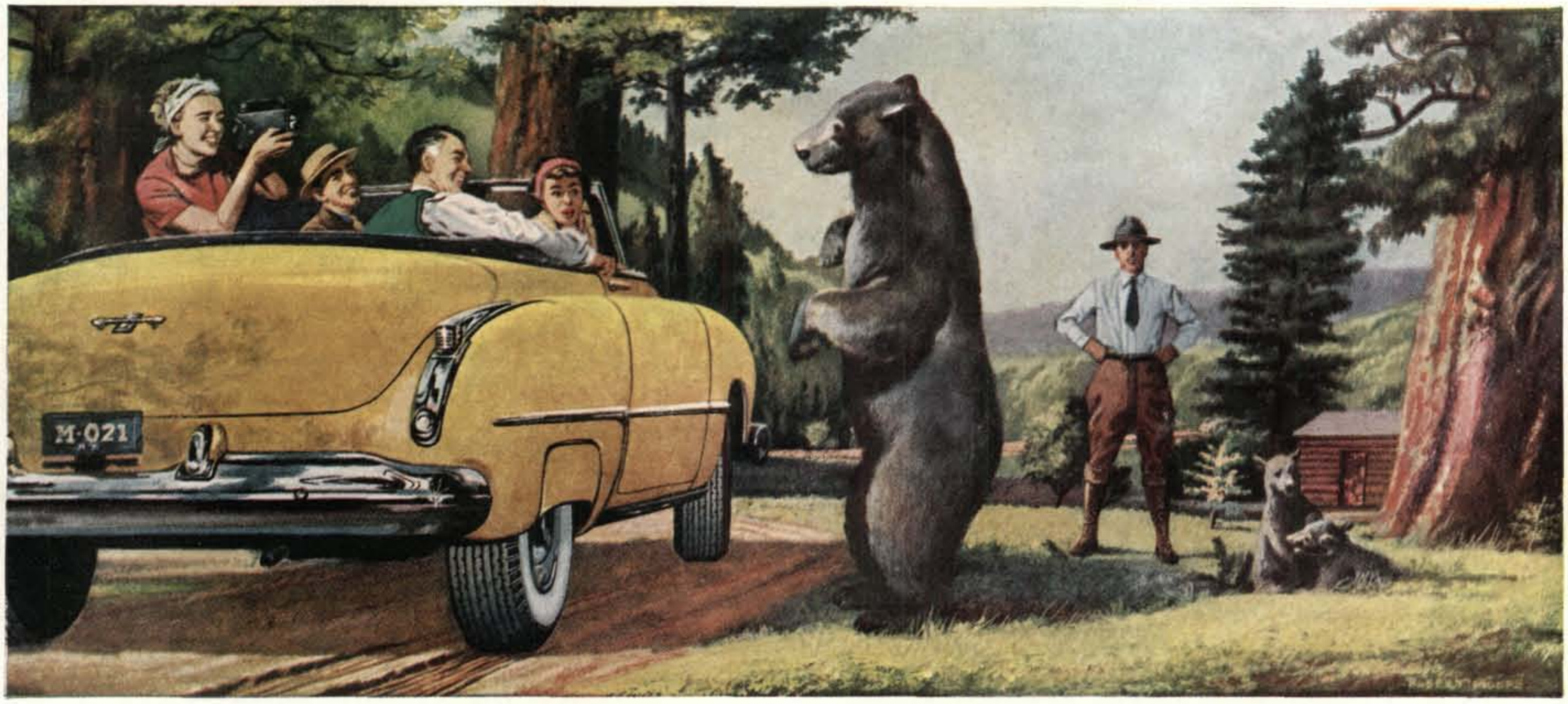
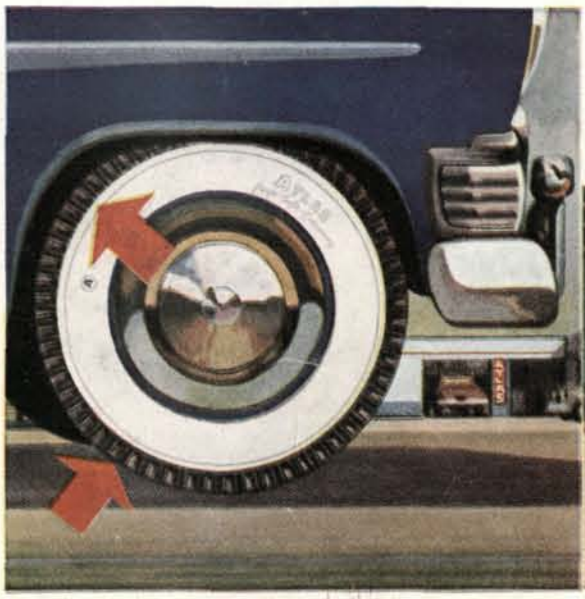
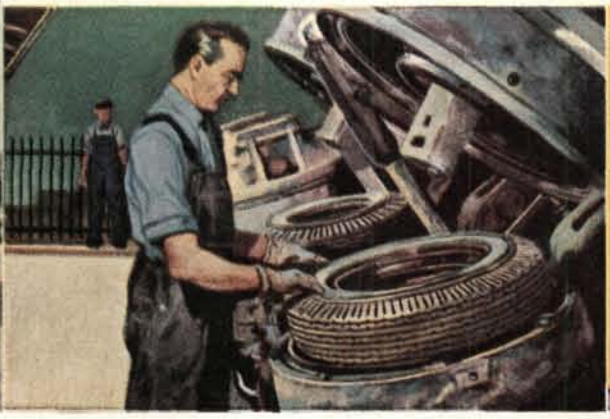
How long mileage is built into ATLAS tires



1. Just as Nature gave the bear broad, flat feet to carry his heavy bulk, so Atlas engineers designed Atlas tires with a wide, flat tread to distribute car weight evenly for safe driving and long wear. Atlas assures long mileage these other ways, too:



2. Deep sidewall buttresses shed heat . . . keep Atlas tires running cool. Cooler running tires last longer.



3. Use of new "cold" rubber adds extra wear for Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires.

ATLAS
ATLAS TUBE
ATLAS TUBE

4. Atlas Butyl Tubes hold air pressure up to ten times longer than natural rubber —keep tires from going soft.

5. Atlas checks mileage performance year after year through constant laboratory and road tests under all conditions.

6. The broad, written Warranty on Atlas tires is honored by 38,000 Atlas dealers in 48 states and Canada.

ATLAS*
TIRES - BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

7. Get a set or pair of Atlas tires from your local dealer—today!

**38,000 ATLAS DEALERS
SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE**

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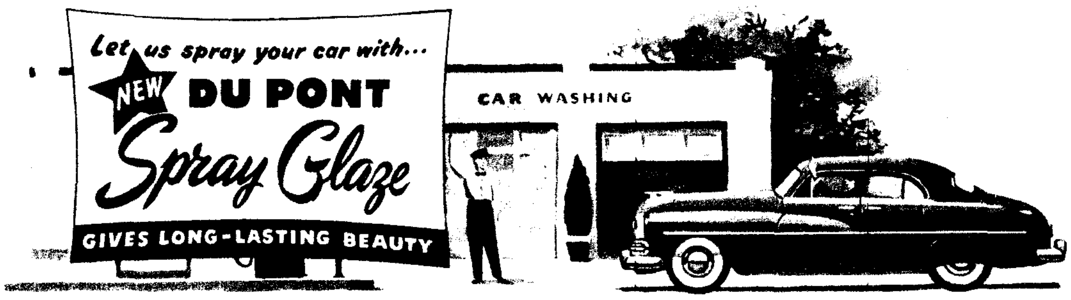
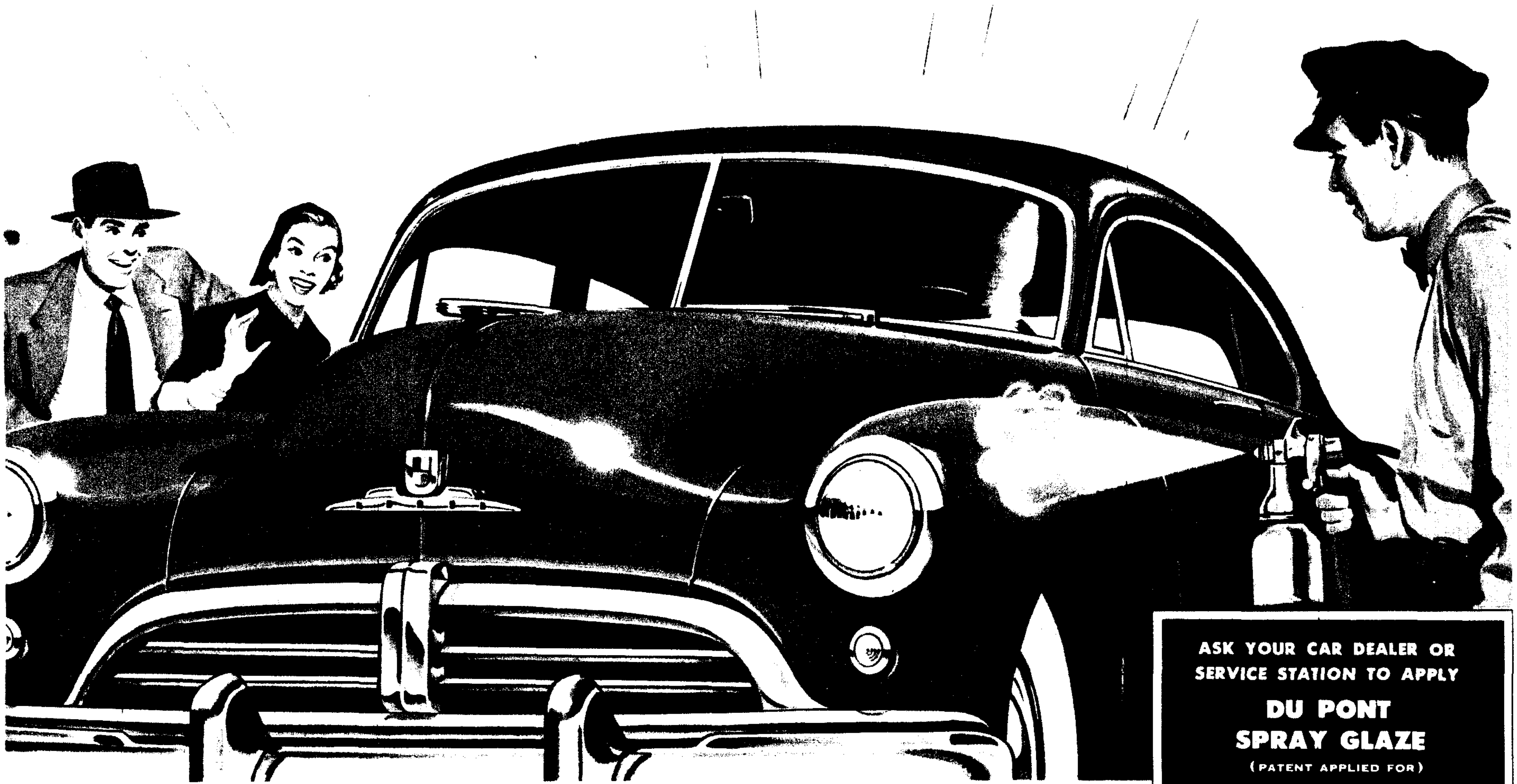
Look for this sign...
Get this Amazing
Car Beauty Treatment!



New Du Pont Spray Glaze

OUTSHINES...OUTLASTS

outdoes the best wax job... *yet costs no more*



IT'S THE AMAZING new automobile beauty treatment that's sprayed on . . . from bumper to bumper. Du Pont Spray Glaze (patent applied for) is a completely new product of Du Pont chemistry. It is not a paint—not just a polish . . . not just another wax. Applied by a professional operator with a high-pressure spray gun, Du Pont Spray Glaze is available now at many service stations and car dealers.

Complete protection; brighter gloss! This new process puts a hard, durable glaze on every inch of the finish . . . including chromium and those quick-to-rust spots seldom reached by ordinary waxing and polishing. Spray Glaze brings back "show-room" shine on old finishes . . . gives new finishes almost unbelievable lustre!

Lasting, all-weather treatment! Du Pont Spray Glaze keeps your finish shining despite tough weather punishment. A few flicks with a soft cloth take off ordinary dust; a quick washing brings back the gleam on badly spattered finishes.

For a brighter, longer-lasting shine . . . more complete protection . . . treat your car to Du Pont Spray Glaze. Look for the Spray Glaze sign in your neighborhood! E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Delaware.

ASK YOUR CAR DEALER OR SERVICE STATION TO APPLY

DU PONT SPRAY GLAZE

(PATENT APPLIED FOR)

Here's what the Du Pont Spray Glaze process includes:

1. Washing your car with dirt-dissolving Du Pont Car Wash.
2. Thorough pre-cleaning with safe, approved Du Pont Spray Glaze Cleaners.
3. Complete bumper-to-bumper protection with brilliant Du Pont Spray Glaze.

SPRAY GLAZE *is the newest addition to Du Pont's famous No. "7" Line.*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
JUDY GARLAND • GENE KELLY
in "SUMMER STOCK"
CO-STARRING
Eddie BRACKEN • Gloria De HAVEN
Marjorie MAIN • Phil SILVERS
with RAY COLLINS
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by GEORGE WELLS and SY GOMBERG
Story by SY GOMBERG
Music by HARRY WARREN
Lyrics by MACK GORDON
Directed by........CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by...........JOE PASTERNAK

Hey-ho! for the citronella season! Here we are in our paint-spattered jeans with a haystraw behind our ear, joyfully re-living every dancing note and lovecall of M-G-M's bucolic frolic "Summer Stock."

What a theme for a musical! When Broadway goes barnstorming there's no limit to the opportunities for hilarious tuneful romance, and this Technicolor triumph positively skims the cream! The story is as fresh and warm as a new-baked pie.

Judy Garland, owner of a run-down farm, lends her barn to a troupe of acting folks, led by Gene Kelly, ambitious-but-broke producer of a musical headed for Broadway. That's when you know it's not going to be "so peaceful in the country"!

Stirring up hornets' nests are that city clown Phil Silvers, that country cut-up Eddie Bracken, that gorgeous Gloria De Haven, and that rasp-voiced Marjorie Main.

Of course, you can't keep a thrush like Judy down on the farm for long. Not with Gene's dawning interest in the birds and bees and Judy's reciprocal interest in show business.

Judy has a field day with three heart-throbbing solos and four spectacular song-and-dance numbers with nimble-footed Gene. The versatile Kelly really outdoes himself.

The Messrs. Gordon and Warren have culled a lush crop of eight great songs for "Summer Stock." What's more, they're available in the "Summer Stock" album by M-G-M Records.

We could go on and on... but let's just say, if there ever was a gay and gorgeous musical to send M-G-M's stock soaring, "Summer Stock" is it. It's swellegant!

P.S.: Three spectacular Technicolor productions to come from M-G-M: "King Solomon's Mines", "Kim", and "Quo Vadis"!

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* **ALBERT E. WINGER,** *President*

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August 26, 1950

ARTICLES

'The Brain' of the U.S. Army....................PAT FRANK 15
Labor Isn't Waiting for November.............SAM STAVISKY 20
War's Tragedy in Korea................................ 24
Your Aching Back.......................HENRY LA COSSITT 26
America's Bluest Blue-Law Town...........HARTZELL SPENCE 30
Santa Claus Starts in August..............FRANCES BRENTANO 34
Gesundheit!...............................PAULINE GALE 70
Had Your Efficiency Today?....................KEN KRAFT 72
Correct on Campus.......................BERT BACHARACH 84

FICTION

The Ultimate Swine.....................JAMES A. MICHENER 18
Wayward Island..........................ELEANOR GILCHRIST 22
The Windmill Fixers.....................DILLON ANDERSON 28
Professional Husband................IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN 32
To Live Again................................A. J. CRONIN 36
(PART TWO OF NINE PARTS)
The Double-Bladed Lie..................MARY JANE WALDO 38
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

◆

Keep Up with the World....................FRELING FOSTER 8
How Was the Vacation?..................GURNEY WILLIAMS 10
Editorials.. 90
Cover...JON ABBOT

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▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

She's Roxanne Rosedale, twenty-two, and a highly paid Conover model who makes most of her clothes, including swim suits. Her name was Dolores until an admiring fashion-show audience in Minneapolis (where she was born) changed it. Photographer Jon Abbot took the picture in Jamestown, Rhode Island. The boat? We know nothing about it.

Week's Mail

The Dickmon Story

EDITOR: It is indeed a very great pleasure to join the vast horde of Collier's readers who I am sure will congratulate you for publishing Joe Dickmon's story (John L. Lewis Won't Let Me Work, July 8th).

Incidentally, I wonder how many of your readers are as puzzled as I am about the mental capacity of an administration that goes all out in the protection of human beings all over the world but won't do a damn' thing about protecting the workers in one of our most vital industries from an individual who does indeed have the coal miners in the hollow of his hand—or, more logically, under his heel.

CHARLES C. KING, Ex-Miner and Ex-CPO,
U.S.N., Spokane, Wash.

... It is gratifying to know that through your wonderful magazine a man like Joe Dickmon can have freedom of speech.

MRS. JOHN SHOEFSTALL, JR.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

... Joe Dickmon had guts.... Collier's had guts.... I wish that 400,000 miners could say as much regarding their intestinal fortitude. BILL PARSLEY, Lubbock, Texas

... I consider that Collier's and Walter Davenport have done their readers (and the country) a disservice by the printing and official backing of Dickmon's diatribe. I have little sympathy for Lewis and am a professional man, interested here only in advancing democratic principles.

The completely emotional tone and utter lack of documentation in this article brand it as pure exhibitionism. From the start Dickmon indicates his excessive emotional desire for recognition, rather than the legitimate wish to rectify a bad situation. His attack was made not through any proper channel such as his local, where he admits to heavy moral backing, but through a completely alien publicity outlet.

P. L. BEEM, New Haven, Conn.

... Unions have been a boon to the workingman. But a union that is run without consideration for the men or the country must be for the benefit of the union, which isn't what the members are paying dues for.

LURA MAE NEWLON, Mansfield, Ohio

... A few million more Joe Dickmons and democracy will stamp out the parasitic Hitlers, Stalins and Little Caesars in this country. EDWARD G. FREDERICK, Trenton, N. J.

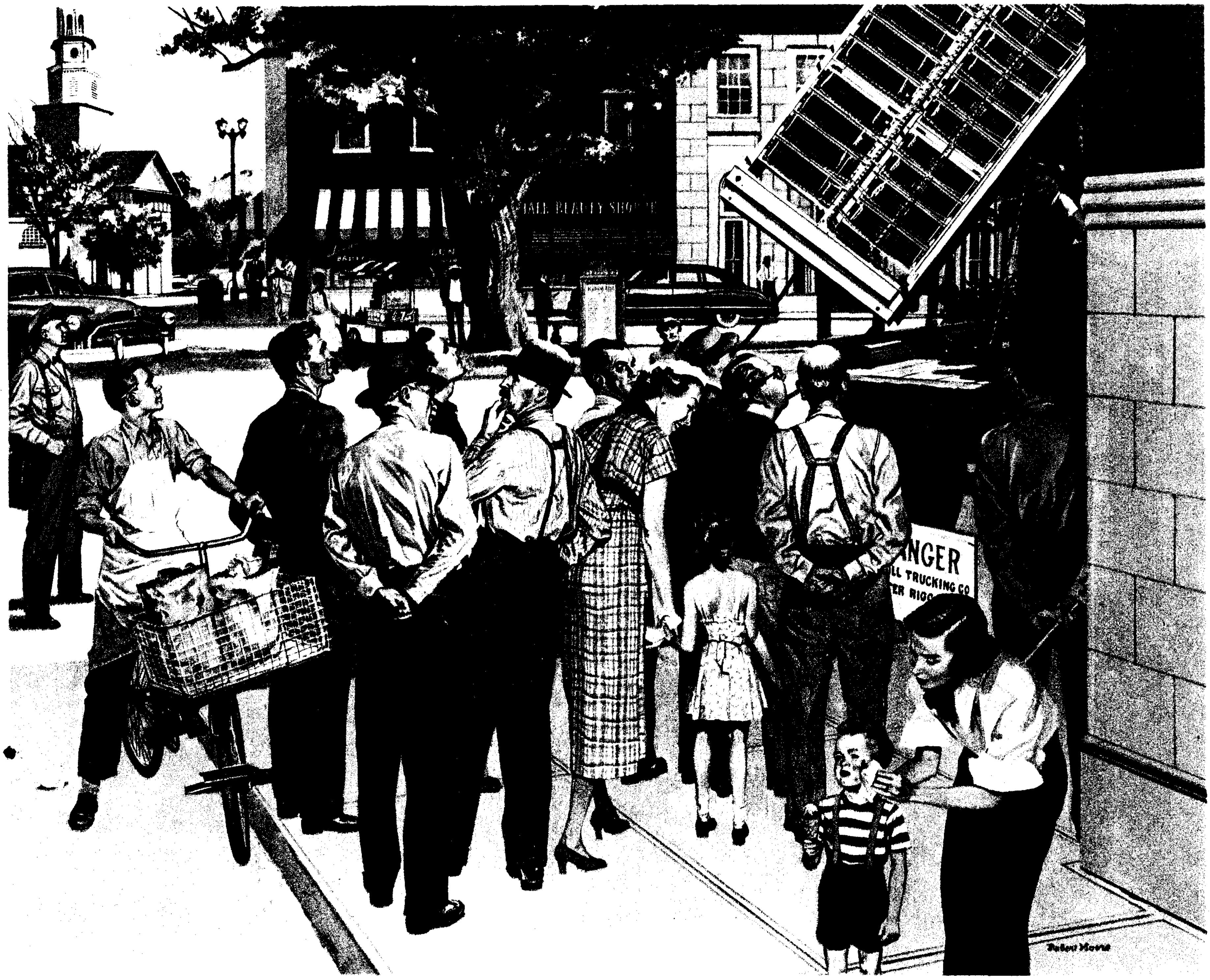
... You bemoan the plight of Joe Dickmon, he having lost his $14.05-a-day job because he tried to disrupt the functioning of the coal miners' union.

Probably you can tell me, dear editor, would Joe Dickmon have had a $14.05-a-day job to lose had it not been for "Dictator" John L. Lewis and his horrible union?

JOSEPH H. FRIEL, Philadelphia, Pa.

... I have read with intense interest the story of Joe Dickmon, and I have mailed him a small check, because, as I told him, I got that much pleasure out of reading his story.

I am a printer and have carried a union



"What's going on?"
"They fixing something?"
"What's that thing for?"

That thing is for more and better Bell telephone service. It's a piece of central office dial switching equipment made by Western Electric.

Making telephone equipment for the Bell System is Western Electric's job—has been for 68 years. We don't make toasters or washing machines or electric ranges. We make telephone equipment—*good* equipment that helps give you good service at low cost.

Because Western Electric is a unit of the Bell System, our people who *make* telephone equipment work shoulder-to-shoulder with Bell Laboratories people who *design* it and Bell telephone people who *operate* it. Together we strive to make your service the best on earth—at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric

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A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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Shows All!
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It's love at first sight with those who want the finest in a beautiful, space-saving table model. Amazing G-E 16" rectangular black tube shows all the TV camera sees . . . big as life and so true to life you feel you're part of the act. Powerful G-E built-in antenna! G-E Automatic Sound—just tune picture, sound is right every time! Exquisite *genuine mahogany* veneered cabinet—hand rubbed furniture finish. Here's quality you will be proud of and it's backed by a name you can depend on. See Model 16T3..$239.95*

General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Big as life, real as life! You'll be happier longer with G. E.'s life-size, lifelike pictures!

**Plus tax. Installation, picture tube protection plan extra. Prices slightly higher West and South.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

card for almost 62 years. However, as you undoubtedly know, the International Typographical Union is a democratic union and we can cuss out the president or any other officer whenever we feel like it. Also, we have semiannual financial statements which are audited by certified public accountants.

ALBERT D. RUST, Mount Rainier, Md.

. . . The article on the plight of Joe Dickmon is one of the best I have read in many a day. Maybe the country isn't going to the dogs after all. It certainly did a lot to build up my faith in your editorial policy.

RICHARD LARRICK, San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Celler's Crusade

EDITOR: Please accept our sincere congratulations on your editorial entitled Mr. Celler's Peevish Crusade (July 8th). This is one of the best editorials on an economic subject that we have read for a long time.

At this time I wish to take the opportunity to commend you in the highest terms of which we are capable for your uniformly courageous and intelligent editorials in the public interest and your policy of printing articles time after time which many publishers would sidestep either from actual fear or from danger of losing business.

With best wishes for continued success for one of America's very few great publications. M. O. EVANS, Evans and Ayres, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Your editorial Mr. Celler's Peevish Crusade is excellent.

Surely the people who read Collier's, and that is Mr. Average Man, will finally tumble to what is happening to our precious America. FRANK T. PRIEST, Wichita, Kans.

Fish Stories

EDITOR: Your issue of July 8th contains a nicely illustrated and ably written article by Raymond R. Camp, If You Want to Catch Bass. I can attest to everything Mr. Camp has written as I have lived for 75 years in the lake region of New Jersey.

I wish that Mr. Camp had given credit for the opening words of his article, "Pound for pound, inch for inch, he's the gamest fish that swims!" to their originator, James Henshall, who published a book approximately 60 years ago under the title The Black Bass, and in the identical words as above paid homage to the royalty of fresh-water game fish, the smallmouthed black bass. A. D. MINTON, Hackettstown, N. J.

. . . Although I enjoyed The Best Judge, by Hal and Barbara Borland (July 8th), I am not quite in agreement with one statement: "The fight went on for almost twenty minutes. Then the bass began to tire."

Having caught quite a few bass of more or less all sizes and descriptions, I am quite curious about this bass that could fight for twenty minutes. I think that the authors will find on catching a few bass that the average time from strike to boating will be under three minutes. Occasionally you will hit a very hard fighter that will take five minutes. In this section, however, anything approaching twenty minutes is unheard of.

JERRY HUGHES, Sunflower, Miss.

Collier's unofficial fishing expert says that with light tackle, it's quite possible that a bass could fight as long as the Borlands' fictional fish.

Carlson's Angel

EDITOR: As the person whom Richard Carlson describes as "the man who got me into this business" (show business) may I express my great pleasure in reading Part I of Diary of a Hollywood Safari (July 8th). I assume that the following two parts will be equally interesting.

At the same time may I point out that Dick did not win $2,500 in scholarship cash at the University of Minnesota as reported by you.

I am certain that the U. of M. never gave so much as a single dollar to anyone to open a theater. The $2,500 you mention was given him by his father, the late H. C. Carlson.

Dick used the money to "play around with" in attempting to set up a theater in Minneapolis. When the money vanished, following several artistically triumphant but financially unsuccessful productions, he took off for Hollywood.

Incidentally, Dick not only was elected to Phi Beta Kappa but many of us in Phi Kappa Psi take great pride in remembering that he is a fellow member in our fraternity.

MERLE POTTER, Sherman Oaks, Cal.

The statement about the $2,500 in scholarship cash is from Mr. Carlson's official biography, which he sent to Collier's. If Mr. Potter will reread the statement he questions, he will find that Collier's didn't say that the university gave him the $2,500 for the purpose of opening a theater. Mr. Carlson simply used the money for that purpose.

Tragic Plight

EDITOR: It was with deep appreciation and thankfulness that I read the eloquent and stirring article on the children abducted from Greece by the agents of international Communism, and detained in countries of eastern Europe notwithstanding two unanimous resolutions of the United Nations General Assembly urging their speedy repatriation (28,000 Children Missing: Darkest Episode of the Cold War, July 8th).

To our utter dismay, after long months of exertions on the part of the Greek government on the one hand and the United States government and leading international organizations on the other, this repatriation, because of the ill will of the detaining countries, has so far not been achieved.

I can find no words to depict the deep anxiety of the stricken mothers and fathers concerned, and along with them that of all the Greek people.

Our only hope now lies in the interest of the free peoples of the world in the plight of our abducted children. If world opinion can bring enough moral pressure to bear on those countries which are parties to this unprecedented international crime, there is a chance that repatriation of the children can be ultimately secured.

A. S. BEINOGLOU, Royal Greek Embassy, Washington, D. C.

Meaty Articles

EDITOR: ON BEHALF OF 475,000 LIVESTOCK FARMERS WHO MARKET CATTLE HOGS AND SHEEP THROUGH NATIONAL LIVESTOCK PRODUCERS ASSN. REPRESENTED ON 65 U.S. MARKETS WE WISH TO COMMEND THE EDITORS OF COLLIER'S FOR A MOST INFORMATIVE AND AUTHORITATIVE SERIES OF ARTICLES ABOUT THE LIVESTOCK AND MEAT INDUSTRY. (Everyman's Meat, June 24th—July 8th.)

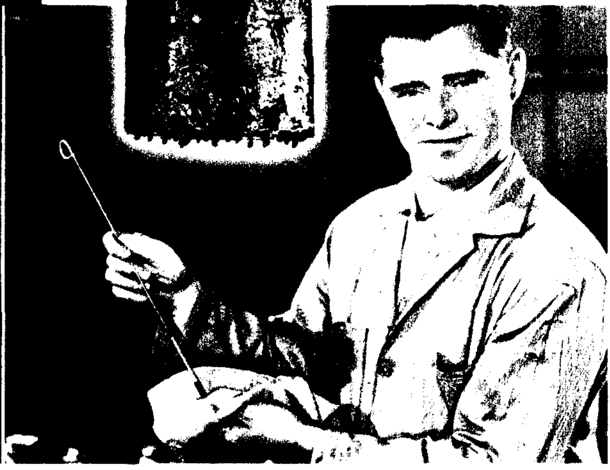
P. O. WILSON, Chicago, Ill.

Fram Oil Filters trap dirt

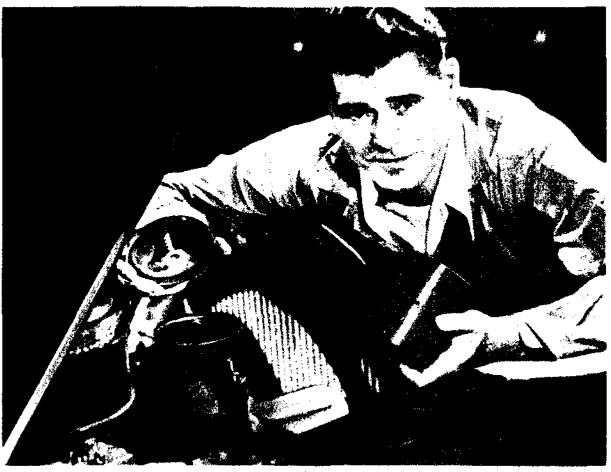
to keep your Engine Clean

In an engine there's only one place for dirt and sludge . . . and that's trapped in your oil filter cartridge! This Fram Cartridge has done its job. It's now loaded with sludge. Read how it got that way. See why an oil filter is essential to your engine.

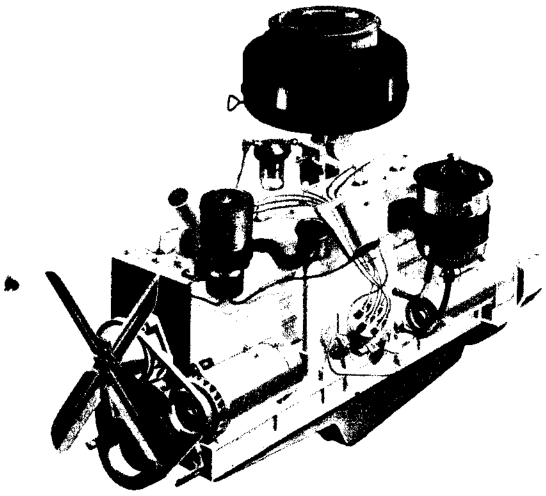
Your engine breathes in dirt from the outside . . . manufactures dirt inside as by-products of combustion. Dirt is your engine's worst enemy, impairs the lubricating qualities of oil, causes engine wear. Compare these pistons: one new; the other, full of injurious deposits because the engine was unprotected.



The dipstick tells the story. It tells you more than the oil level in your crankcase. It tells you your oil condition. When your oil shows dirty and black, you know it's saturated with dirt and contaminants from the engine. *It must be cleaned* . . . and that's where your Fram Oil & Motor Cleaner comes in.



Fram "cleans the oil that cleans the motor." If you don't have a famous Fram Oil & Motor Cleaner, better get one now! And remember, the working part of your filter is the cartridge . . . it *must* be replaced when it gets loaded with gummy sludge. A filter is only as efficient as its cartridge.



Only FRAM Offers You Complete Engine Protection. Fram Filters guard every vital point . . . seal out the deadly contaminants that rob miles from engine life . . . remove harmful impurities formed internally . . . seal in engine power, performance and life.

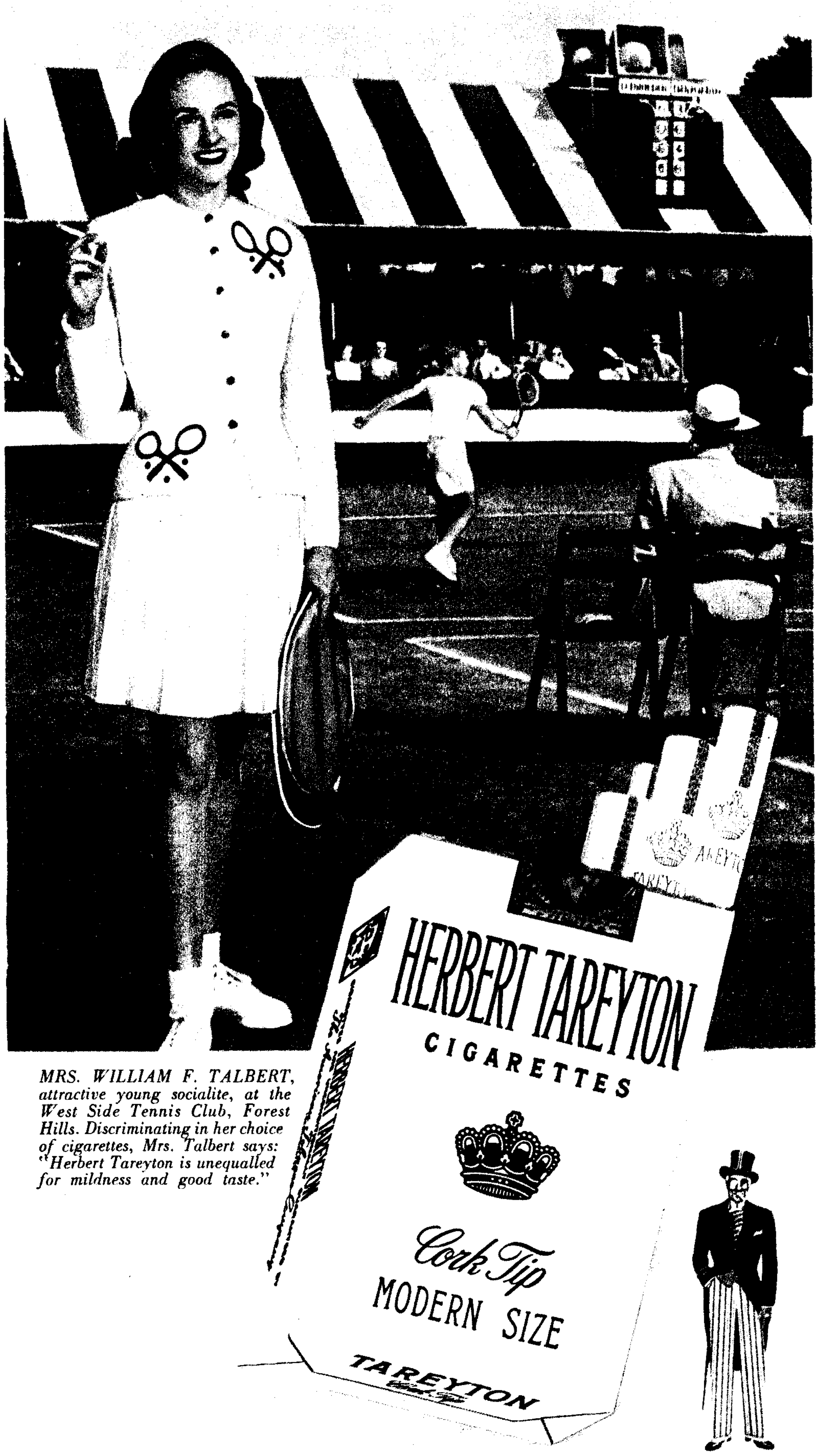
Changing your Oil Filter? Always ask for a FRAM REPLACEMENT CARTRIDGE

For Complete Engine Protection
FRAM
OIL • AIR • FUEL
FILTERS

REMEMBER, the dipstick tells the story. When your oil shows dirty, it means one of two things: If you don't have an oil filter, you need a Fram Oil & Motor Cleaner. If you have a filter, your cartridge has crammed in all the dirt it can hold. It's time to get a genuine Fram Replacement Cartridge. There's one for almost every make filter.

You just can't beat Fram performance in oil filtration. Over fourteen million American motorists know it . . . they have Fram Filters on their cars. So see your Fram Dealer today. To get his name, just call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. You don't risk a red cent. All Fram Filters are unconditionally guaranteed. FRAM CORPORATION, Providence 16, R. I., *In Canada:* J. C. Adams Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER
HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. WILLIAM F. TALBERT, attractive young socialite, at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Talbert says: "Herbert Tareyton is unequalled for mildness and good taste."

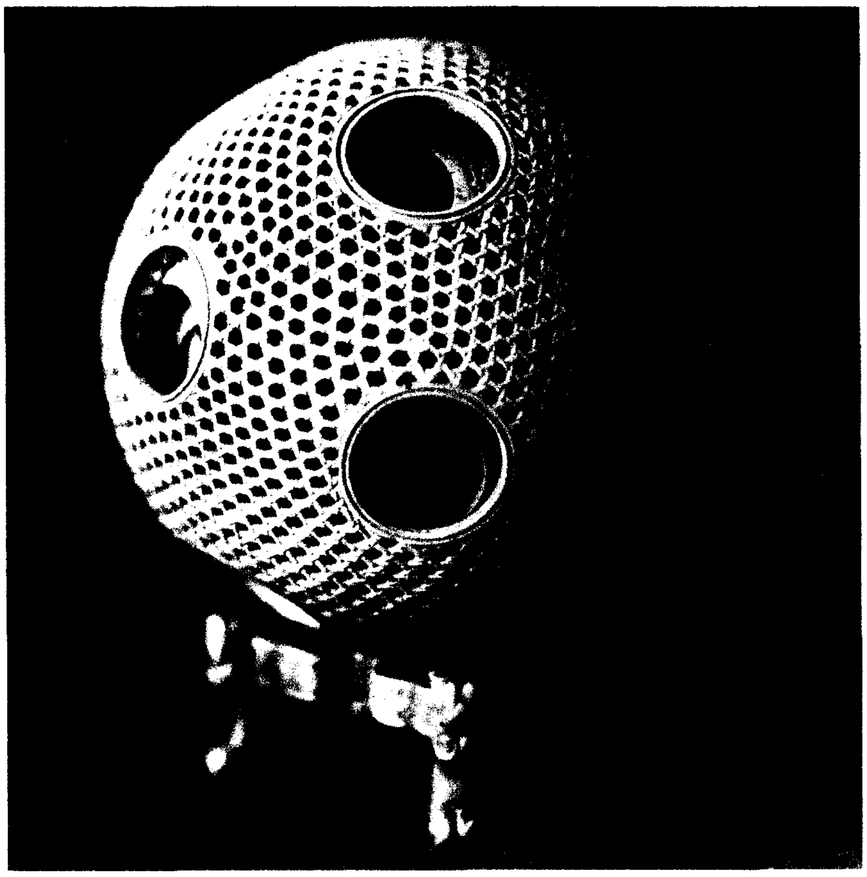
Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give... the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Only the Chinese can carve "puzzle balls" from one piece of ivory

The Chinese are the only people who have mastered the art of carving "puzzle balls," or a series of balls within balls, from a solid sphere of ivory about the size of a large orange. After the artist has finished the outside ball, he works through the decorative openings and, inside it, similarly carves eight others, each smaller than and separated from the one that surrounds it.

* * * * * * * * *

By a new method, human and animal tissue may now be cut in slices only 1/254000 of an inch thick, such incredible thinness being necessary for their study under an electron microscope. Thus, these slices are so thin that 400 of them pressed together would not be as thick as a page in this magazine.

* * * * * * * * *

Studies made of the weird creatures that live in total darkness in the sea at depths from 2,500 to 5,000 feet reveal that they fall into two general groups. Those in one are blind and have feelers, while those in the other have vision and organs that produce lights which vary greatly in number, color, size, shape and location. The best illuminated fish discovered so far had 256 "portholes of light" on its head and body.

* * * * * * * * *

One of New York's most fantastic crimes was the persecution of the Reverend Dr. Morgan Dix of Trinity Church, which took place at his rectory in West Twenty-fifth Street and began on February 18, 1880. Every day for two months, a different group of individuals was summoned there or sent to deliver merchandise, in accordance with instructions received in letters which the perpetrator had written on spurious stationery, forging the signature of Dr. Dix. These groups, for example, were comprised of lawyers, physicians, undertakers with hearses, moving men with vans and people who had advertised in the newspapers for jobs and lost or stolen articles. Others consisted of truckmen with loads of furniture, sporting goods, beer and wine. Before the cruel hoax ended, about 500 persons had been sent to the rectory, Dr. Dix had suffered a nervous breakdown and the police were searching for "Gentleman Joe" Williamson who, a year before, had been dismissed as a Trinity Sunday-school teacher. Joe was caught, tried and convicted of attempted blackmail because he had, for a change one day, written a note to the clergyman demanding $1,000. But Joe had not tried to collect it, claimed that he had never held a grudge against Dr. Dix and died in Sing Sing without revealing his motive for the persecution.

* * * * * * * * *

Several centuries ago a man and his wife, each having extra fingers, founded the community of Cervera de Buitrago, Spain. Within a short time, they were joined by other couples with this abnormality and, since then, no one having fewer than 11 fingers has been allowed to settle there. Owing to this restriction and intermarriage, the peculiar strain became permanent; and so today, virtually every one of the village's 300 inhabitants has from six to nine fingers on one of his hands or on each of them.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

FROM THE WORLD'S FOREMOST PEN MAKER—

4 new Parker Pens

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SURVEY after survey shows Parker to be the pen most people want to own. But not for years was it possible to buy a Parker for less than $12.50. All our work went into producing the "51", the world's most-wanted pen.

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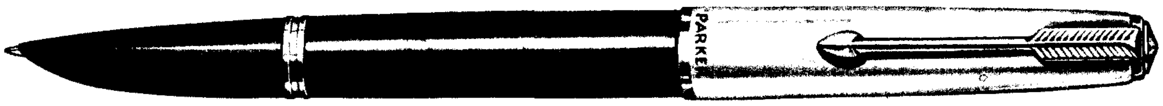

$13.50

Pen and pencil set, $19.75 (No F. E. tax.) Other "51" Pens, from $19.75.

● The world's most-wanted pen . . . acclaimed for beauty and unequalled performance. Now equipped with the new exclusive Aero-metric Ink System and designed to far outlast ordinary pens. A real investment in writing pleasure! 8 rich colors. Plathenium-tip, 14K gold points.

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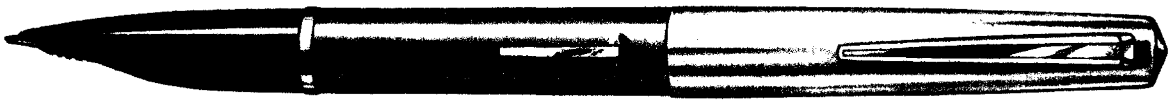

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● The outstanding economy-priced pen of this year or any year. A real Parker Pen . . . style plus genuine value clear through. Satin-smooth, interchangeable point. Polished, stainless slip-on cap. Colors: black, blue, gray, red.

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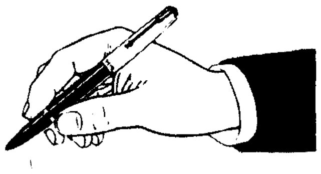
All New Parker Pens, and only Parker Pens, are designed to use dry-writing Superchrome Ink. YOU NEVER NEED A BLOTTER! (They will also use ordinary ink.) Ask your dealer for super-permanent, super-brilliant Parker Superchrome.



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Top favorite
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Enjoy cloud-soft walking ease! Let your feet live in luxury . . . in Porto-Peds, America's most popular comfort shoes! No other footwear has Porto-Ped's patented, resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift. Ultra smart, too! See your Porto-Ped dealer, or write us for his name.

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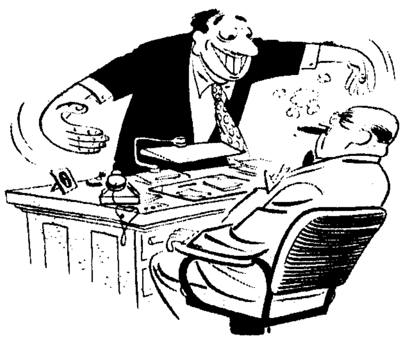
How Was the Vacation?

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

A plan for discouraging postholiday anecdotes



HANK KETCHAM

"We caught 14 pickleblues"

ABOUT this time last year I wrote to an old friend named Mervin Capnitt, president of the Capnitt Catnip Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio, and suggested he try a postvacation experiment with his 200 employees. I pointed out that all of us have had the buttons bored off us listening to office confreres narrate, in irritating detail, the high lights of their vacations, and I outlined a plan for putting a stop to it. The idea was amazingly simple. Each returning vacationist would be isolated from his fellow workers for seven days, by which time his enthusiasm would have worn off.

Just last week—one year later—I was pleased to receive from Capnitt a report of a test he had made of the Williams Plan. It was so complete I'm going to let Mervin take over from here.

Your Plan (he wrote) was an unqualified success in all cases to which we applied it. I'd like to relate the before-and-after picture. On July 7th, last, Austin Bisselman, head of our shipping department, returned from a two-week vacation up at Lake Moosewannawee, Maine, and I asked him how he enjoyed himself.

"Wonderful!" he began eagerly. "The fishing was out of this world. I caught a 17-pound troggle and it was a battle, boy! Had a guide with me, name of Jim, and he said he'd never seen anything like it. Why, one rainy morning, we went out with nothing but swivel-gut coachmen and hauled in 14 pickleblues. One of them was this long . . ."

There was more I won't bother you with, because I'm sure you're familiar with the pattern. I saw Bisselman five days later, asked him how the vacation was and heard the preceding paragraph over again, word for word. For the first time I realized how many man-hours had been lost while untold numbers of Bisselman's associates endured his driveling routine.

The Plan was immediately put into operation on a limited basis and I want to cite a typical example of its efficacy. When Homer Bixby, head of our sales division, came back late last June from Asbury Park, New Jersey, I summoned him to my office and asked him the stock question.

"Great, Chief!" he enthused. "Look at this tan. Went swimming every day. Here's a picture of Mabel under a beach umbrella. And lemme tell you what happened one afternoon after the lifeguards had gone off duty. Mabel and I were strolling down the boardwalk, see, and these two gals were out beyond the breakers, obviously in trouble. So I hopped over the railing to the beach, ripped off my coat and shoes and plunged into the surf. Well . . ."

The story continued for a good 12 minutes, during which time (I learned later) a big catnip account got tired of waiting in the reception room and walked out. When Bixby ended his harangue I said, "I'm sorry to have to send you on the road right after your vacation, Homer, but sales have fallen off alarmingly in Sioux City and I want you to go out there and see what gives. Take a week—and bring back the answer."

Bixby suddenly looked wistful. Instinctively, he gazed through my window and across the courtyard toward the south wing where 24 of his associates were busy at work. Slowly he replaced the snapshot in his pocket, then, "Okay, Chief," he said and left.

Seven days later he was back with a full report—something about a feline decline in Sioux City. However, and this is even more important, I casually asked him how he had enjoyed his previous sojourn in Asbury Park.

"Fine," he replied listlessly.

"Anything exciting happen?"

He hesitated. Finally: "Well, one day after the lifeguards had—ah, the hell with it."

You were right (Capnitt's letter went on). Bixby simply repeated his anecdotes to so many Sioux City dealers that he got sick of listening to himself. Meanwhile, back here in Cleveland, we had worked without repetitious interruptions and had turned out an extra 500 pounds of catnip bags that week.

I had somewhat the same success with Jimmy Hefter, accounting department head and amateur movie fan. The day his cooling-off period ended he dropped in and I asked him how he had made out on his Yellowstone Park tour.

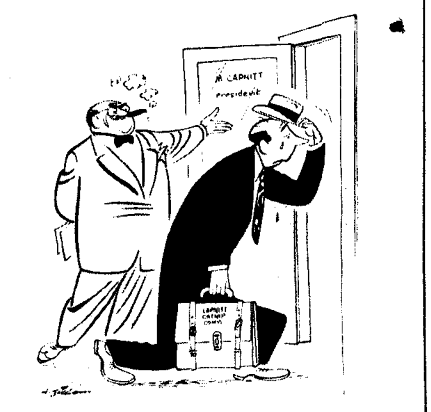
"All right," he said quietly.

"May I see the movies of your trip?"

"Gnah!" he snorted. "I ran 'em off 50 times last week and they're lousy! Look, M.C., about this account . . ."

So the Plan will be put into full-scale operation next year and everyone on my payroll will get the treatment. . . .

That ends Capnitt's report, save for the last paragraph which was devoted to lauding my genius and which offered me a fancy figure ($27,843.91) to join his organization as personnel manager. Out of modesty I shall delete it. THE END

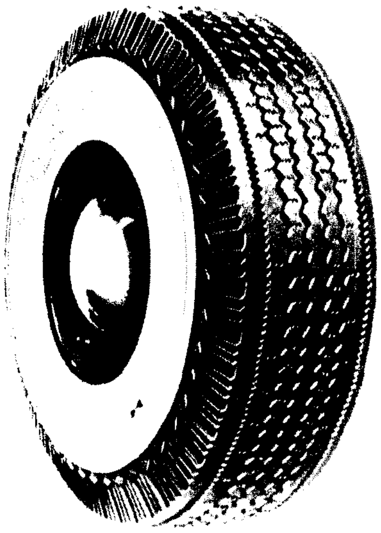


"Take a week if necessary, but bring back the answer"

I WANT TO GET A SET OF LOW-PRESSURE TIRES. WHICH KIND SHOULD I BUY?

CAR MAKERS CERTAINLY KNOW TIRES —AND THEY USE MORE GOODYEAR SUPER-CUSHIONS THAN ANY OTHER KIND.

YES, AND THE PUBLIC BUYS MORE GOODYEAR SUPER-CUSHIONS, TOO. YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH SUPER-CUSHIONS!



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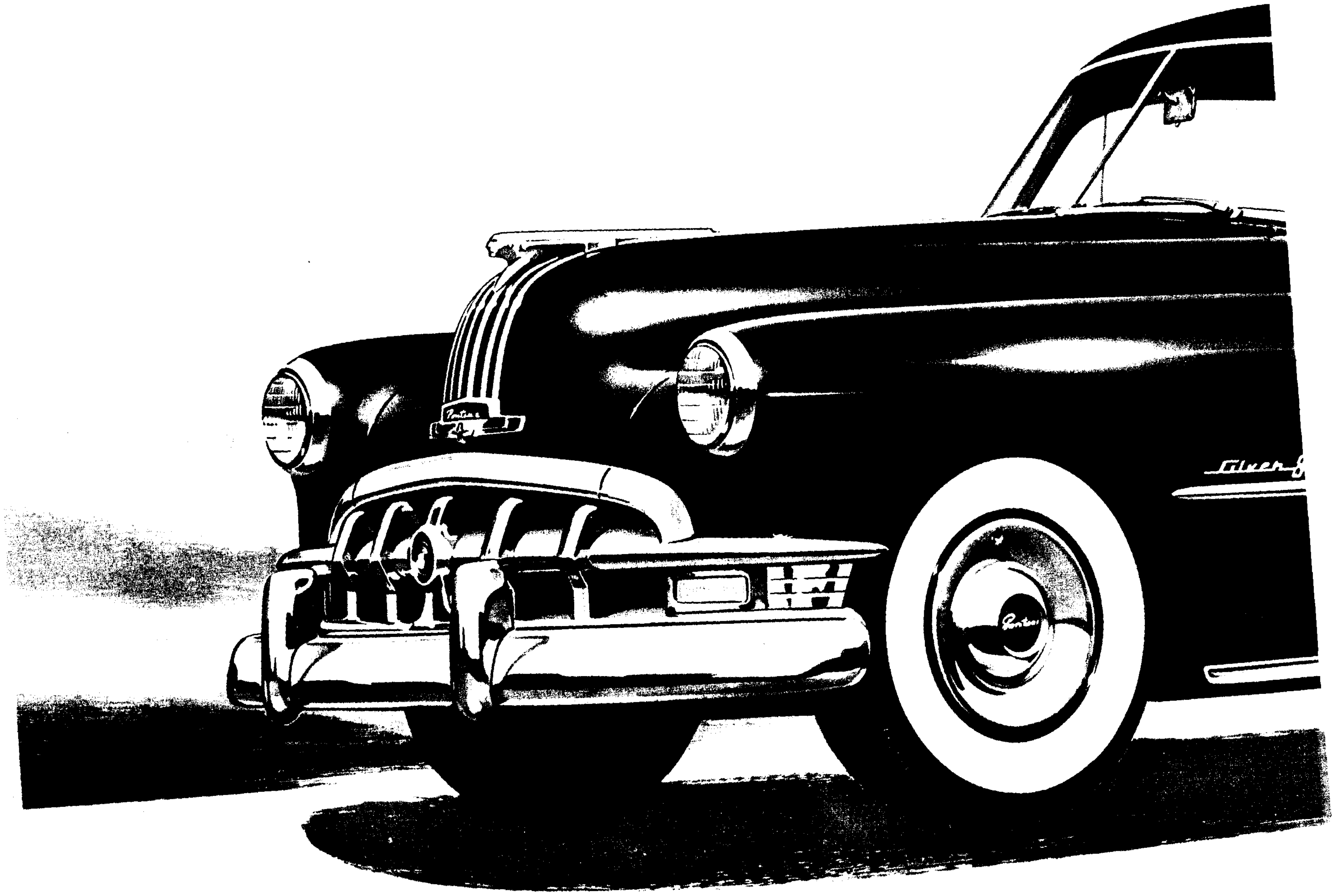
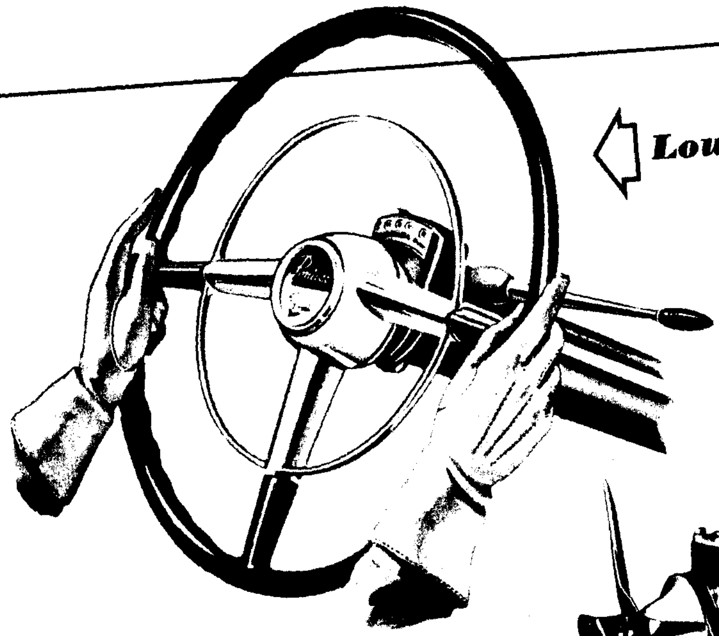
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

SUPER-CUSHION T.M.—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO



Perfect Performa



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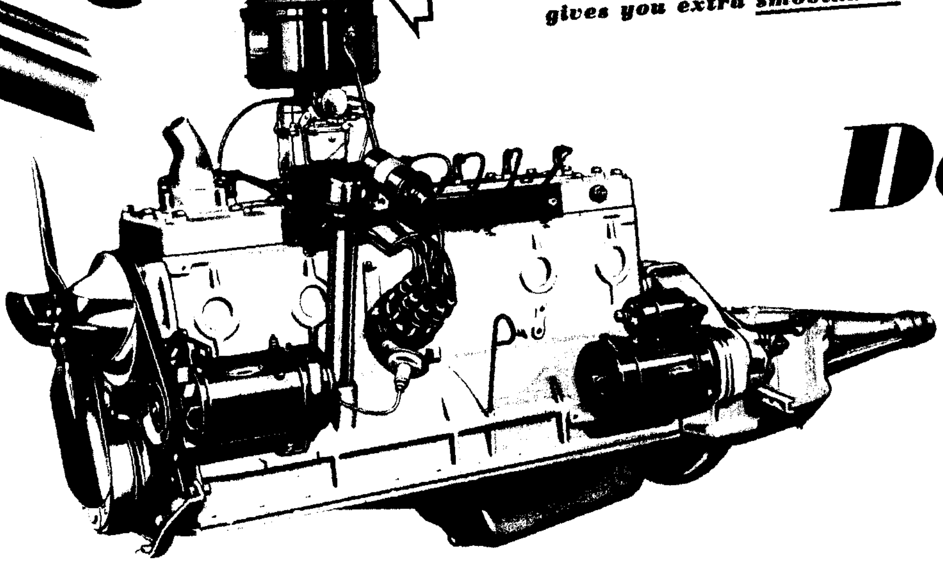
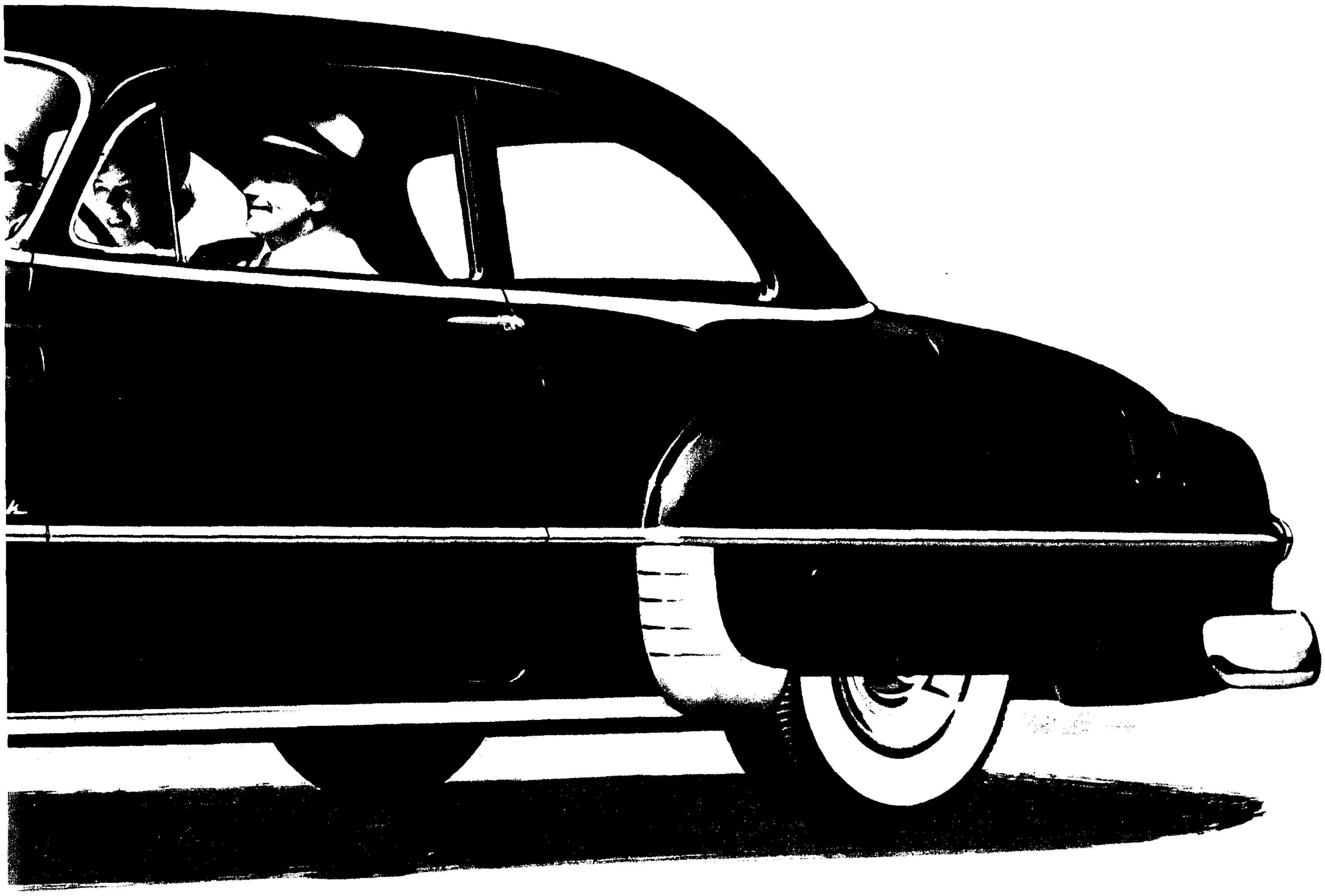


Dollar

you



nce Combination!

There is nothing mysterious about automotive power. When all the conversation is over and done, what you want to know is how *your* car will perform, with *your own foot on the accelerator*—in traffic or on the highway, today, tomorrow and next year.

That is why we think you will like a Pontiac. For Pontiac power plants are deliberately designed and built to give you exactly the kind of power you want *where* you want it—power for flashing pick-up, for eager responsiveness in traffic, for effortless ease on the open road. The chances are you will never need to use *all* the power your Pontiac has—but *it's there, more than enough!*

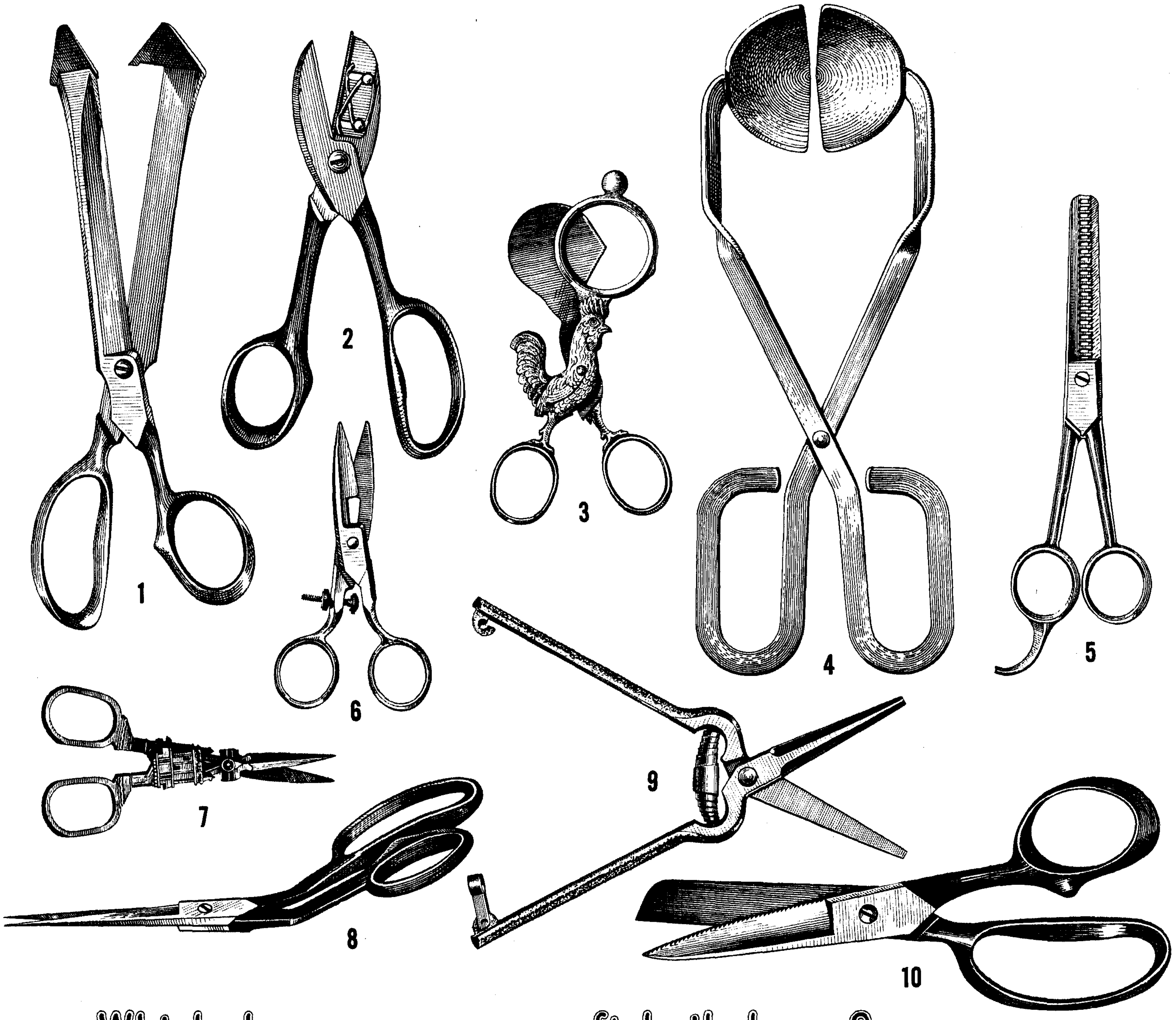
And when you team the renowned Pontiac Silver Streak engine with the wonderful driving ease of Hydra-Matic Drive, you have the perfect performance combination. You have a car that is wonderfully easy to drive, wonderful fun to drive and wonderfully dependable.

You really ought to drive the new Pontiac yourself. Its performance will tell you again and again that *dollar for dollar you can't beat a Pontiac!*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

for Dollar

can't beat a PONTIAC



Which do you use on a soft-boiled egg?

THAT'S RIGHT, the pair of scissors with the blade in the form of a ring (3) is just the tool for opening your breakfast egg.

You put the ring part over the point of the egg, snap the other blade across. There's the top off your egg, neat as can be.

The transplanting scissors (4) are for green thumbs; they snip out a ball of earth with each tiny seedling as you're transplanting. And the flower scissors (2) will grasp as well as cut a rose stem so you never get a scratch.

If you have lots of bonds, you'll find a pair of coupon-clipping scissors (1) will save you time in collecting interest. This square-cutting model is also dandy for snipping coupons from ads—to take advantage of the FREE offers.

And there are comb-toothed scissors (5) for thinning hair, special, notched buttonhole scissors (6), and dozens upon dozens of other kinds of scissors besides those shown here. As a cutler can tell you, each kind is made to do a particular job.

Although you may never have thought of it just this way, insurance policies are a lot like scissors. There is a wide variety of life insurance available to you, each form of which has its special advantages. Some of these are far better tools than others for you to use in shaping your plan for financial security.

To find out which suits you best, it's wise to consult a man who knows insurance—your Travelers agent or broker. He has studied insurance. He has had experience in applying insurance to situations just like yours.

You'll like the friendly, understanding way your Travelers man tackles your problems, his skill in showing you how to get the most for your insurance dollar. Have a talk with him real soon.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

7. Fancy embroidery scissors. 8. Scissors for clipping hooked rugs. 9. Lobster scissors. 10. Leather scissors with one blade serrated.

Gruenther plans U.S. strategy on a global scale. During World War II, he won a reputation as a great soldier

'The Brain' of the U. S. Army

Lieut. Gen. Alfred Gruenther brings to his job as a strategist mental powers that astound other officers. He has to assume every day may be another Pearl Harbor

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the sixteen-year-old son of the editor of the Platte Center, Nebraska, Signal, wrote an editorial while his father was absent in which he blasted Congress, with all the righteous rage a high-school junior could work up, because of the vast amount of money then being appropriated for the military services.

"In war, and war alone," stormed the bright-eyed youth, "lies the glory of the military profession." He said the men who called themselves representatives of the American people would do much better to appropriate money for libraries and community buildings than for the Army and Navy. The large sum about which he complained was something more than $250,000,000.

Today that former critic of military outlay has a strong and influential voice in the spending of our multi-billion-dollar annual defense program; many times the amount he thought too much before years, events and experience changed him.

Alfred Maximilian Gruenther, who wrote the editorial and won only censure as a rabble rouser when his parent returned, no longer feels the same way about the money expended by the armed forces. As Deputy Chief of Staff for Plans for the United States Army, the youngest lieutenant general in the Army—and probably a future Chief of Staff—he is convinced that the way to keep peace is to be prepared for war. Partly in his hands lie the fate and security of Americans, not to mention millions of others from United Nations countries.

For Al Gruenther the pendulum has swung the complete 180 degrees. From the adolescent, born and raised in the Midwest isolationism of pre-World War I, he has become the planner for war, the defender against atom-bomb attack. Only two years after he wrote his editorial, Gruenther was a cadet in the United States Military Academy—"Just to make my father happy," he says. The older man's unhappiness about the editorial apparently had persisted. And so began a military career that stands out in Army annals.

While making a name for himself in the Army as an expert strategist, Gruenther was also becoming widely known as a strategist in another field—bridge, where he earned a rating of one of the best players in the United States. In the early twenties, when he was still a young second lieutenant, Al Gruenther cleaned out Army posts at bridge and went on to become a big-leaguer and a famous tournament referee.

But when World War II broke out, Gruenther was thrown into a bigger, grimmer game, with higher stakes, and since then he has had little time to sit down at a card table. During the war his genius for strategy went a long way in mapping successful campaigns, and it was called upon afterward when he became the first director of America's Joint Staff under the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

He has labored in comparative obscurity. You may have seen a picture of Al Gruenther riding into Rome (although, if so, you won't remember him) on the back of Mark Clark's jeep. You may have seen a picture of an officer, with a helmet too large for him, at the surrender of the German armies in Italy. That was Gruenther. You may have seen a picture of President Truman and the late James Forrestal, then Secretary of Defense, meeting to discuss unification in Key West. In the background was Gruenther.

Around the Pentagon Building, Al Gruenther is referred to as "the brains of the Army" or just as "the Brain." The reference is not directed to the nerve-center post that he holds, but to his vast knowledge and acumen. This evaluation of Gruenther is shared right up to the top level.

"Brainy" was used to describe this top Army strategist long before he began wearing three stars on each shoulder about a year ago. During his cadet days at West Point, Gruenther was fourth man of his class and he won the respect of other cadets by accomplishing his high scholastic rating without being a bookworm.

One of the man's outstanding abilities is his talent for being able to take a quick look, sift out the unimportant, and size up a situation with a swiftness that amazes those around him. To Gruenther, every waking moment is supposed to be dedicated to doing something. The small, wiry general can't sit still. He has a knack for being able to concentrate under any and all conditions. On the battle fronts of World War II, when everyone was pressed for time, Gruenther made every second count. While shaving in the morning, for example, he would have a book or some papers propped up alongside the mirror, and as the razor skimmed away his beard, he reviewed a report that he would soon be making to his superiors or the war correspondents, or perhaps he would be brushing up on his French.

His Memory Is a "Top Secret" File

In Gruenther's head are innumerable facts. He carries in mind just about every important military and diplomatic secret this nation possesses. He knows where all the bombs are buried and how many of them there are, and under what circumstances they may be used. His head is an enormous file, labeled "top secret." He has a fantastic memory. I recall a briefing he gave the war correspondents before the attack of Mark Clark's Fifteenth Army Group—the American Fifth and the British Eighth Armies—across the Po River. The War Room, a tent with maps as walls, on this day was guarded by soldiers with tommy guns who permitted nobody to come close to the tent except Clark's staff and the correspondents.

Clark spoke first. He outlined the Allies' intentions. Keightley's British commandos, he said, would float across the shallow Commachio on rubber mattresses. Keyes' Corps would again strike across the mountains. The tanks of First Armored would hit Route 64. Then Gruenther, Clark's Chief of Staff, rose to speak of the German capabilities. Without bothering to look at the map, he detailed the German defenses, from the Ligurian Sea to the Adriatic, battalion by battalion and gun by gun. He knew the strength of each enemy unit—its morale, its equipment, its numbers—and something personal about its commander. It was as if he were detailing a bridge hand he had played the night before.

The war correspondents loved Al Gruenther. It was not that he leaked information to them. It was simply that he was reliable, like a good dictionary.

The troops loved him. It was not that he was soft. He wasn't. But when he gave men a job to do he also gave them a reason for doing it. When supplies bogged down after Salerno, he told the railroad battalions why it was necessary that the trains move. When the first ammunition train came out of Naples they nicknamed it "the Gruenther Special."

His superiors loved him, too. General Clark said, "He is the best damn' soldier in the Army."

A Hard Taskmaster—to Himself

Gruenther is a stern taskmaster. He pours every ounce of his energy into every job and he expects those around him to do the same. Tireless, he arrives at his Pentagon office daily at 8:00 A.M. and works right through until six or eight o'clock in the evening. Even then he isn't ready to punch the clock and call it a day. He'll usually be seen with a huge brief case under his arm as he departs from the Pentagon for home where he continues to work until late in the night. Most Saturdays, when many others are on the golf course, Gruenther is teeing off on another problem in his office and very often you'll find him behind his desk on Sunday.

This devotion to the job at hand and his ability to complete any assignment given to him prompts his superiors to give Al Gruenther the hard jobs to do. The men at the top know that Gruenther will turn out a finished product. That's why you'll usually find Gruenther wherever the going is roughest. When he returned to the Military Academy as an instructor for eight years, "the Professor," as he came to be known, was given the job of instructing the "goats"—the name reserved for those cadets who are on the verge of flunking out. Although knowledge came easy to him, Gruenther was able to be sympathetic and understanding with men who were not so quick to learn.

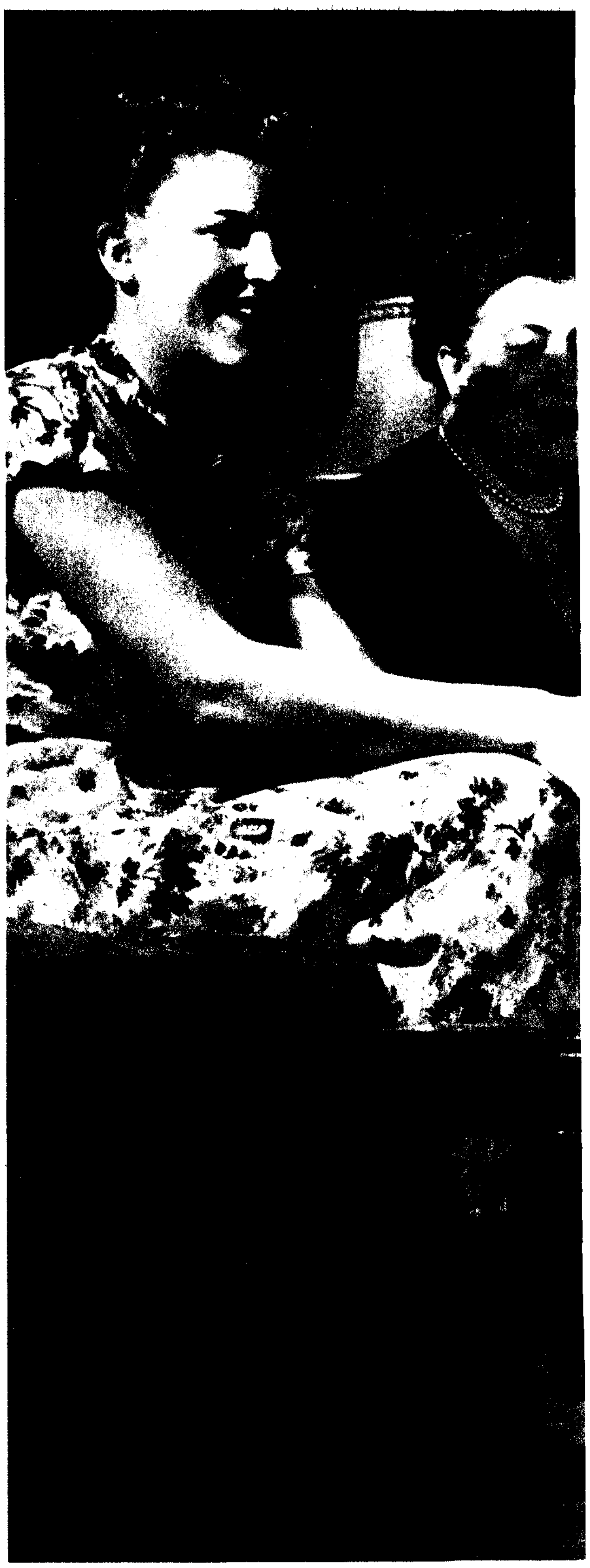
When World War II began, Al Gruenther was called upon immediately to fill a key post in mapping our military strategy. In August, 1942, he went to London as Deputy Chief of Staff at Allied Force Headquarters under General Eisenhower. From there, he moved to Algiers and later joined General Clark as Chief of Staff of the Fifth Army in North Africa and Italy; continued in the same post with the Fifteenth Army Group and then served as deputy commander of the occupation force in Austria at the end of the war in Europe.

He was recalled to Washington to become deputy commandant of the National War College in December, 1945, and in October, 1947, was named director of the Joint Staff, which serves for the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the preparation of strategic and logistic plans for the military forces. Thus, the man whom Ike Eisenhower considered "my right hand" when Gruenther served as his deputy was the first man to be given one of the nation's more critical posts created by passage of the Unification Act.

As the Army's chief planner, Gruenther must always act in the present while thinking in the future. He must assume that at any moment all the hands will have been dealt and that the bidding of diplomacy is at an end. He must anticipate the lead of any potential enemy, and figure out a countermove. Each day, to him, must be a potential Pearl Harbor.

Gruenther and Lieutenant General Lauris Norstad of the Air Force, and Vice-Admiral Donald B. Duncan of the Navy, who hold the equivalent posts in their branches of the service, make up what is known within their own group at the Pentagon as "the Little Chiefs." The Little Chiefs, the operations deputies, to some extent are a filtering group on military problems. Matters that are probably going to be noncontroversial or not of major importance, Gruenther, Norstad and Duncan settle. Others they refer to "the Big Chiefs." These Big Chiefs, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, include General Omar N. Bradley, the chairman, and the heads of the three services—the Army's General J. Lawton Collins, the Navy's Admiral Forrest Sherman and General Hoyt Vandenberg of the Air Force.

It is these men who must decide which of our frontiers gets priority—the Elbe, the Rhine or the Pyrenees—whether the Bosporus and the Dardanelles can be defended, how to help the South Koreans, and exactly what an atomic bomb would do



to Mińsk or Pińsk, Omsk or Tomsk. They must decide what proportion of our new arms can be sent to the Western Union nations without handicapping rearmament at home. They must consider the possibilities of an atomic attack upon the United States.

The Munitions Board, which co-ordinates defense activities in industrial matters, their procurement, production and distribution plans; the National Security Resources Board, adviser to the President on the co-ordination of military, industrial and civilian mobilization, and the Research and Development Board, which keeps a check on scientific research as it relates to national security, are attentive to the plans the Little Chiefs make for meeting an enemy. These boards, which help make up the nation's security organization, consider military plans on a long-range basis.

Al Gruenther adheres to the philosophy that only

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

General and Mrs. Gruenther entertain their son, Captain Donald, his wife, Brigitta, and their children, Raymond (on table) and George

through "teamwork" will the nation's defense setup succeed. "The Army is only part of the team," he will tell you, and the men of all branches must be, like those Gruenther found on the Joint Staff, "dedicated to national interests rather than service interests." Gruenther's job with the Joint Staff "has its difficulties, but also its rewards," for "if you get the high-type professional officers together they will work together and try to get the best solution from an over-all standpoint."

The task force for the Hoover Commission which studied the National Security Organization commented on the work performed by the Joint Staff with the statement: "Its very capable director (Gruenther) . . . has organized the staff soundly." The investigators also found that "the burdens upon the Joint Staff were enormous."

Al Gruenther is five feet, eight inches tall and weighs 152 pounds. But he's wiry and tough. At his job he knows what he wants and sees that he gets it. He is willing to help a new man over the rough spots, but if the going proves too much for the novice, he will find himself elsewhere. Gruenther is sympathetic with those who don't have the native ability to keep abreast of him, but he will never tolerate poor performance and has no compunction about letting a subordinate know his feelings, and he will replace a man once he has decided the fault is indifference. Anyone assigned to work under Gruenther will respect and admire the man for his abilities and know-how. But some of them will tell you it is no real pleasure to work for him.

However, no one knows this better than Al Gruenther. He realizes that he is tough on his men, that he places demands on them that test human endurance, that a man who performs his work well enough to satisfy Gruenther can do just about anything the military might call upon him to do. In a letter to the head of an office to which one of his former men was assigned, Gruenther wrote in effect, by way of commendation, that if this man could work for him, he could work for anybody. Those under Gruenther, though, have one consoling thought. As one of them puts it: "You don't mind working hard when the chap at the top is working harder."

At work or at play, Gruenther enjoys nothing more than "picking brains" to enlarge his own knowledge. In conversation, he might pose a question that invites no logical answer, apparently for the mere enjoyment of asking a question that will put his companion on the defensive.

In his office, Gruenther is the same interrogator. If one of his men presents what the subordinate feels is a finished report, the general is ready with a long list of questions to make sure there is a full understanding of the *(Continued on page 82)*

He had a way with the women, Denny had—a mean way. The beautiful native girl saw only his good looks and his charm. But she didn't know that Denny was

The Ultimate Swine

By JAMES A. MICHENER

Author of Tales of the South Pacific

ON THE lonely islands we often argued about who was the worst American in uniform. Then one night I told the story of Denny Banks and Ugly Face. That ended the argument forever. We all sat silent, thinking of Ugly Face, and then spoke of other things.

This girl Ugly Face. She lived on Rivatabu, southeast of Samoa, far from the war. Yet when our men looked at Denny's photograph of her, she seemed to start her own war in their hearts.

To understand her story you've got to know her old man. Taupi was a fat, old, half-blind pearl diver. He had immense lungs, and eyes that had been pushed back into their sockets by the tremendous pressures under which he worked on the ocean floor. In his day he had been rich. He must have brought up a thousand yellow pearls from his many plunges to the bottom of the lagoon. Now he was half blind and could dive no more. Huge pearls, still ungathered, haunted his memory, but he could no longer seek them.

Instead, he lavished his affection on his daughter Ugly Face. She was nineteen when Denny Banks first saw her, a fair, fragile girl of astonishing beauty. Superstitious Taupi, to confuse the gods who might otherwise be jealous, had named her Ngamata-plus-sixteen-other-letters. It meant Girl-with-the-ugly-face-whom-no-man-dares-to-love. The reverse charm had worked: Ugly Face made men gasp with the wonder of her beauty. She was slim and graceful as a birch tree, but she was dying.

I sensed this the first time I met her. Our squadron had put into Rivatabu on its way back to the South Pacific for a second tour of duty. I was sent ashore to scrounge around for some fresh fruit, and the natives directed me to Taupi's. They said, "Taupi, he like Americans. He find you all things."

So I went up to his little hut and shouted, "Hey, Taupi! You got oranges?"

That was my first sight of the old pearl diver. He was a big, fat man with eyes that squinted and a face that beamed with friendship. "You American!" he cried. He flung out his huge arms and said, "We got many oranges for you."

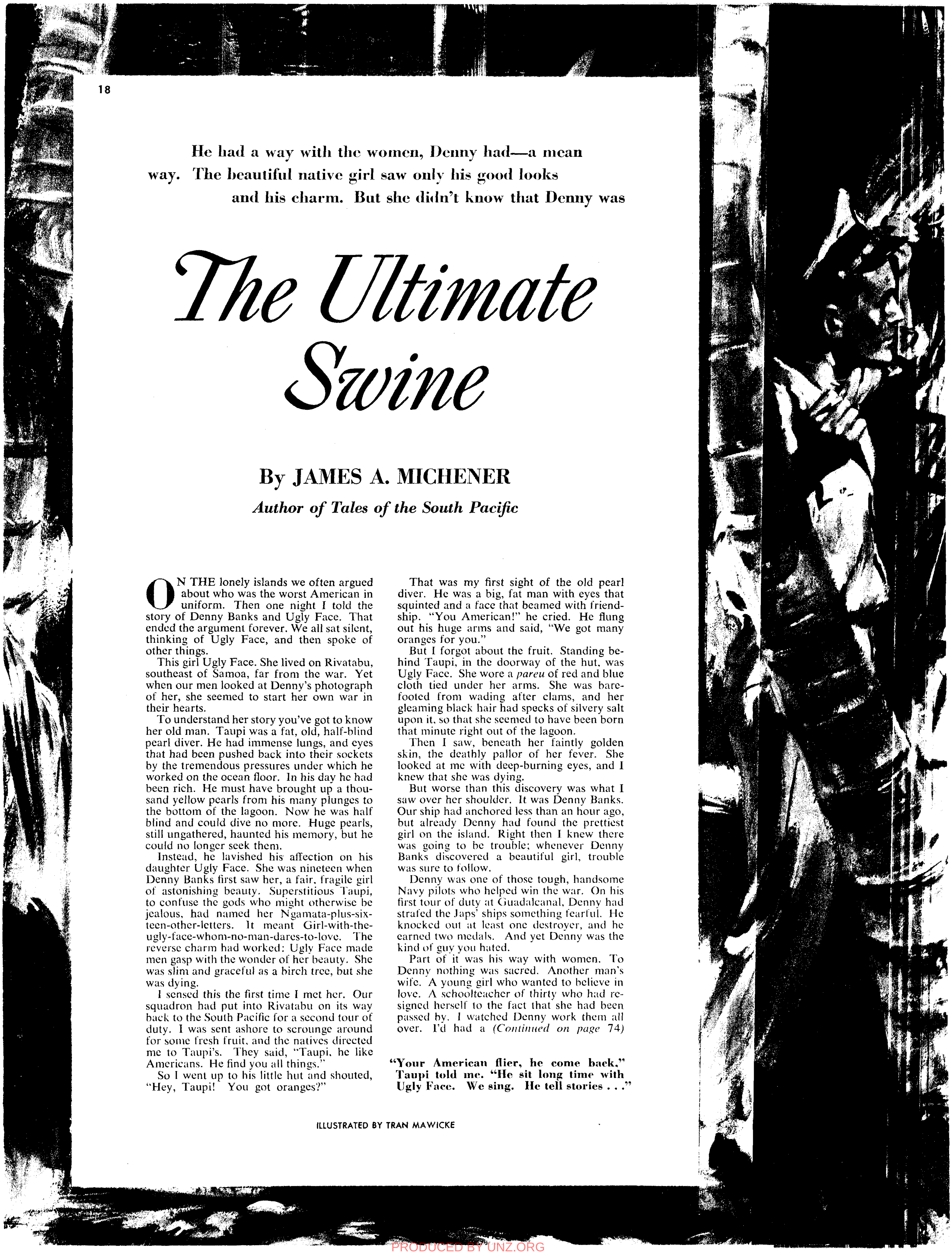
But I forgot about the fruit. Standing behind Taupi, in the doorway of the hut, was Ugly Face. She wore a *pareu* of red and blue cloth tied under her arms. She was barefooted from wading after clams, and her gleaming black hair had specks of silvery salt upon it, so that she seemed to have been born that minute right out of the lagoon.

Then I saw, beneath her faintly golden skin, the deathly pallor of her fever. She looked at me with deep-burning eyes, and I knew that she was dying.

But worse than this discovery was what I saw over her shoulder. It was Denny Banks. Our ship had anchored less than an hour ago, but already Denny had found the prettiest girl on the island. Right then I knew there was going to be trouble; whenever Denny Banks discovered a beautiful girl, trouble was sure to follow.

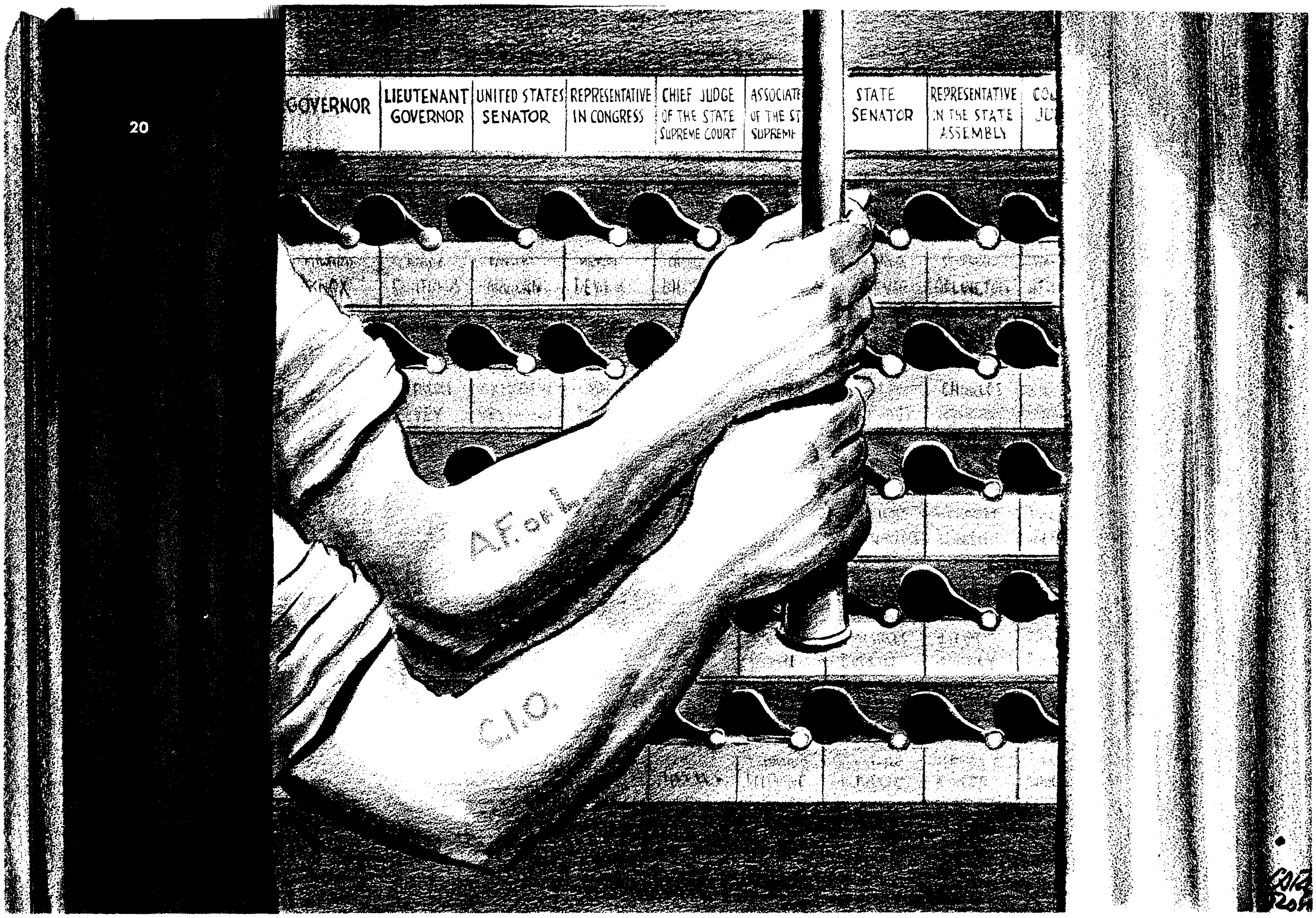
Denny was one of those tough, handsome Navy pilots who helped win the war. On his first tour of duty at Guadalcanal, Denny had strafed the Japs' ships something fearful. He knocked out at least one destroyer, and he earned two medals. And yet Denny was the kind of guy you hated.

Part of it was his way with women. To Denny nothing was sacred. Another man's wife. A young girl who wanted to believe in love. A schoolteacher of thirty who had resigned herself to the fact that she had been passed by. I watched Denny work them all over. I'd had a *(Continued on page 74)*



"Your American flier, he come back," Taupi told me. "He sit long time with Ugly Face. We sing. He tell stories . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE


GOVERNOR
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
UNITED STATES SENATOR
REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS
CHIEF JUDGE OF THE STATE SUPREME COURT
ASSOCIATE OF THE ST SUPREME
STATE SENATOR
REPRESENTATIVE IN THE STATE ASSEMBLY
A.F. of L.
C.I.O.

LABOR *Isn't Waiting*

In the 35 primaries held to date labor has been flexing its political muscle, and will exert itself even more in those to come. But the all-out punch is set for the elections

EARLY last January, New York City chieftains of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations met in a tense session at the Hotel Commodore. After hours of sharp discussion and debate, the rival labor leaders abruptly wrote off their differences and agreed to form a permanent political partnership, pooling into a United Labor Committee the political strength of the two largest labor organizations of the nation's largest city.

It was a momentous pact, one which will vitally affect the course of American politics. Delegates at the meeting showed awareness of the potential impact of their agreement. When they had done conferring they relaxed and even waxed jubilant. "We were worried you'd back down," a C.I.O. bigwig confided to a top A.F. of L. officer. "After all, our unions have been distrusting and battling each other for years."

"*You* were worried!" retorted the A.F. of L. man. "Let me tell you something. We were prepared to keep you C.I.O. people here all night long, if necessary, in order to get agreement."

In past years, notably during the 1948 campaign, rival labor blocs banded together on community, county and state levels to support "liberals." But as a rule these were temporary marriages of expediency. The political welding of the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. in New York City, on a year-round basis with a permanent staff, brought into being the first deliberate labor coalition of its kind, and set a pattern for labor's political unity around the country.

What ultimate goal this unity will seek, over the long haul, is not yet certain. Labor may try to capture a major party. It may create its own third party. Or it may set itself up as a balance of power between the Democrats and the Republicans. But whatever the specific strategy, labor is in politics to stay. Its achievements to date, and its blueprints for the 1950 Congressional elections, indicate that as a potent political force, nation-wide, it is not to be underestimated.

Through direct union contributions for "political education," and voluntary individual contributions ($1 in the C.I.O., $2 in the A.F. of L.) for "political campaigning," organized labor hopes to spend as much as $2,500,000 for '50, equal to its political expenditures for the Presidential year of '48. More important, the A.F. of L. and C.I.O., together with the nonaffiliated groups—particularly the 1,500,000-member, politics-seasoned Railway Brotherhoods—have been recruiting a political army of 500,000 volunteer precinct and block workers to campaign for the "friends of labor."

Though concentrating upon its own members and their families, labor is not confining its educational and campaigning activities to the unions. It is seeking the support of the independent, middle-of-the-road voter, and, most particularly, to align labor and the farmers. The A.F. of L. alone has put up $750,000 a year to "educate" Americans by presenting labor's side of the daily news via a five-night-a-week nation-wide radio program. News commentator Frank Edwards was brought to Washington from Indianapolis to bombard the air waves with brisk 15-minute news reports friendly to labor.

The A.F. of L. is also helping dozens of congressmen prepare and distribute to their constituencies weekly newsletters and recorded broadcasts. The C.I.O. brought in one-time White House economic adviser Bob Nathan to analyze the major issues on a weekly national broadcast and, like the A.F. of L., offers all kinds of helpful services to friendly congressmen.

As yet there is in the offing no C.I.O.-A.F. of L.

CARTOON BY CARL ROSE

for NOVEMBER

By SAM STAVISKY

political marriage on a national scale similar to the New York City deal; the A.F. of L.'s executive council has thus far shied away from a joint national venture. But even on this highest level, where the hostility has been bitterest during the 15-year feud between the two labor leviathans, there is an increasing trend toward making common cause in the political arenas. A.F. of L. Vice-President Matthew Woll, whose antipathy for the C.I.O. was for many years equaled in emphasis only by his attachment to wing collars, predicted last December that the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. would join political forces for the first time on a national scale for the upcoming November elections.

Already, in the 35 primaries held to date this year, labor has had a practical chance to flex its political muscle. The results have been mixed. It takes large credit for the success in California of Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas and Jimmy Roosevelt in winning, respectively, the Democratic nominations for senator and governor; in Iowa, for former Undersecretary of Agriculture Albert Loveland's capture of the Democratic senatorial nomination; in Oregon, for the renomination of Republican Senator Wayne Morse against a conservative opponent, and it can claim a strong assist in the victory of Senator Olin Johnston over Dixiecrat J. Strom Thurmond in South Carolina.

On the other hand, labor-in-politics admittedly took a beating in the defeat of Senator Claude Pepper in Florida and Senator Frank Graham in North Carolina. Post-mortem analyses convinced the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. that the overriding issue in both states was the race question—symbolized by FEPC. But the labor strategists derived cold comfort therefrom, and the effect of the Southern defeats was to alert them all the more for the primaries still to come and, even more so, for the elections.

Immediately after Senator Pepper went down in Florida, C.I.O. chief Philip Murray summoned an extraordinary session of his Political Action Committee chieftains in Washington to revamp tactics. Significantly, a principal speaker on the C.I.O. platform was the A.F. of L.'s top political strategist Joe Keenan. The tremendous ovation accorded him showed that the Southern setback had not stirred a rift in the A.F. of L.-C.I.O. lute.

The A.F. of L., with around 8,000,000 members, and the C.I.O., with some 6,000,000, are drawing and keeping together politically because of three factors:

First, the Taft-Hartley Act, which labor propagandists have made a symbol. The A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. leaders have a common bond in their opposition to this law, and a common goal in seeking its repeal.

Second, the C.I.O. Commie purges. So long as the pro Communist faction was strong in the C.I.O., no gesture of good will could come from A.F. of L. leaders. Once Phil Murray began kicking out his organization's "east wing"—which until recently comprised 12 Red-tainted C.I.O. affiliates—a formidable bar to political alliance was removed.

Third, the co-operation of top-drawer A.F. of L. and C.I.O. men in creating the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions as a roadblock to the march of Communism. It was during the formation of this new free-world labor movement in London last November that the mutually suspicious A.F. of L. and C.I.O. leaders learned they could work together.

By the first of this year, the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. had joined political forces in 15 states, and by this month there were 20 more such state-wide united labor committees, in addition to hundreds of city-wide committees. In some instances, the united front includes not only A.F. of L. and C.I.O. affiliates, but also—as in the case of the Connecticut United Labor Committee—such powerful independent unions as the International Association of Machinists, United Mine Workers, and the Railroad Brotherhoods, each of which maintains its own active political auxiliary.

Labor's political captains know that it takes more than handshakes and the promises of a few labor leaders to get out the labor vote. To put across this point, Joe Keenan, director of Labor's League for Political Education—political arm of the A.F. of L.—usually recounts the disillusioning experience of Vincent J. Murphy, secretary of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor.

Murphy was mayor of Newark in 1943 when a bunch of the labor boys got together one night and said: "Look, fellows, we've got enough members in our unions around the state to elect our own governor. All the union guys like Vince Murphy. Why don't we get in back of him and elect him governor?" On paper, the men present added up their combined memberships and potential voting strength and figured Murphy a cinch to win by a couple hundred thousand votes.

But when the returns came in, Murphy was out. As Democratic candidate he lost by almost 130,000 votes. Murphy investigated and discovered that New Jersey's labor leaders had talked him up all right, but that none of them had bothered to get their union members to register and vote. He found that in his own plumbers' union only one third of the members had registered and that of these, only one half had taken the trouble to vote. Most ironic of all, Murphy's checkup revealed that two of his own campaign aides had failed to register.

The lesson was not lost. A.F. of L.'s Keenan, and his C.I.O. counterpart, Jack Kroll, director of the Political Action Committee, have for the past year been racing around the country, sometimes appearing on the same platform together, beseeching the union man and his family to register. "An unregistered member anywhere is a political scab," Kroll tells his startled audiences. "The unregistered union man is as much danger to our organization as the man who crosses a picket line." Kroll is aware that "scab" is the vilest epithet that can be hurled at a union man. "If it makes them sore enough to register, I'll accept the consequences," he grins.

In theory, organized (*Continued on page* 45)

WHAT'S ON LABOR'S MIND?

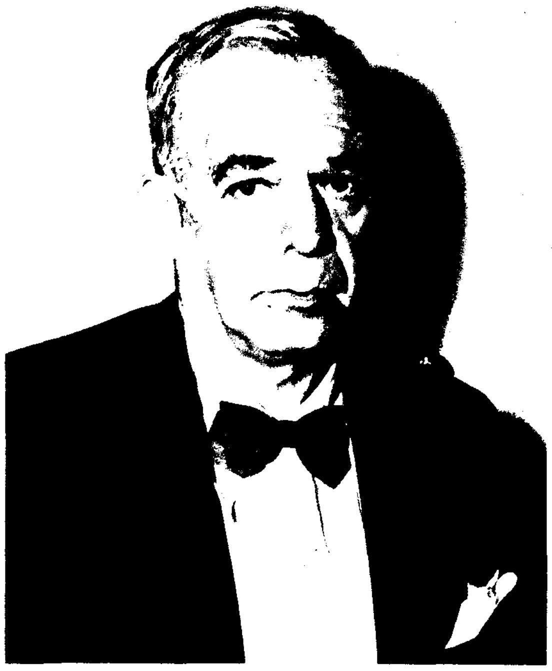
This is an election year and labor is determined to make its numbers felt at the polls—now and in 1952. It is an axiom in politics that you cannot win elections and influence legislation unless you first "get out the vote." And that precisely is what labor's leaders are working to do.

In urging eligible Americans to vote, they are doing something that is directly in line with the privilege and duty of free men. It applies as well to other shades of opinion in our population: businessmen and farmers, professionals and women's organizations. Certainly there is no impropriety when any or all of these groups promote their views as strongly as possible. But labor, with its 16,000,000 organized members, has time and again served notice to the nation that it hopes to become the political wave of the future.

It is for this reason that Collier's presents this article, so that political leaders and voters—with and without union cards—will know what labor's leaders have in mind for November.

The author of this article, Sam Stavisky of the Washington Post, is one of the best-informed and most respected labor reporters in the country. He has been covering national affairs for the past 13 years, with time out during World War II as a Marine combat correspondent in the Pacific.

THE EDITOR



Jack Kroll, director of the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee, has been traveling around the country urging union people to register

ACME PHOTOS

Joe Keenan, top political strategist for the A.F. of L., has been touring the nation also, often sharing the same platforms with Kroll

WAYWARD ISLAND

By ELEANOR GILCHRIST

Fire and brimstone rained on an island summer resort when Richard (a vacationist) competed with Dan (an islander) for the affections of Joanna (a girl)

FOR eight months of the year the Reverend Mr. McGregor wrestled manfully with original sin in the four hundred souls on Huckleberry Island. His sermon was always the same, kept up-to-date by citation of the misdemeanors of his flock with no names named but full identification. Spendthrift, he called them, and lazy; envious and stiff-necked; pleasure-loving and lawless. Attendance at church was good. The islanders had little excitement during the long, beautiful winters. They lived by fishing and on the summer people.

So in the summertime they were mostly too busy to go to church. The men went out in the herring boats and the women waited hand and foot on the visitors. Church attendance in the summer was therefore limited mostly to vacationers. Then Mr. McGregor castigated a golf-playing congregation who drove pell-mell from the house of God to the links.

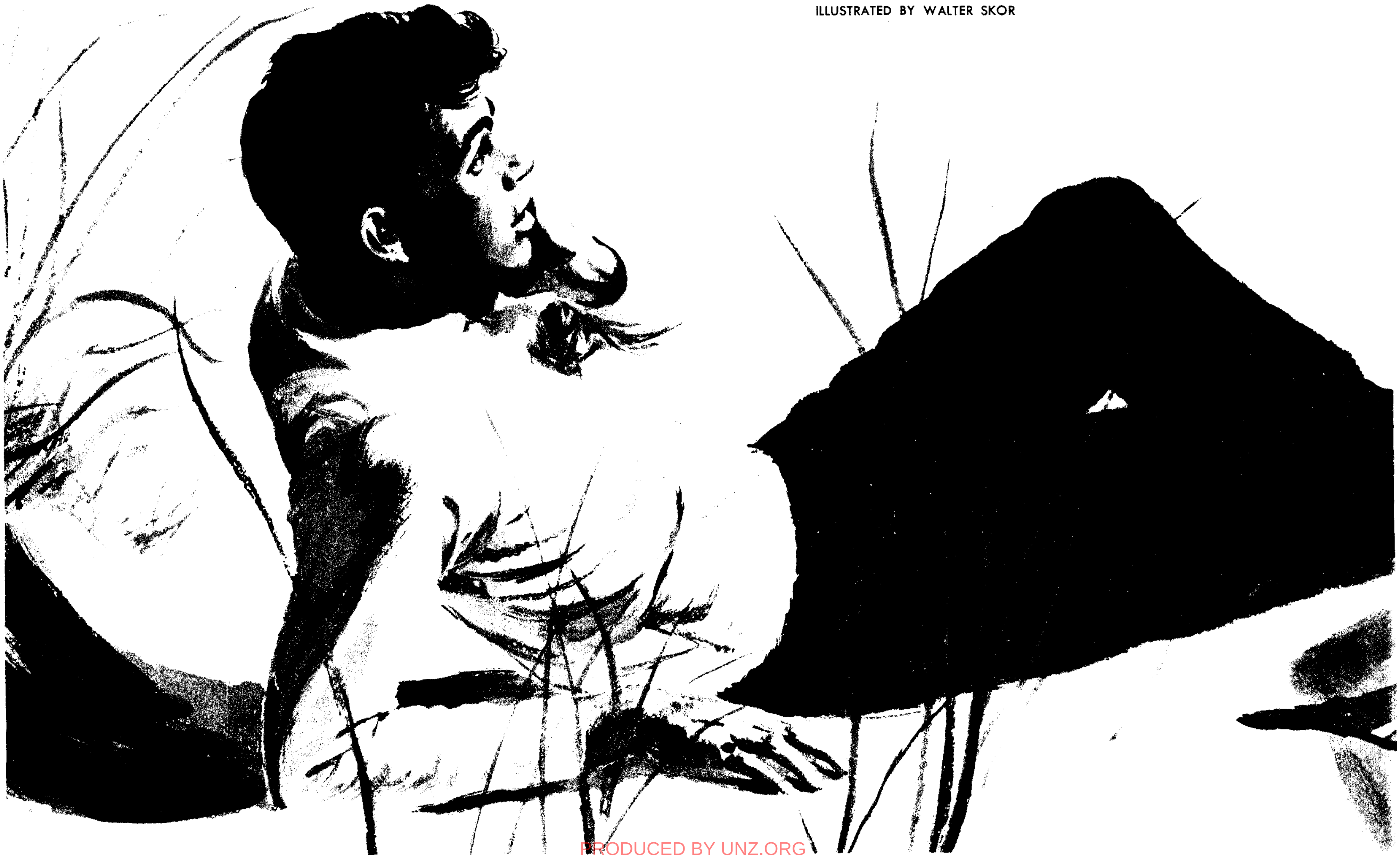
He reminded them that the Apostles Peter, Andrew, James and John were fishermen—a calling which breeds courage and hardihood, steadfastness and sobriety. Such were the people of Huckleberry Island, he recalled sadly, before it became a resort and all the temptations of the city were let loose on it. Bottles tossed from pleasure boats littered the beaches. Men and women unclothed as savages also littered them. Cars whizzed over the narrow roads, scaring people on bicycles and Mrs. Drinker who drove the bus. The general store was full of imported delicacies and prices went up. Women smoked cigarettes—and Mr. McGregor's prophecy of retribution almost came true when Indian Point caught fire and but for a spell of dead calm the island might have been immolated.

Perhaps it wasn't fair to blame inflation on the summer visitors: Ham Clagett raised prices at the general store so he could go to Florida in the winter. Nor was there evidence that a visiting woman's cigarette started the fire. Mr. McGregor knew that the islanders were neither as good nor as bad as he reported at different seasons of the year and that the vacationers were usually well behaved. But he could not afford to temporize with evil. He had a young daughter who was the apple of his eye and the bane of his existence.

His older children were grown up and out in the world when his wife died leaving him with Joanna, a gawky girl of thirteen. In a few years a startling change came over her. Her figure filled out and her face composed a pleasing pattern. The islanders noticed it and so did the off-islanders. What good to forbid her to wear make-up and gewgaws when she looked better without them?

His wife would have known which of Joanna's suitors to tolerate and which to drive away by some subtle female tactic. To Mr. McGregor they all seemed undesirable. Sometimes he felt like an old, suspicious, not very bright dog, growling at the milkman and the burglar alike. For instance, Dan Forbes—he was of good sound island stock. But Dan was a typical fisherman, the embodiment of the vices Mr. McGregor denounced in church. Dan's life was sport, hunting and fishing. When the herring were abundant he earned substantial sums and spent it on claptrap instead of education. When the herring disappeared from the Atlantic and he hadn't two pennies to jingle in his pocket he still had good sport. He roved the island and the adjacent mainland and the waters as freely as a back-country baron in the Dark Ages.

Dan was in love with Joanna, so Mr. McGregor forbade him the house. But *(Continued on page 57)*



Richard removed his glasses and hit the birthday boy, who sat down suddenly in the sand

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

War's Tragedy in Korea

Terror, hunger and death for the helpless—soldier and refugee alike—line the route of retreat from Communist invaders intent on expanding Soviet Asia

WAR at its worst, civil conflict which pits brother against brother, descended on Korea at dawn on Sunday, June 25th, opening another terrible chapter in the tragic modern history of "The Land of Morning Calm." Troops of Russian-dominated North Korea crossed the arbitrary boundary which divided the country at the 38th parallel and started a savage campaign to conquer all of the peninsula for Communism.

An ancient kingdom long under nominal Chinese domination, Korea finds trouble and bloodshed nothing new. After generations of wars, she was conquered and then staked out in 1910 as an exploitation area by the burgeoning Japanese Empire. After 35 years of ruthless occupation, the Korean people dreamed that their homeland would one day regain its independence. In 1945, just when the dream seemed about to come true, as Japan was being beaten in World War II, Korea was caught up in the conflict of grand strategies between the Great Powers that won the war against the Axis. The Red Army occupied Korea north of the 38th parallel, and the U. S. Army all territory south of the line. Five years of negotiations, much of it through the United Nations, failed to solve the problem of partition. But the U.N. definitely put its stamp of approval on the Southern (democratic) regime.

Three quarters of the Koreans trapped in the current tragedy are peasant farmers. Before the Communist attack some 21,000,000 of them lived in so-called South Korea, and 8,000,000 in the North.

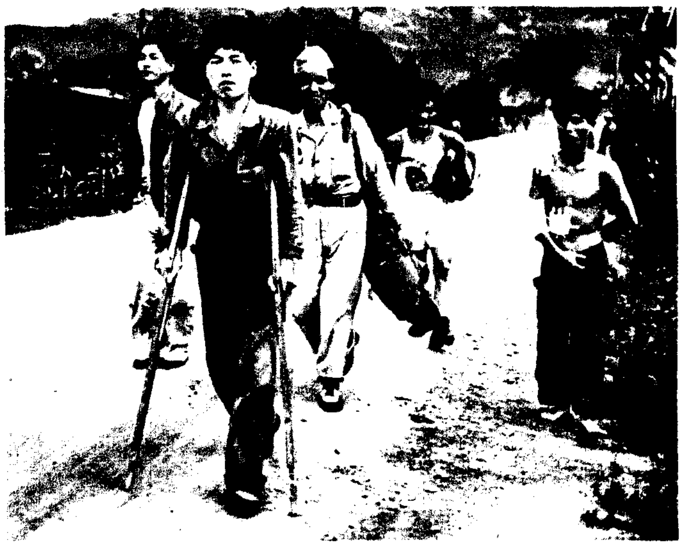
When the Russians proposed that troops of both the occupying powers be withdrawn, despite fears that such action would leave South Korea open to attack by aggressive Communists, the remnants of the 24th U.S. Army Corps, the original occupying force, withdrew to Okinawa and Japan. The dreadful result of this decision became apparent on that Sunday morning when North Korean fighters, equipped by the Soviets with tanks and heavy weapons, fell with fanatic fury on the unprepared militia of South Korea.

Now American fighting strength is committed under U.N. mandate to restore the lawful government of the invaded area.

But war never is a mere matter of diplomacy, pomp and strategy. It is suffering, hunger, fear, hatred, mutilation and death—this time for little people who want to be free and independent in their own land. THE END

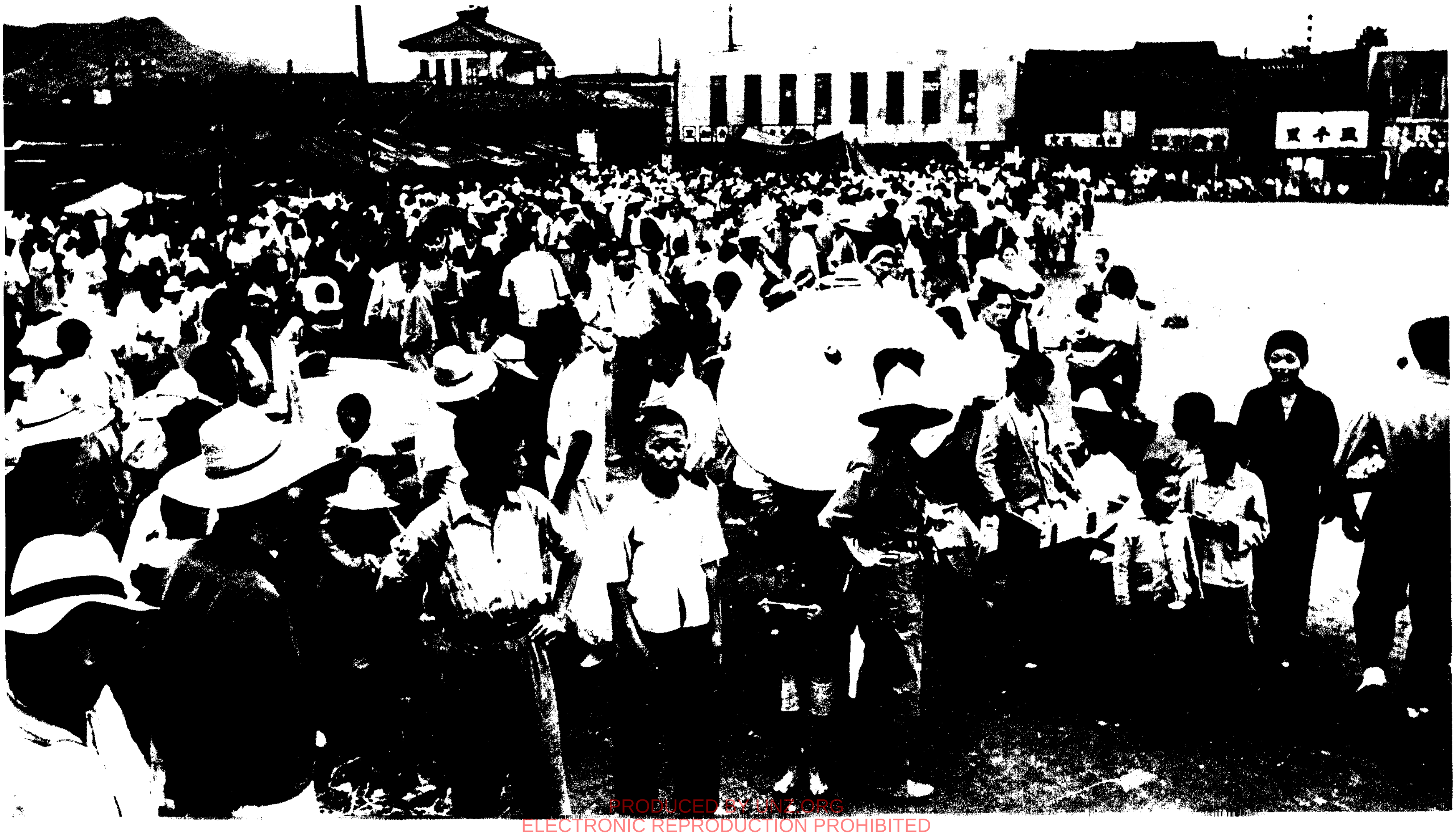
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAYWOOD MAGEE

One tired front-line South Korean soldier waits dejectedly for a new battle assignment. He recalls that he was "regrouped" before



Wounded South Korean fighters, cut off from their units, tramp away from the battle zone toward bases of their United Nations Allies

Refugees just waiting to be told what they are to do. Some managed to catch a ride to havens in the south, others tried it afoot



This wounded South Korean was badly burned by mortar fire during the march southward from Taejon, but he was lucky enough to receive attention at a front-line medical unit station. Other wounded men were taken by Communists and their fate remains in doubt

Hardships of the retreat were shared by the women. This mother carries her child pickaback past a tank on the refugee-clogged road

Incidents in the war repeatedly illustrate the low regard for human life general in Asia. Here suspected traitors in South Korea are herded in trucks to be transported to an execution ground. In some cases their backs are broken before they are shot

A son comes to the rescue. This old peasant was stumbling after a long day of retreat. A younger, stronger back took on the load

Your ACHING.

The human frame is an architectural error

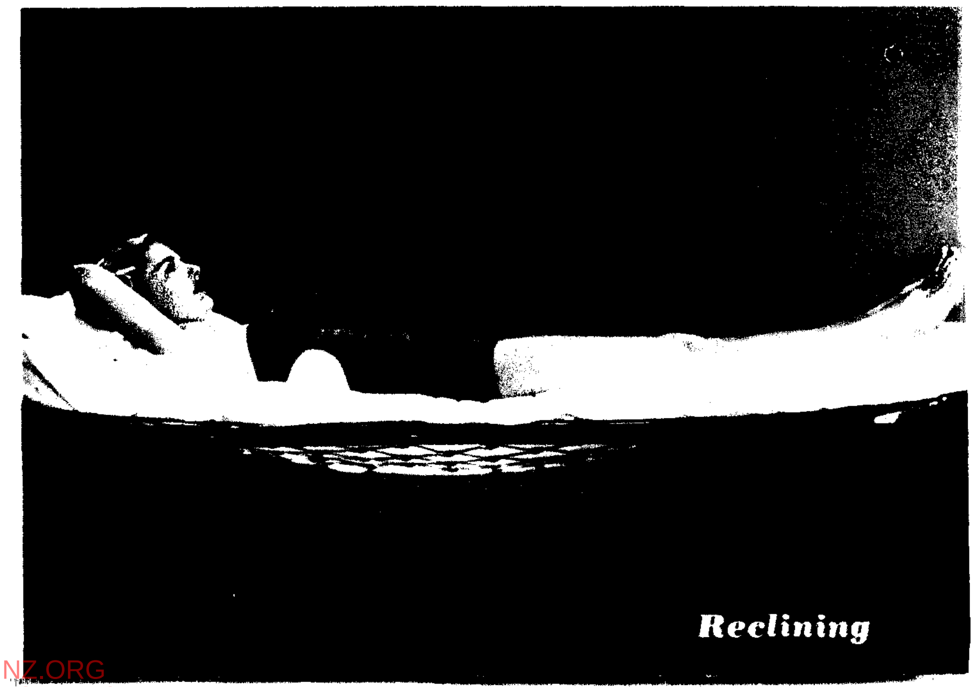
Bending

Walking

Standing

aching

Sitting


Reclining

Hundreds of times a day the average housewife tortures a spine already overburdened by doing incorrectly all of her many routine activities

WE STAND wrong, we sit wrong, we walk wrong, we work wrong, we even sleep wrong. The result is that even with nature doing all it can to make up for our human deficiencies, we still are subject to that ancient human misery, backache.

If you've never had a backache, you're a museum piece. At least you're in an infinitesimal minority, because this misery is truly global, respecting neither race nor royalty. An honest-to-goodness backache feels as if great iron claws had seized you down there and won't let go. It seems to prod you with the end of a crowbar. It bends you over in a contortionist's pose and keeps you there. When you try to straighten up it seems as if somebody were jabbing you with a saw-edged bayonet.

The human body is one of the worst constructed of all the animated edifices on this planet, and instead of doing something to improve our unfortunate condition, we seem to be trying our level best to make it worse than it is.

Man violates all the rules of stresses and strains, as any engineer could tell you. The entire weight of the trunk, shoulders and head as well as the arms—which in animals are forelegs and help support the backbone—is thrown on the lower spine. To be specific, it is thrown on the lumbosacral joint, where the lowest vertebra rests on the sacrum, a triangular slab of bone that is the keystone of the pelvic arch.

According to the evolutionary theory, this sacrum used to be a series of five separate vertebrae and at its apex it joined other and smaller vertebrae which make up the coccyx, which scientists say is our vestigial tail. Fortunately these vertebrae have been fused together by nature so that the spine has a solid base to rest on. Were the sacrum not solid we would be very wobbly indeed from the hips up.

Anthropologists also say that evolution thickened and lengthened the five vertebrae of the lumbar region or, as you probably call it, the small of the back. But things still are in a precarious state. Our spine buckles forward at the lumbosacral joint. The sacrum itself is tilted forward at an awkward angle, and the spine curves forward to make, or keep, junction with it. This is that concave curve in the small of the back called lordosis.

It adds to the stress because it curves forward in the direction of the abdomen's weight instead of being arched backward. In

BACK

By HENRY LA COSSITT

the lumbar region, therefore, the spine becomes a sagging beam instead of a strong arch. That, of course, is bad architecture. It means that the lumbosacral joint, as if it didn't have enough to bear already in supporting the weight of the upper body, must carry this weight unbalanced.

So we shouldn't be too surprised when things give way and we have an aching back. We asked for it. Animals, walking on all fours, distribute the weight of the trunk evenly along a straight spine. We prefer to walk upright. Anyway, we'd look a little silly romping around on all fours, so we have to make the best of it. But do we? We do not!

You're a housewife, say. This is bad right off. Women have even worse architecture than men because they have a greater degree of lordosis. (That, remember, is the forward curve in the small of the back.) The female sacrum lies more horizontal than that of a male. The spine, therefore, has to curve forward to a greater degree to keep attached to it. Just why the female spine buckles forward more than the male's does, nobody knows. And nature has done nothing to compensate for it. This is particularly unfortunate, because the child-bearing process increases the weight in the abdomen and consequently exerts more strain on the spine.

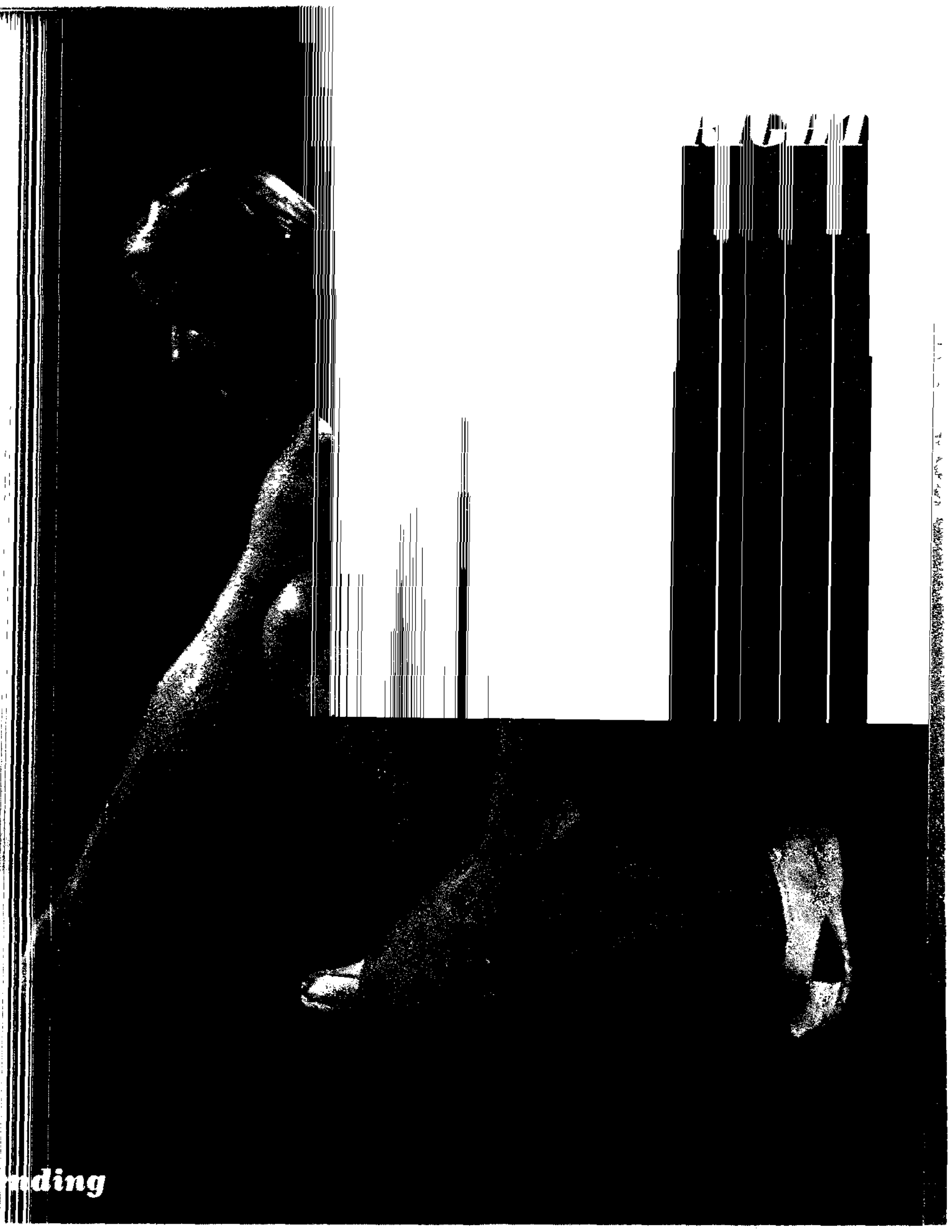
So you're a housewife with this rickety structure and the chances are that at least twice a day you bend over a sink doing the dishes. That's wrong. Not the dishes—the bending. After the dishes, you decide to clean the living room with a vacuum sweeper and pretty soon you bend over to take the dirt out of the cylinder. Ten to one you do this wrong too. Maybe you think it's a little warm in the house after all this exertion, so you go to raise a window. You tug up on the grips because the window sticks a little. Wrong again.

If you're an average wife, you take some 15,000 steps a day keeping house for husband and children. Also, it's been figured that you'll do some reaching and bending several hundred times during the day. That's tiresome too, especially when you're probably doing it so that added strain is placed on your already severely angled and strained lumbosacral joints.

You tire yourself with the 15,000 steps and reaching and bending as you perform your chores. The *(Continued on page 40)*

If those strong thigh muscles are put to work doing their share of carrying the burden upon the spine, the likelihood of back pain lessens

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE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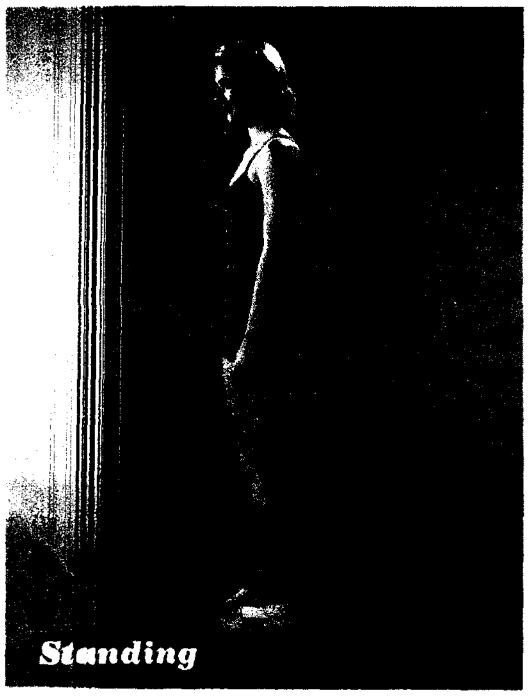
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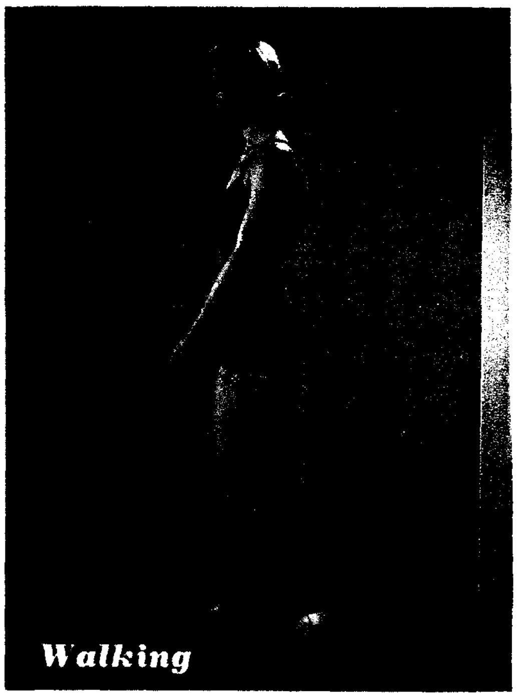
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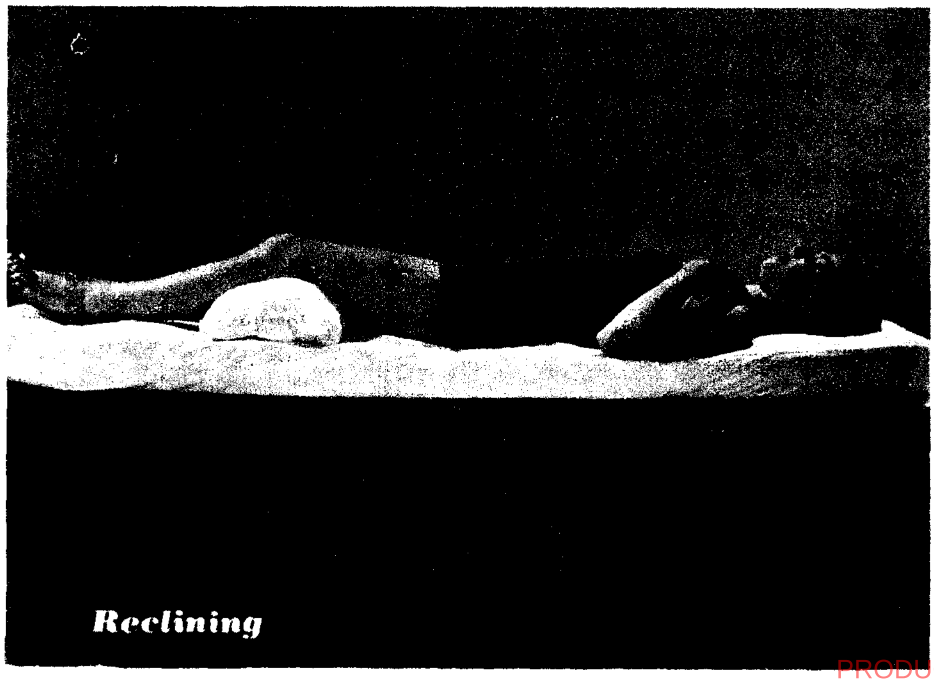
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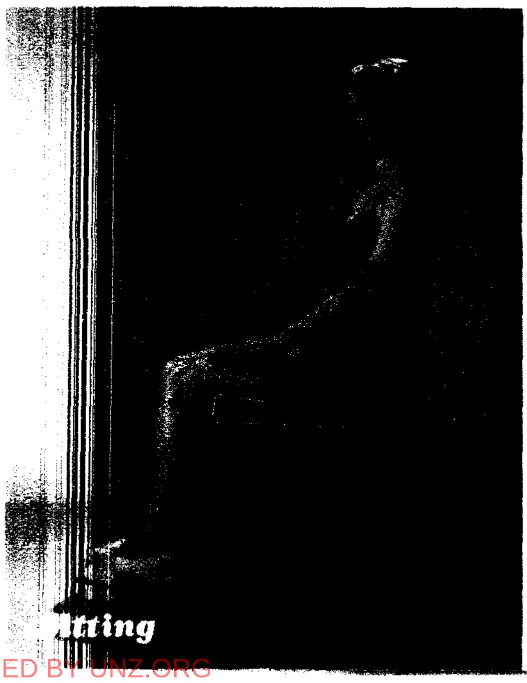
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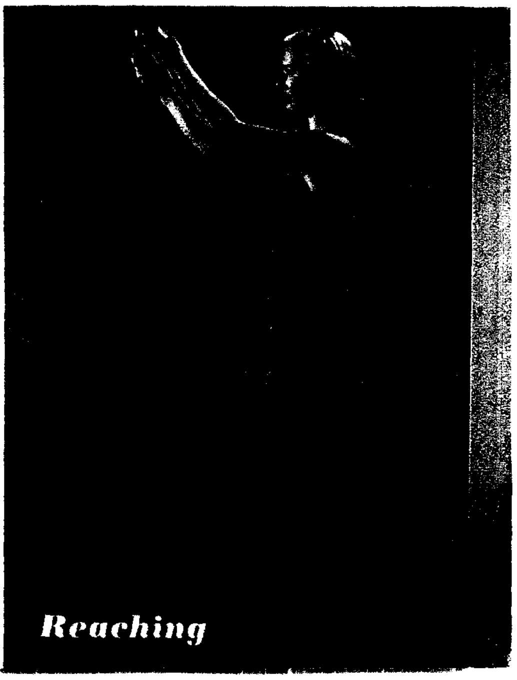
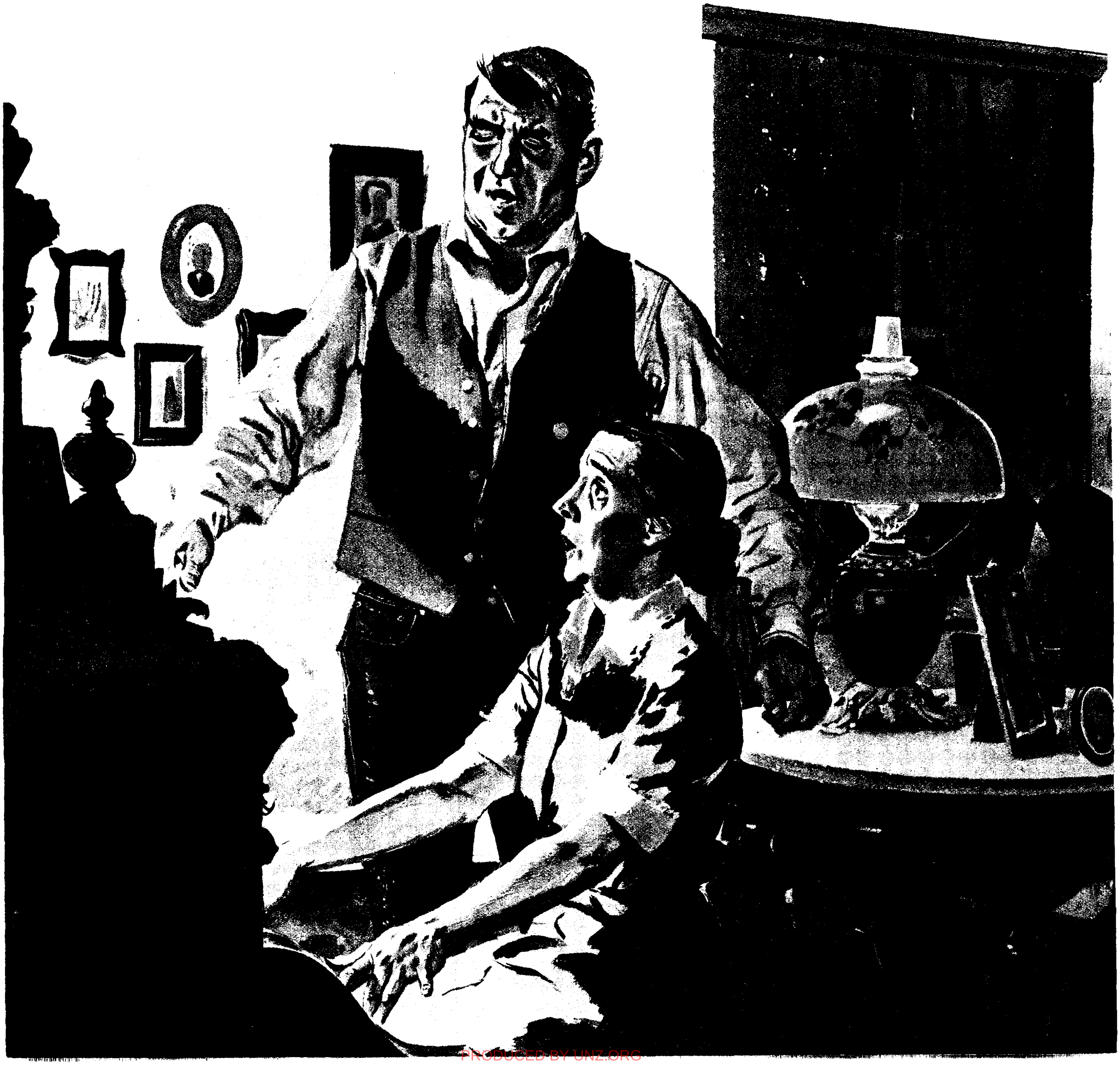

Reaching

I and Claudie were in business, with me doing the thinking and Claudie the work. Things were going fine until Mrs. Wigginbotham's maiden sister started making eyes at Claudie, the big lug, and he started to think for himself

The WINDMILL FIXERS

By DILLON ANDERSON



THERE are more windmills in the state of Texas than any other state in the Union, and you can prove it by every man, woman and child in Texas. Also, you will find more wind in Texas to turn these windmills, more trouble in locating water for them to lift and more space that needs watering.

I was explaining these things to my partner, Claudie, as our trailer house swung and swayed along behind the big green cattle truck. He was sitting on the trailer floor holding the coal-oil stove, the lantern and the coffeepot in his lap so they wouldn't jostle about.

Up ahead in the cattle truck, Backlash, the fat little Negro driver, sloped for Waco, Texas. He had our dollar and the nearly full bottle of vanilla extract we had given him to hitch on and pull us out of Dallas. He was driving so fast that the wind screamed and whined around the eaves of our trailer house like she-panthers at midnight. His boss—so Backlash had told us—was looking for his load of cattle in Waco before dark, and Backlash was trying to make up the time he had lost in trading with us.

"Another thing, Claudie," I went on, "even the best windmill is apt to get out of whack now and then."

"Windmills or no windmills, Clint, I don't like the way that boy is driving up there," Claudie said.

"Well, we're pretty lucky that I got us this lift," I told him as I braced my folding chair against the rear door. "It's hard to be choosy when you've got to hitchhike for a trailer house. Now don't get me off my subject again, please. We're going to be windmill fixers."

"But we don't know nothing about windmills," he said.

"Not yet," I admitted, "but listen to me, Claudie: we've wandered all over Texas, we've dabbled in this and we've dabbled in that, but so far I've been finding better jobs for us than we can hold."

"We've sure been fired from some nice jobs," Claudie admitted.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," I went on. "You're nearly thirty years old, Claudie, and I'm even a little older than that. We need a specialty, and I've got it all planned."

"How's that?" Claudie wanted to know.

"I'll tell you how," I said. "While you were wasting your time yesterday at the pinball arcade, I talked to a Dallas man who is a real windmill expert—fellow by the name of Angus Pratt. Look what he gave me: a picture folder put out by a Waco concern. It shows all the parts of a windmill and exactly how they work."

I let Claudie see the folder; then I explained it to him as best I could, and as he seemed to understand it fairly well, I went on: "They can teach you there in Waco how to fix windmills. A two-week course. That's where Angus Pratt learned about windmills. I and you will sign up there for a little higher education tomorrow."

Claudie nodded his head, but the look on his face was vacant, like that of a man playing music by ear. I told him I was afraid he was never meant to be anything but a hewer of wood and a drawer of water.

About this time two police officers came roaring alongside us on motorcycles, and Backlash stopped. The biggest officer—the big one with two guns on his hips and a forked scar on his cheek—said to us in a very harsh way: "What the hell kind of contraption is this? Where is your permit?"

Backlash dug out his permit, but, of course, it did not cover our trailer house or any part of it. The officer said, "You will all have to come with me to the justice of the peace."

"Officer," I said, "you look like a fair-minded man to me. This truck and these cattle belong to a nice man in Waco, Texas. For all that you know, his heart is pure; also he is without malice aforethought." The officer listened.

The other officer came up and said, "I think he is about to outtalk you, Elmo."

Elmo gave the other officer a very bilious look and said, "Just who the hell is making this arrest?"

"So far nobody is," the other officer said, and he said it in a very haughty way.

Then I made my move. "Elmo," I said, "I think you are a fine type of officer. Tell you what—if you'll let Backlash pull us off this road, nobody will be violating the law any more. Let's all let Backlash take this truckful of cattle on to Waco."

Elmo then said in a loud voice that we'd better get that damn' trailer off the highways of the state of Texas before somebody got into trouble. He spat on the side of the road and looked hard at the other officer. As Backlash pulled us into a green pasture by the side of the road, I noticed that the sign on the mail box said E. C. Wigginbotham.

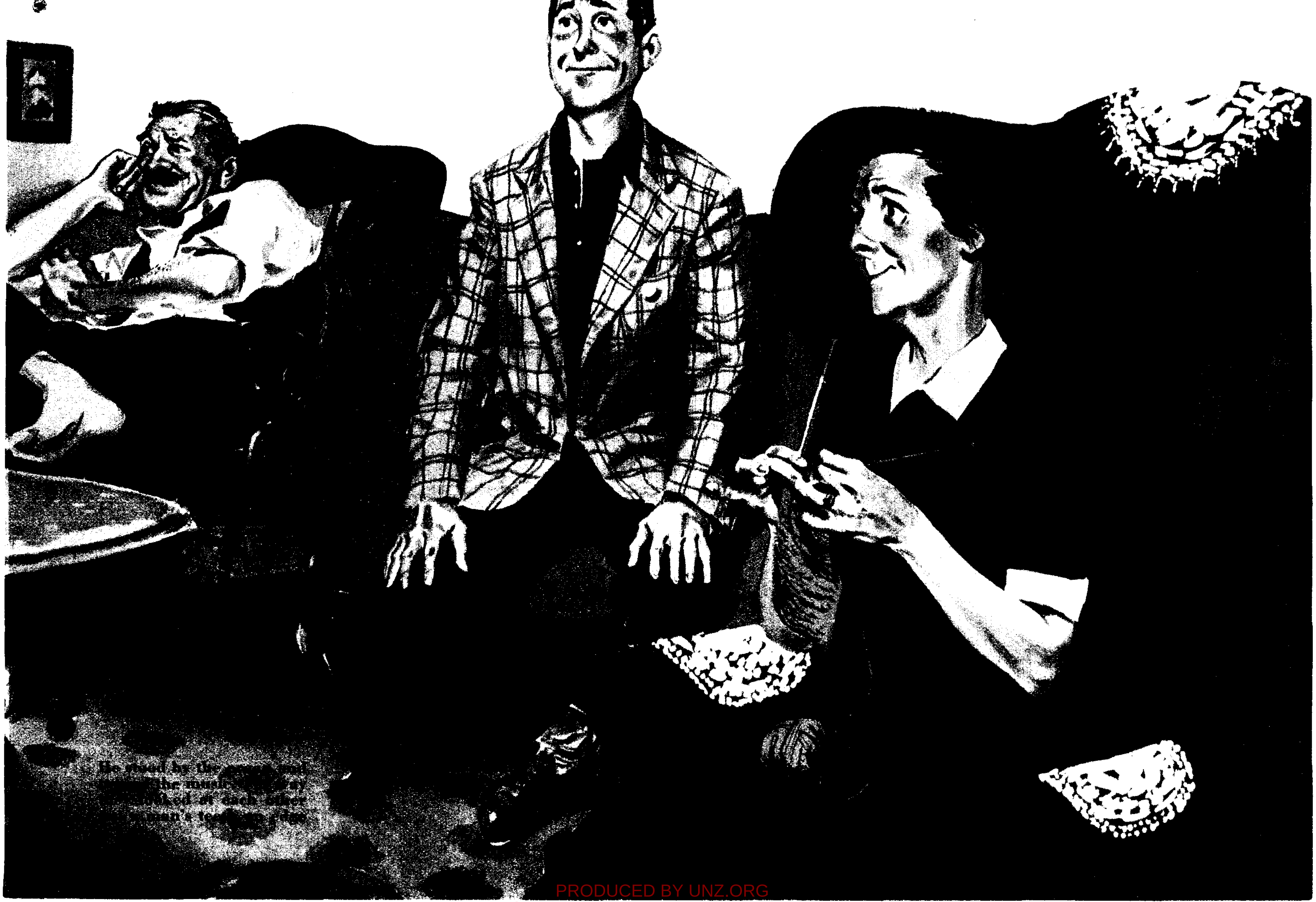
We unhooked the trailer under the shade of some pecan trees, while the motorcycles sputtered off toward Dallas. Backlash left, fast, in the other direction; then I and Claudie looked things over. We were about a hundred yards from a big white farmhouse surrounded by some cedar and hackberry trees, a red barn, a silo, and a tall windmill. I pointed to Claudie that the windmill was running at a fast clip in the brisk summer breeze.

Claudie had no sooner scotched the wheels and leveled up the trailer than we heard dogs barking. Then we saw a whole pack of them spilling out from behind a long lilac hedge by the big house. They came bouncing our way, and along behind them came a big square-shouldered man carrying a double-barreled shotgun over his shoulder.

He walked up to the

(Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

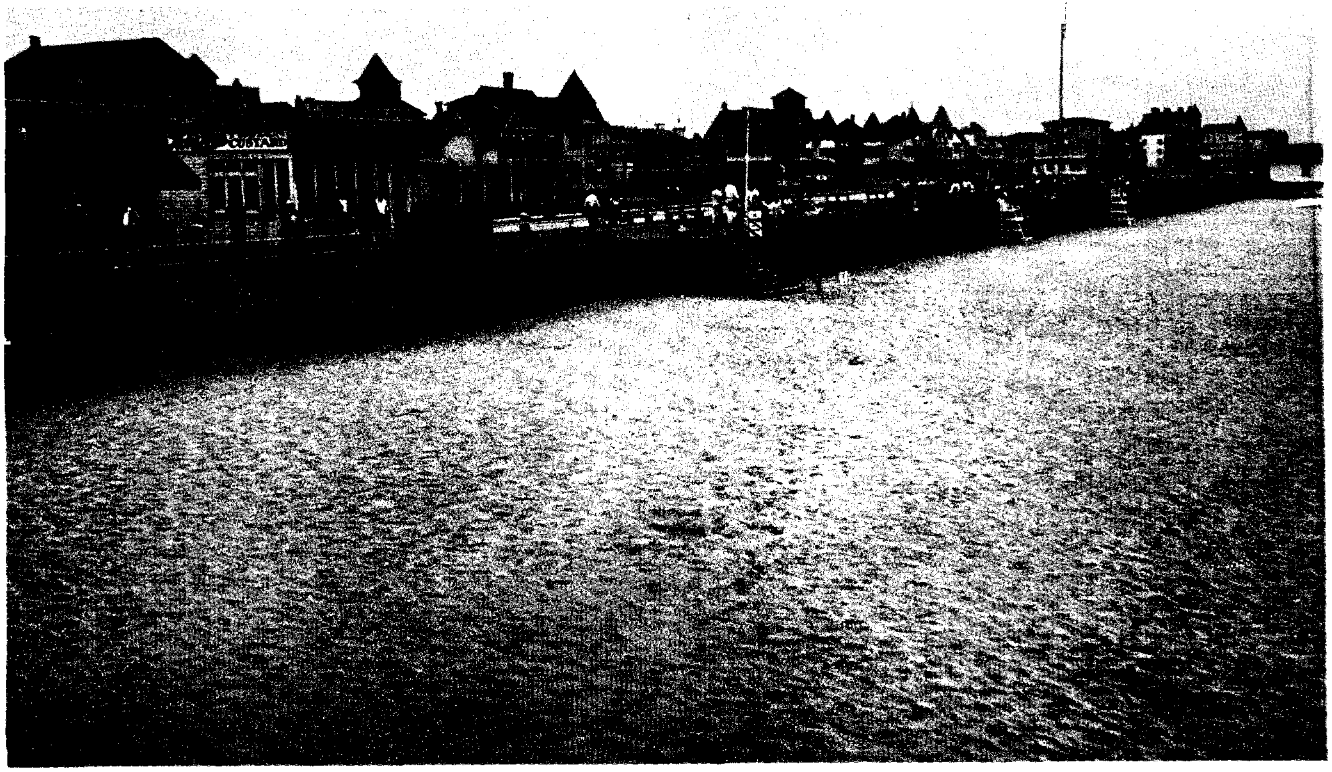


He stood by the [illegible] and [illegible] the music [illegible] looked at each other [illegible] man's te[illegible]

America's BLUEST

In the unique religious haven of Ocean Grove, N.J., the devout protect themselv

Saturday **finds permanent residents and visitors enjoying sand and surf, one of the few worldly pleasures allowed on weekdays, which also feature four religious services**



Sunday **finds the beach deserted, churchgoing being the only legal activity. The Great Auditorium, seating 10,000, is crowded twice each Sunday from July to Labor Day**

THE heaviest bottleneck fought by Sunday travelers along New Jersey's congested resort shore is a half-mile stretch between Asbury Park and Bradley Beach. Here the ocean drive is interrupted, and traffic turns inland. Hopeful motorists who try to cut back to the beach are stopped by massive chains hung across seven intersecting streets. On a busy summer Sabbath, cars pile up for a mile at this point; horns honk and tempers flare. But behind these barricades all is serene, for here lies Ocean Grove, the bluest blue-law town in America.

Summer or winter, no vehicle moves in Ocean Grove on Sunday, whether car or bicycle. Automobiles of visitors must be removed from the town and parked elsewhere from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday. No work except cooking or housework may be done; it is against the law even to wash and hang out a pair of stockings. Every business, amusement and recreational facility is locked tight.

On the beach, not even wading is permitted. Throughout the town, quiet is mandatory. Four little girls, noisily playing tag in a yard one Sunday last summer, were chased indoors by police for disturbing the peace.

By such prohibitions Ocean Grove, a religious haven seven eighths of a square mile large, protects itself from encroachment by the rowdy, fun-loving, hard-playing North Jersey shore. Founded by a group of Methodist ministers, and now open to all the so-called "evangelical" denominations, it regards itself as an oasis in a desert of wickedness; a Gethsemane in Gomorrah. Sternly it prevents whoopee from contaminating its Sabbath, and rigidly excludes sin, noise and excitement even on weekdays.

For Ocean Grove, a weekday begins with a prayer meeting at 9:00 A.M., and an hour of Bible study at ten. After lunch there is an hour devoted to meditations on the Christian life, followed by an organ recital, chiefly of sacred music. In the evening there is a church service or convocation of a quasi-religious nature.

This weekly schedule is mere preparation for Sunday, which may open with a sunrise prayer meeting on the beach, and progress through Sunday school, Bible class and morning church service, to afternoon meditations, a vesper service on the beach, and another formal worship session at night. In between, if time permits, harmless recreations—a dip in the surf, a stroll on the boardwalk, a bit of shuffleboard, or attendance at a children's baseball game—are all available. On weekdays, that is; on Sunday, of course, there is no amusement of any kind.

Churchgoing is the town's only legal Sunday activity. The streets are laid out to converge upon a central plaza, where are located four wooden temples, and where, on the Sabbath, everyone convenes. Six U.S. Presidents, 31 Methodist bishops, and almost every famous evangelist, preacher and reformer of modern times have drawn capacity crowds to the Great Auditorium, which seats 10,000 and is jammed twice each Sunday from July to Labor Day. Here, for 10 days at the end of August, takes place in all its glory one of the few survivors of that nineteenth-century religious phenomenon, the camp meeting. The auditorium, an acre in expanse, with 164 windows and 98 doors, not only dwarfs everything else in Ocean Grove, it *is* Ocean Grove, and both townspeople and vacationers partake vigorously of its many activities.

Almost everyone who goes to Ocean Grove knows what he's getting into. The town's number one attraction—worship in the old-time evangelistic tradition—draws vacationers from 20 Eastern states. The summer residents mainly are cafeteria diners, nickel tippers, porch sitters, skirt-suited bathers and creatures of habit. Like swallows,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NICK DE MORGOLI

Blue-Law Town

BY HARTZELL SPENCE

gainst all who might disturb their worship. 50,000 persons visit it each summer

many arrive each year on precisely the same date. The Misses Laura and Grace MacConnell of Trenton, New Jersey, have lived for 58 consecutive years in the same two-room shelter, arriving the last Friday in May, departing at noon on Labor Day. Hundreds spend their winters in trailer colonies on the Florida Gulf Coast, the summer in simple lodgings in Ocean Grove.

With 5,500 permanent residents and 50,000 to 60,000 summer visitors, and less than a square mile in which to house them, Ocean Grove is tightly developed. A casual glance at the wide, tree-lined avenues and spick-and-span buildings suggests roominess. But this is misleading. Behind the façade many of the old year-around houses are set four feet apart on 30-foot lots. Summer cottages are more closely stowed, with only an air space between them. And behind the Great Auditorium is a tent city of hundreds of cubicles—15 feet square and half covered by permanent roofing—which are doubled in size in summer by the addition of a canvas roof and side walls. Under such jam-packed conditions, life is anything but private.

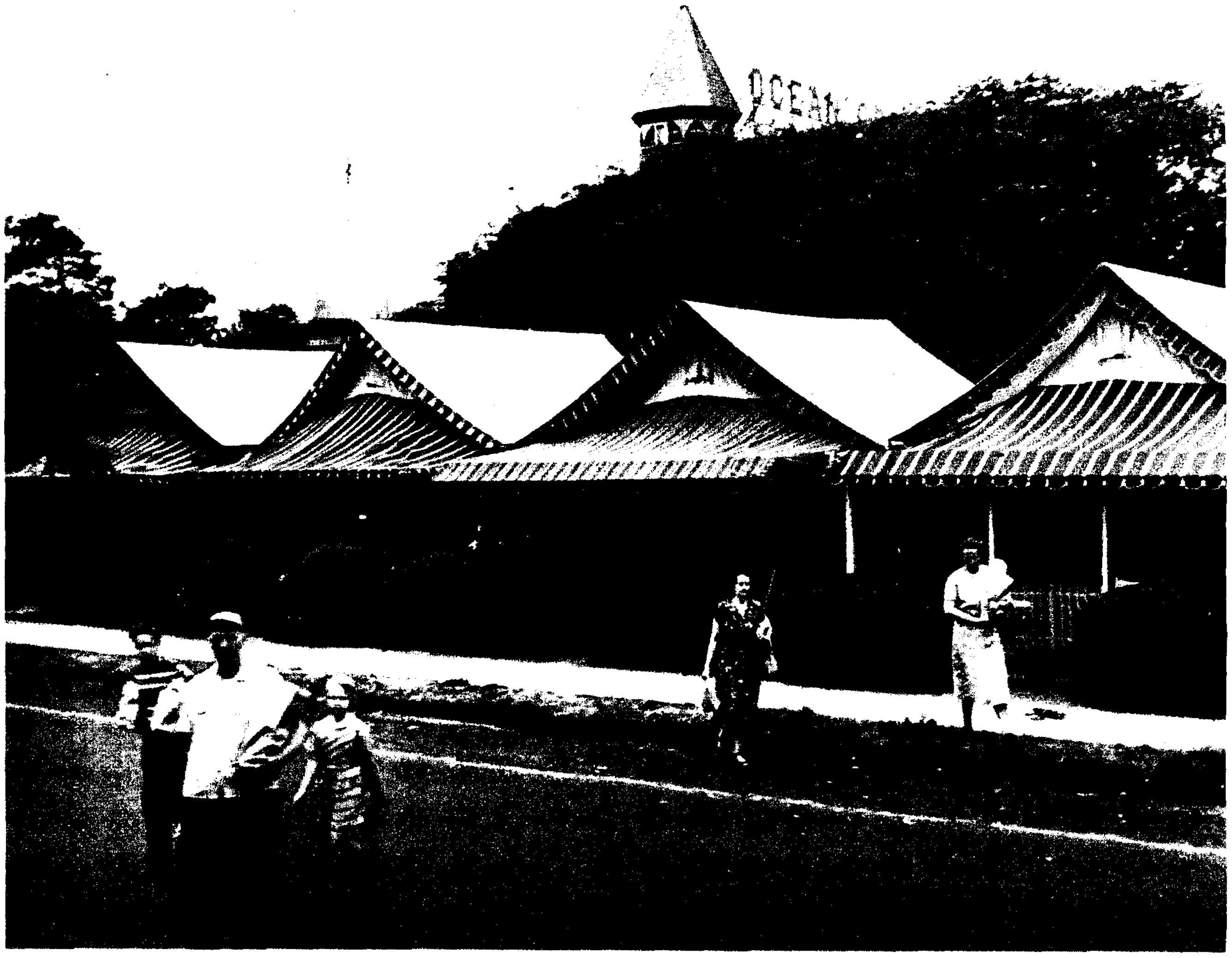
Mrs. Jane Hio, a 12-summer tent veteran, learned the essence of Ocean Grove society early during her first season. One day her sister paid her a visit. Because of the elbow proximity of the neighbors, the women lowered their voices while discussing family matters.

A moment later a knock resounded on the front tent post, and an indignant feminine voice called, "Mrs. Hio, I will have you know that on our street we do not whisper!"

Folks not lucky enough to rent a tent put up in furnished bungalows or cottages in one of the 178 boardinghouses and hotels, or in rented rooms available in almost every house. But wherever they stay, the keynote is frugality. Most arrivals carry their own luggage across the bridge from Asbury Park.

The town is an implacable foe of liquor. The law prohibits the possession

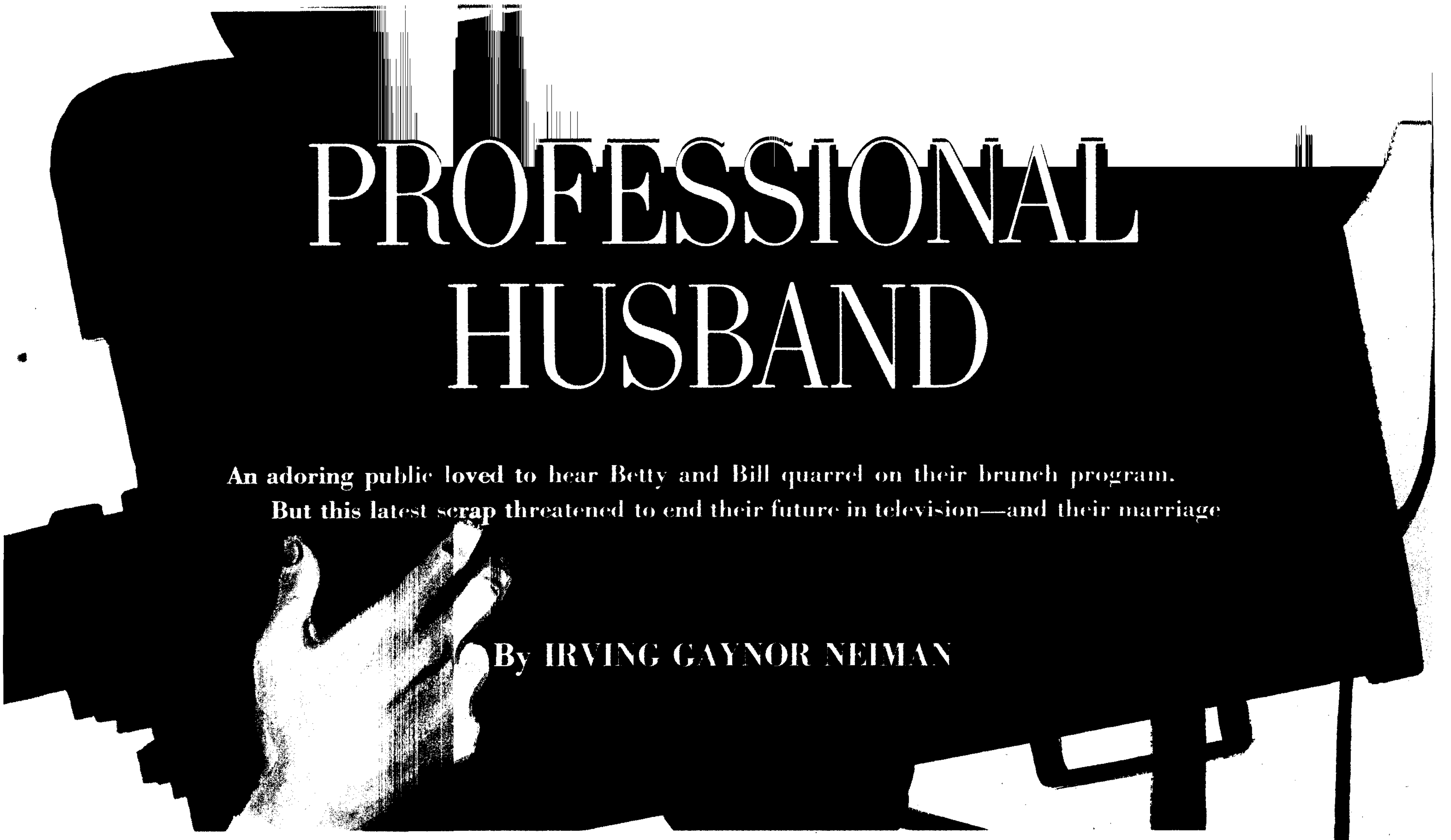
(Continued on page 64)



Behind the Great Auditorium is a city of hundreds of tents, 15 feet square and half covered by permanent roofing. Temporary tops and walls are added for summer visitors

Ten rows of rocking chairs flank the carrousel for residents who like to listen to the music

Entrance to Ocean Grove by car is barred for 24 hours starting at midnight Saturday. Here officer Jack Whitworth stands guard. Autos owned by residents may not be driven



PROFESSIONAL HUSBAND

An adoring public loved to hear Betty and Bill quarrel on their brunch program. But this latest scrap threatened to end their future in television—and their marriage

By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

Bill hooked a short left to Pandro's mid-section and followed it with a right to the jaw. Pandro folded

IT WOULD have been as hard to predict the exact moment of the explosion of the Lindsays as to say just when an inflated toy balloon will burst. All that could be said in either case was that, given enough air, the explosion was inevitable. The Lindsays blew on a Friday.

Bill Lindsay found his wife on the set in the television studios of the Peerless Broadcasting Company talking to Pandro MacLeary, the interior decorator. It was from here that the Lindsays broadcast their daily program, Brunch with Betty and Bill. The set was built in exact duplication of the living room of the Lindsay apartment on Murray Hill. A replica living room for my replica marriage, Bill thought bitterly.

He walked up to his wife and Pandro and said, "What is this guy doing here? If he is trying to sell you on redecorating our apartment, he is wasting his time. If he is trying to sell you anything else, he is squandering his time recklessly, because he is not long for this world."

"Hello, Bill," Pandro said calmly.

"Hello."

"Hello, Bill," Betty said, calmly.

"Hello, hello!" Bill said with some irritation. "There's a question on the floor. What is Pandro doing here?"

"I knew it was too good to last," Betty said. She was a small shapely redhead whose habitual stance somehow suggested the aggressive attitude of the amateur boxer.

"What was too good to last?"

"Peace," Betty said. "You may not realize it, but Pandro and I have been discussing things for over two weeks now. In all that time we haven't had a single argument. It's a revelation."

"I suppose it's my fault if we have occasional arguments," Bill said.

"It's a reasonable supposition," Betty said, "if by 'occasional' you mean 'constant.'"

"It's really a shame that you and Betty quarrel, so much," Pandro said. He was a tall young man with the peaceful air of a cleric. His blond hair was carefully swept back along the sides of his head. "In my opinion, Betty is a wonderfully agreeable person. Really."

"You discovered that just by talking about redecorating our apartment, did you?" Bill said darkly.

"We've talked about a great number of things," Pandro said smoothly. "Betty and I have a great deal in common."

"That can be fixed," Bill said grimly. "Pandro, I—"

"There's no use trying to pick a fight with Pandro," Betty said. "He never argues. He's too reasonable a person."

"People can live together in harmony," Pandro said, "if they will just suppress their combative instincts."

"Drop dead," Bill said.

"Bill—" Betty said darkly.

"It's all right," Pandro said. "Bill and I won't argue."

"You see?" Betty said. "He *never* argues!"

Bill groaned and closed his eyes. "Darling," he said, "this guy is a phony from the word go. He is turning your head with a false vision of peace. It's Munich all over again."

"You wouldn't recognize real goodness and peace," Betty said, "if you were bashed over the head with them."

"I will bash Pandro over the head," Bill said, "if he doesn't quit hanging around my wife."

"There's your attitude," Betty said. "I would get less bickering married to a lawyer. Right, Pandro?"

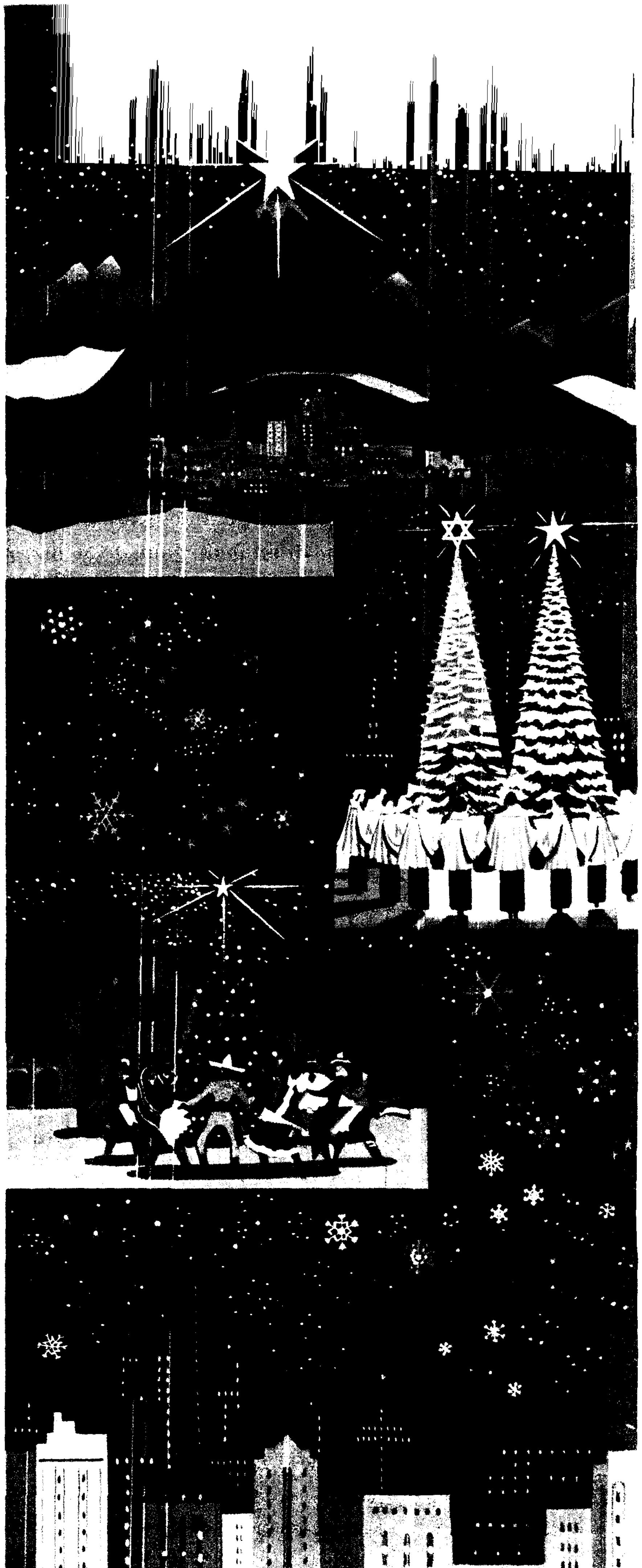
"Of course you're right, Betty," Pandro said.

Before Bill could reply, a bespectacled director bustled up and announced that the program was about to begin. The Lindsays took their positions on the set and Pandro stepped into the control booth to watch. Brunch with Betty and Bill went soaring out over the rooftops of Manhattan, brushed through a forest of H-antennas and slid onto thousands of flickering TV screens.

The Lindsays' program was something of a phenomenon in a phenomenal industry. Five mornings a week television viewers were privileged to witness husband and wife in their native surroundings, behaving very much like husband and wife. In the Lindsays' case, this naturalness included frequent and firm disagreement on a fine variety of subjects. Some of the best arguments of their married life had taken place before the television cameras, in full view of a large and rapt home audience. It had become a thing.

Wives would report to their *(Continued on page* 86)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



Santa Claus Starts in August

By FRANCES BRENTANO

Christmas is for everyone, and the warm idea of community celebrations is spreading. But the planning should begin now

THERE are still 108 shopping days until Christmas. Boxes of tinsel are tucked away on top shelves and there is not a sound of caroling or a sight of reindeer on these August nights. Nevertheless, preparations are already afoot. Communities all over the country are catching the infectious idea that Christmas is for everybody, and groups of people from Arizona to West Virginia now are planning and wrapping presents that are community-size.

This December there should be more community celebrations, more people around our Christmas trees. Year by year, new ways of sharing Christmas have been spreading over America. The National Recreation Association and local recreation departments have been fostering this idea of organized programs that will unite every man, woman and child in community festivities.

A community can't do last-minute shopping for itself. It takes careful planning for a town to work out the best way for its own people to celebrate together.

Delmar, New York, with the two neighboring villages of Elsmere and Slingerlands—total population about 8,500—already are planning their annual holiday. Representatives of Central High School and the five churches in the area begin in the summer to organize a Christmas festival that features a pageant in which local history, customs and home scenes are always a part. Every year there is a "White Christmas" offering which is split three ways: community needs, the American Friends Service for Asia, and the Save the Children Federation.

The people in the community feel that the spirit of this celebration has become a part of their lives.

Every city has its own Christmas story and some of the community celebrations began in curious ways.

In 1912 the wife of a famous artist conceived the idea of a Christmas party for all the lonely souls of New York City. Her own husband had never forgotten his first homesick and solitary Christmas in America and she was determined that everybody in the city, regardless of his race, creed or worldly position, was going to have the opportunity to rejoice in Christmas.

A great fir tree was set up in Madison Square Park. At 5:00 P.M. on Christmas Eve chimes were rung in the Metropolitan Tower. Neighborhood church bells joined in. As the lights of the tree were turned on, carolers began to sing.

Needless Police Precautions

The authorities were worried. They felt sure that the different races and religious groups would clash. Squads of police were sent to the park to prevent trouble. But almost as soon as the party started, the police relaxed and joined the carolers. Many asked their superiors on the scene to let them telephone for their families.

The New York papers gave a lot of space to the event and some nimble-minded reporter coined the phrase "Community Christmas." Within a few days the Christmas committee was flooded with letters from cities in every state and from countries all over the world asking how they might have their own Community Christmas.

Community Christmas festivities in the United States are only a few decades old. Paris had a candlelit tree in the Tuileries Gardens about 1840. A description of the tree was widely publicized in America but the innovation couldn't be easily adapted to an outdoor celebration here because it was so difficult to keep the candles lighted. The development of Christmas lighting outfits about 1910 established the outdoor community tree. *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

To Live Again

By A. J. CRONIN

Paul knew that somewhere in Inspector Swann's and Walter Gillett's bitter memories of the trial he would find valuable clues to the truth about the crime. But the once-respected Gillett had gone to a pauper's grave—and Swann was in a hospital, close to death . . .

The Story: PAUL BURGESS living with his mother in Belfast, Ireland, was young, healthy, doing well at the university. The necessity for submitting a birth certificate with his application for a teaching job brought to light the information that the family name was really ENGEL, and that Paul's father, LEON ENGEL, of whom he had only a dim memory, had not died on a trip to the United States, as Paul had been told, but was serving a life sentence in Stoneheath Prison.

Paul got the whole sordid, tragic story from PASTOR EMMANUEL FLEMING, a family friend, whose pretty but shallow daughter ELLA had marked Paul for her own. He learned that when his father's firm sent him from Tynecastle, a seacoast town, to industrial Winton, in Scotland, the differences in temperament between his pious and sedate mother and his gay and friendly father made his father increasingly restless and discontented, until he decided the family must emigrate to America. Just before they boarded ship, however, Leon Engel was arrested for the brutal murder of MONA SPURLING, who was pregnant at the time of her death. Engel was picked up on the evidence of a pawned ring, and on his identification by JANET CROMBIE, the victim's maid, and LOUISA BURT, a young girl passer-by. Only ALBERT PRUSTY, a neighbor, was not positive of the murderer's identity. Nevertheless, the weight of the evidence presented by INSPECTOR JAMES SWANN and CHIEF CONSTABLE URIE was sufficient to bring a verdict of guilty and a sentence of death, which was later commuted to life imprisonment.

Paul was deeply shocked, and his self-torment and abstraction made Ella angry at him. Moved by a strange impulse, Paul made a sudden trip to Scotland. From a nearby hill in the neighborhood of the ancient prison, he watched the doomed men at their grim labors, and learned from a passing shepherd that no visitors were permitted. He was inexpressibly moved by the knowledge that his gentle father was among those poor souls shut away from life, and he resolved to get to the bottom of the dreadful story, which he found too painful to believe.

II

ON THE outskirts of the city of Winton there stands a tobacconist's shop, bearing the faded sign: *A. Prusty, Importer of Burma Cheroots.* This old-fashioned establishment, with its solid and well-established air, has two windows; one holds a sober display of cigars, snuff, meerschaums and the better grades of cut tobacco; the other is an opaque blank—except for a small gilt-circled peephole—behind which the proprietor makes by hand the cigarettes for which he is locally renowned.

Toward noon, on this June day, Mr. Prusty was, in fact, seated at his bench, in apron and shirt sleeves, rolling out his special brand with a rapid and delicate touch. He was a skinny little man, past sixty, with a blunt, porous nose and a choleric complexion. He was bald, except for a single tuft of white hair, and a large wen grew like a plum on his bare scalp. His straggling white mustache was fumed with nicotine and his fingers showed the same bright yellow stain. He wore steel-rimmed pince-nez.

Perched on his stool and peering through his peephole, Mr. Prusty had for some minutes been observing with curiosity and suspicion the movements of a bareheaded young man who had been pacing up and down outside, and had several times approached the shop, as though he were about to enter, only to hesitate at the last moment and turn away. In the end, however, he seemed to muster all his will power. Pale but resolute, he crossed the street and came through the door. Mr. Prusty, who kept no assistant, slowly got off the stool.

"Yes?" he inquired brusquely.

"I'd like to see Mr. Albert Prusty. That's to say—if he's still alive."

The tobacconist gave his visitor a sour smile. "So far as I know he's alive. I am Albert Prusty."

The young man, like a diver about to plunge into an icy sea, took a deep determined breath. "I am Paul Engel."

It was over. Once he had said that name, a feeling of relief filled him, his tongue seemed no longer paralyzed. "Does the name convey anything to you?"

The cigarette maker's expression had not changed. He answered irritably, "What should it convey to me? I remember the Engel case, if that's what you mean. I'm not likely to forget one of the most unpleasant times in my whole life. But what has it to do with you?"

"I am Leon Engel's son."

There was an intense silence for a moment. The old man looked Paul up and down, took a pinch of snuff from the canister on the counter before him, then slowly inhaled the pungent dust.

"Why do you come to me?"

"I can't explain—I had to come—" In broken phrases Paul made an effort to explain the circumstances which had occasioned his trip to Stoneheath. He concluded: "I got in here this morning—there's a boat for Belfast at midnight. I felt if only I could learn of some extenuating circumstance, I'd go home easier in my mind. I came to you—because you were the one favorable witness in the whole case."

"What do you mean favorable?" Prusty objected in a provoked voice. "I don't know what you're driving at."

"Then—there's nothing you can tell me?"

"What the devil could I tell you?"

"I—I don't know." Paul sighed. After a pause he squared his shoulders and turned toward the door. His voice was steady. "Well, I'll go now. I'm sorry I troubled you. Thank you for seeing me."

He was halfway out when the old man called to him testily, "Wait."

Paul came back slowly. Again Prusty stared him up and down, from his troubled young face to the mud-spattered ends of his trousers.

"You're in a devil of a hurry," he said. "You pop up from nowhere after God knows how long, and rush in and out as though you'd come for a box of matches. Damn it all! You can't expect me to go back fifteen years in fifteen minutes."

Before Paul could reply, the shop bell sounded and a customer entered. When he had been served, another of Prusty's clients appeared, a stout man who, having selected and lighted a cigar, seemed disposed to stay and gossip. The tobacconist came over to Paul and addressed him in an undertone.

"This is lunch hour and it's my busy time. We can't talk now. Not that I've got anything to say—far from it. But as I close at eight and your boat doesn't leave till midnight you can come up to my flat around nine o'clock. I'll give you a cup of coffee before you sail."

"Thank you." Then a flicker passed over Paul's eyes. "At your flat?"

Prusty nodded with a queer grimace, a narrowing of his nearsighted eyes. "The same address. Fifty-two Glenhill Terrace. It's still there. And so am I."

He went back to his customer and Paul left the shop. As he walked down the street, drugged with weariness—he had spent the previous night on a hard chair in the station waiting room—and weak for want of food, he remembered passing a Y.M.C.A. on his way out from the center of the city and headed back toward it. He had a hot bath, brushed his clothes and tidied himself, then sat down to a good hot dinner.

IT WAS now only two o'clock. As Paul left the dining hall, greatly restored, he wondered how to use the time remaining before his appointment with Prusty. Suddenly an idea entered his head. He made some inquiries about libraries at the desk, and made his way to the most likely one in the city. There he sought out the newspaper reference section.

"Could you give me the name of the most reputable Winton newspaper?"

The youngster behind the desk looked up wryly. "Are any of them reputable?"

Then quickly, in the tone of one whose function it is to instruct strangers, he added, "Probably the Herald is the best. It's quite dependable."

"Thank you. Could I see the files for the year 1921?"

"For the entire year?"

"Well, no." Despite his show of confidence, Paul colored. "The last four months of 1921 would be enough."

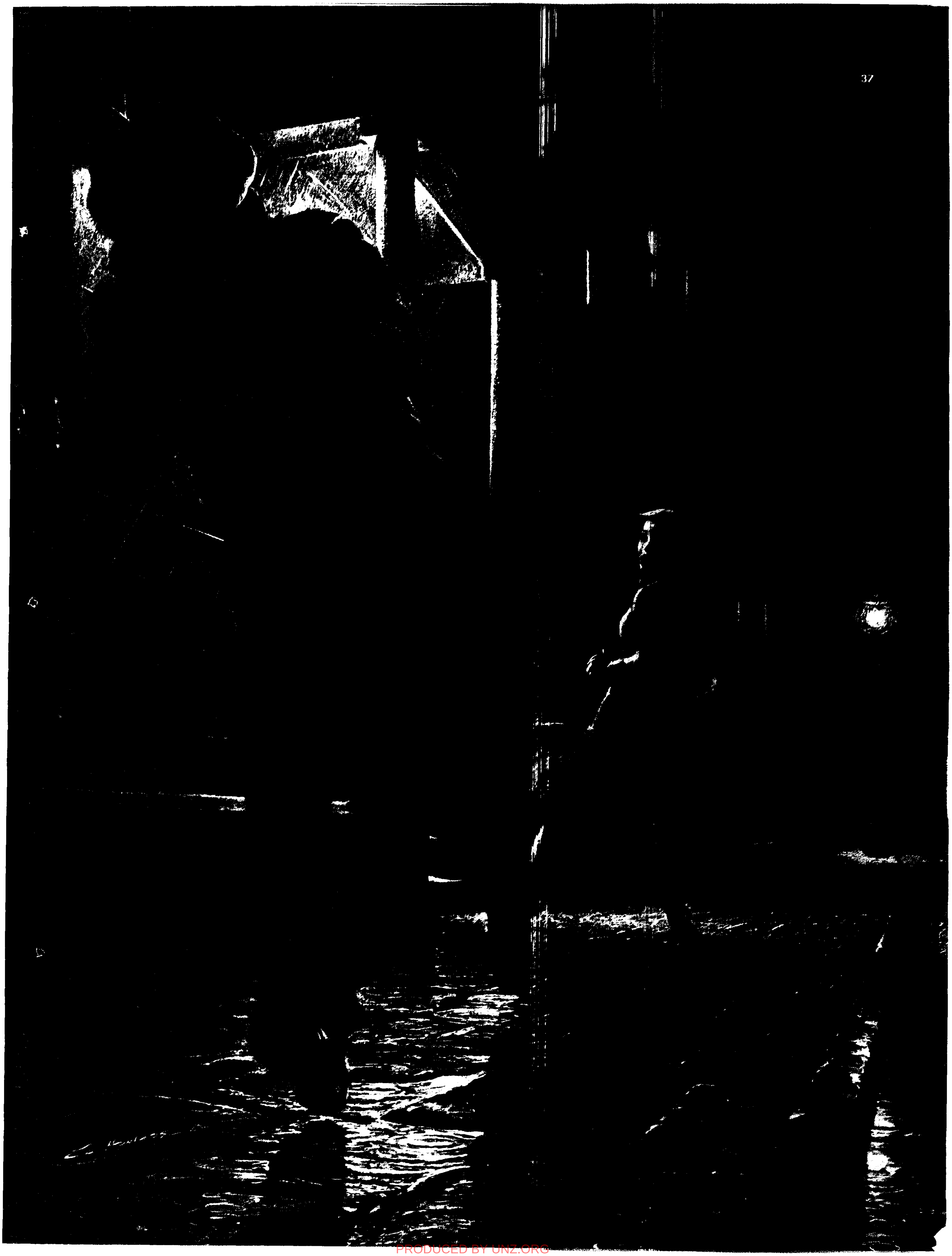
Paul made out a form, giving the Y.M.C.A. as his local address, and a few minutes later an attendant brought out a heavy leather-bound folio and placed it upon an adjoining table.

In some agitation, Paul began to turn the dry, yellowish sheets, and a pang went through him as he came, suddenly, upon the first mention of the crime: *Dastardly Outrage at Dalgarno. Young Woman Brutally Murdered.*

He controlled himself *(Continued on page 50)*

This young girl got one second's glimpse of the criminal, yet she professed herself able to supply the exact details of his appearance

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.



The Double-Bladed Lie

By MARY JANE WALDO

IN THE window of Hardinger's Hardware the knives were spread in a bristly crescent on green crepe paper. The early morning sun struck dazzling flashes from the husky hunting knives beside their leather sheaths, the Boy Scout knives with all the cunning hooks and corkscrews. Timothy looked long and carefully at all these. He was not in the least interested in them. He was merely postponing the exquisite moment when he would enter Hardinger's and claim his own—his double-bladed knife.

When at last he went in he found Mr. Hardinger back by the cash register, sorting screws into a muffin tin. "Mornin', son," said Mr. Hardinger. "What can I do fer you?"

"I came for my knife," said Timothy.

"Well, now," said Mr. Hardinger. He looked at the boy. Timothy Wood was not what is called a pretty little boy. He was eight years old but you might have thought him five. At one end of his bony little body there was a pair of tremendous feet in heavy-duty shoes, and at the other end a blond crew cut. His long, protruding upper lip made him look something like a blond monkey, and he stuck his stomach out habitually in a futile attempt at holding up his jeans.

He hitched his jeans now, while Mr. Hardinger rummaged in a drawer and brought out the knife. He turned it this way and that, squinting at it, while Timothy writhed with eagerness to hold it in his hand. At last Mr. Hardinger handed the knife to Timothy. "How d'you like that, eh? Pretty fair job?" he asked.

Timothy studied the name plate. "Timothy Wood," it was inscribed. "That's swell, Mr. Hardinger," he said.

"That'll be four dollars and seventy-five cents," said Mr. Hardinger.

Timothy took out the five-dollar bill and laid it on the counter proudly.

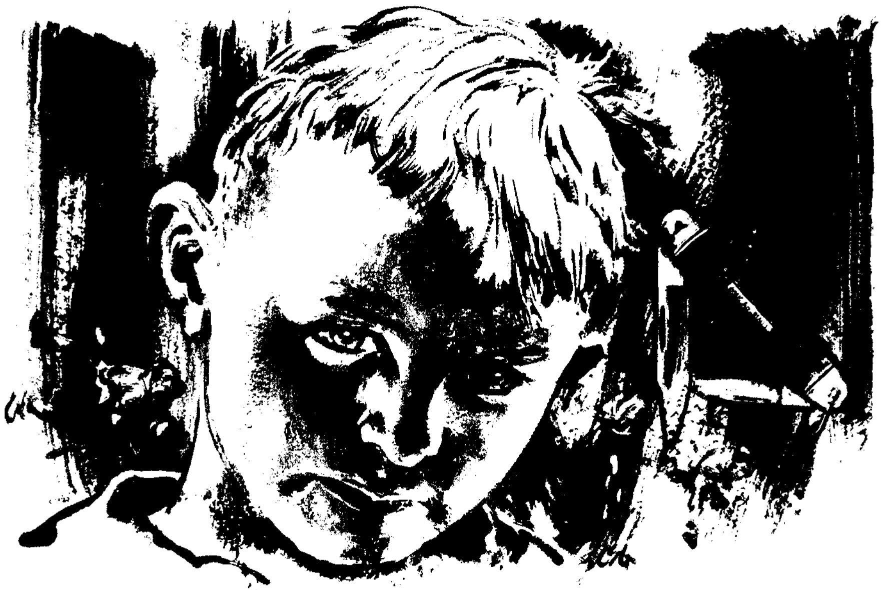
"Where'd you come by all that money, son?" asked the storekeeper.

"My dad sent it to me for my birthday," said Timothy.

This was not strictly true. In fact it was strictly false according to the letter of the truth, though by the spirit some would have called it true. Timothy saw two scenes in his mind, and one had happened only last Saturday. "He'll be eight tomorrow," his mother had said, making one of her little faces. "Imagine me having a kid eight years old." Then one of the uncles—one of the many uncles who had shown up suddenly as soon as his father was gone—had tossed Timothy the five-dollar bill. "Buy yourself something, kid," he had said. "You're only eight once."

The other scene was long, long ago; Timothy was not sure how old he was then, but his father had been there, so it was before the divorce and before his father's sickness. His father was whittling a boat for Timothy. He looked up from the whittling, and the shadows of the maple tree in the back yard were on his face. "When you're bigger I'll teach you how," he said. "On your eighth birthday I'll buy you the finest knife you ever saw. Every boy should have one on his eighth birthday."

Timothy's dad always meant what he said but maybe in the sanitarium, far away in the desert, they couldn't get knives. You would think, though, that they'd have birthday cards.



LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Timothy had lied, and the guilt was spreading out inside him

Now Timothy took his twenty-five cents change and charged out of the hardware store in order to get to school on time. He was scared of the kids at school, but maybe things would get better now that he had the knife. It was cold and smooth in his hand, splendid in nickel and pearl. It was only from Hardinger's, but it was a fine knife. . . .

He kept it in his pocket during school hours for he did not wish it to be added to the Yo-yos and other prizes which filled Miss Orr's desk drawers. He was the man of the hour at recess; when he headed home at three o'clock he was glorying in his new popularity and he was followed by a little knot of his fellow third-graders.

The eighth-graders had been let out early today. But they were hanging around, looking for something to do. One of them—one of the biggest—came up to Timothy and said in a gentle voice, "Can I see your knife?"

Usually Timothy would have been suspicious, but just now he was flattered. "I guess so," he said, and handed it over.

The big boy grabbed it. "I guess so," he mimicked in a high voice. He looked the knife over, noting the inscription. "Timothy Wood," he said daintily. "Timothy would what?"

His friends thought this very funny and laughed loudly. They tossed Timothy's knife from one to another, pretending to hide it in their pockets.

Timothy waited while they had their fun; he was scared, but he wanted his knife. The other third-graders had run away; they knew better than to hang around when the big kids were acting tough.

It probably wouldn't have taken long, but from the schoolyard half a block away there suddenly came the cry of "Fight! Fight!" and all the eighth-graders rushed back to the yard, yelling. Timothy had to go too; he wanted his knife.

The fight was a free-for-all and pretty rough. Timothy hovered nervously on the edge of the scuffle, wishing he were somewhere else but anxious to get his knife back. Then he saw something small and bright hurtle through the air; it landed on the ground near the brawlers, and after a minute one of them screamed in pain and surprise. The scream came from a big kid who was clutching at his arm. A small trickle of blood was running down his shirt sleeve.

Boys scattered in all directions. Timothy's legs wanted to run too but that was his own knife, on the ground again now. He stopped to pick it up. The door of the schoolhouse was flung open and all the teachers came running out; the principal, a large man and an angry one, led the attack. There was no one left by this time but Timothy and the boy with the hurt arm. Together they were led into the school, down the brown-painted corridor and into the principal's office.

"Let me see that," the principal said. Timothy handed him the knife.

"Where did you get this knife?" demanded the principal.

"My dad gave it to me for my birthday," said Timothy.

"But I thought—you live with your mother, don't you, Timothy?"

"My dad *sent* it to me," said Timothy stubbornly.

"Well. Did you cut Harold with the knife?"

"That little kid?" broke in Harold derisively. "Nah, it wasn't him. It was Bullock. I don't know who threw him the knife."

"Did you give Bullock your knife, Timothy?" asked the principal.

"No, sir," said Timothy, hitching up his jeans.

"Who did, then?"

"I don't know. I just saw it fly through the air—" Timothy paused. He knew they didn't believe him.

There was another thing too. Timothy felt guilty because he had lied, and the guilt was spreading out inside him to encompass all guilt for all sins ever committed. Maybe he *had* given Bullock his knife. Maybe he had even cut Harold.

"We've had too many of these things happening this year, Timothy," said the principal. "We can't let it go on. I know how you must value this knife your father sent you, but I'll have to keep it until the end of the year. You may go home now."

OUTSIDE, the afternoon sun had vanished in a chill haze. Timothy's legs were trembling as he walked home, and he was sick to his stomach.

His mother was never home from her job when Timothy got home from school. He put his hand into the mailbox to get the key. There was something else in the mailbox. It was a letter for Timothy, from his father.

He tore it open and read it there on the porch; he ate it up. His dad did not send many letters and in each one the writing was a little bit worse, but you could read it.

"I'm sorry to get this off too late for your birthday, but things are hard to manage in here. I've had my scouts out, though, and they've finally found just the knife I wanted for you. It'll be along in a day or so. Remember long ago, when I told you what every boy should have for his eighth birthday?"

The rest was stuff to make you laugh, about the doctors and nurses, and then the same ending as always: "Take care of your mother." He would try to take care of her. He always tried.

Timothy stood there on the porch. The sun had come back out and the faith which had lately gone out of Timothy came flowing back. He was fiercely glad that he had lost the knife from Hardinger's. It had been nothing but a lie anyway. A double-bladed lie.

THE END

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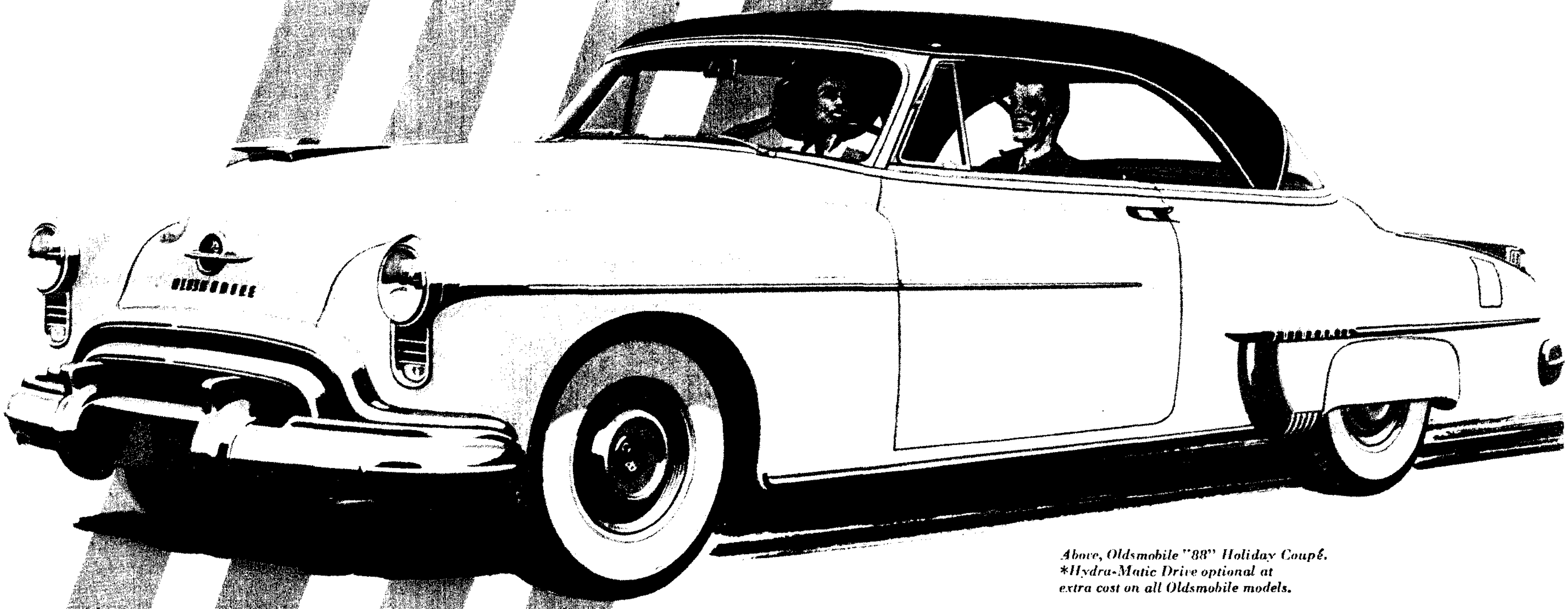

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Your Aching Back

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

muscles in your back rebel, putting even more strain on the ligaments that hold the back in place. Then, suddenly, as you're bending over the sink, or the basin in the bathroom, or picking up Junior's skate, something gives and those iron claws have you in a terrifying grip.

Now, at this point you'd better know something about how your back is built. You've heard a great deal, no doubt, about the sacroiliac joint. Sacroiliac became a very familiar word in our language some 20 years ago, and while it is the seat of some arthritic and tubercular trouble it rarely has anything to do with that low back misery. Doctors used to say everything wrong down in the lower back was sacroiliac trouble, but today they'll admit a great deal of such diagnosis was wrong. The sacroiliac joints, by the way, are where the sacrum we were talking about a while ago joins the ilia, two large, flaring bones that help to form the pelvic girdle. But this is just to satisfy your curiosity. Now that you know about the sacroiliac, don't give it another thought.

Think, rather, about the lumbosacral joint and the five lumbar vertebrae that support the upper spine and chest on the pelvis. These are the largest and thickest of the 24 vertebrae—12 in the chest, or thoracic region, and seven others in the neck, or cervical, area, along with the lumbar ones—because they are subjected to the greatest strain.

Between all the vertebrae are fibrocartilaginous disks that act as a sort of shock absorber. Between the lumbar vertebrae these are thicker and larger, increasing in size, as do the vertebrae themselves, as they approach the sacrum, or as the strain becomes greater. The disks have two parts: the tough, outer layer which is fibrous in texture, and the soft, gelatinous center, which lies within the ring of the outer layer like a marshmallow stuck in a doughnut.

Back of each vertebra is a hollow area, surrounded by bone, so that if you look down the spine from above and behind, you see a roughly triangular passage, the base of which is the vertebral body and the sides of which are formed by extensions of this body. This forms the spinal canal, through which runs the cord.

Studying Spinal Structure

On the outside of this triangle, there are five bony extensions or processes, the longest being in the exact center and an extension of the apex of the triangle. The other four extend at regular angles, and these five bony spurs are called spinal processes. If you run your hand up and down a person's spine, you'll feel the longest of these and, if you're careful, you can count all 24 of them.

These spinal processes have four facets by which they fit together to form the spinal column, much as tiles are fitted together. Between the facets, binding and protecting the surfaces, are ligaments. Coming out of apertures at the sides of the spinal canal are the bodily nerves, resembling tree branches as they shoot out from the cord to service all parts of our system. Even the sacrum, fused as it is, retains from its original construction these apertures through which pass certain nerves.

Holding the whole spinal apparatus together is a sheath of elastic ligaments and muscles that stretch a little, acting as guy wires, so to speak. Finally, holding everything in place, are the big back muscles.

If you stop to think of it, this is an altogether wonderful arrangement, even if the architecture is wrong, because nature has done its best to give the best possible support to a faulty spinal structure. These ligaments support the spine and even hold up the sacrum. The sacrum's supporting ligaments are attached to the pelvic girdle. If this were not so, the sacrum might even fall out from between those big iliac bones, let the spine down and then everything generally would come apart.

But wonderful or not, it can stand only so much. When we abuse it with bad posture and disuse, as well as misuse, it kicks up as low back pain. We are, as one physiotherapist put it to me, "muscle morons." We don't use our muscles as we should and seem to resist so using them. When we had to grub in fields and hunt through forests, we didn't have nearly so much back pain. Then we used our muscles constantly. They were strong and shored up the spine. But in this day and age of urban living and creature comforts, those muscles are getting flabby.

What a Housewife Does Wrong

Take our housewife. When she bends at the sink, she probably bends from the lumbosacral joint, so she stretches the ligaments holding the spine. Since her muscles aren't those of a pioneer woman, they don't reinforce the ligaments properly. It's the same when she bends over to take dirt from the vacuum cleaner, or pick up the skate, or raise the window. Actually, she should sit while doing the dishes. If she must stand, it should be with her knees relaxed forward, so that the thighs accept some of the bodily weight. When she bends forward, she should bend at the knees so as to keep the weight on the thighs and take the strain off the back.

Try it. It may seem awkward at first, but it won't with a little practice and you'll find it actually restful. Similarly, our lady should bend her knees and lower herself in a sort of squat when she cleans the vacuum, or picks up anything. When she raises the window she should bend the knees and push up on the upper part of the frame, rather than tug on the bottom of the window. For every reaching motion she should relax her knees first, thus transferring part of the weight to the thighs and relieving the tension on the back and the lumbosacral joint.

If she doesn't follow these directions, one of three things is likely to happen.

The first of these three is acute lumbosacral strain which if not relieved will lead to chronic lumbosacral strain and, in the long run, to the second of the eventualities she may expect.

This chronic strain wears away the cartilage covering the facets of the spinal processes—those thorny extensions of the vertebrae. When this happens the facets rub against one another and she's in for it. She has degenerative arthritis that can creep up her spine with agonizing results.

As for the third eventuality—by bending wrong, she puts more strain on the ligaments and lumbosacral joint. The muscles grow tired and are not able to give even their normal support, which is inadequate anyway. The ligaments fray and weaken until one day the disk between the vertebrae begins to bulge outward against the weakening thews. It bulges until it presses against the spinal cord and against one of the nerve roots growing out of the cord.

When this happens she gets a pain in the leg or the arm or wherever the nerve extends, as well as an excruciating pain in the muscles of the back, because nature, alarmed for that precarious spinal structure, causes the muscles to splint the spine, to keep it from buckling. The muscles become rigid to hold the spine in place at the point where the trouble is and this spasm is extremely painful. The lady has low back misery.

Or, in tugging up to open the window, the muscles may give and the ligaments stretch and break; the disk may then be forced out violently and the outer layer burst, permitting the gelatinous substance of the center to exude into the spinal canal and press on the nerves. This is called herniation, or rupture, of the disk, and again there is excruciating pain in the back.

These things account for the majority of low back pains and in the main are preventable if we use just a little sense. They hurt as bad as almost anything can hurt. They can, in some cases, be permanently disabling. For instance, when the muscle splints, it causes great pain and we twist ourselves to relieve it. If we move in any other way, we "insult" the nerves, as doctors put it, and the muscles splint tighter in natural protection. So we twist some more. If we stay twisted to avoid the pain of moving, we may cause atrophy and fibrosis.

Something may be done about these things. There are drugs to relax those outraged muscles and relieve the splinting and the pain it causes. Once this relaxing process was a matter of bed rest and possibly artificial bracing, but now it can be done rapidly. Curare, the poison South American Indians use to make their darts and arrows deadly, has been in use for some time. It has, however, some slight toxic effect and, while it relaxes the muscles, it is limited in its use and requires very careful medical supervision.

A new drug known as myanesin, the use of which has been developed at the Neurological Institute of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City, can achieve worth-while muscle relaxation rapidly and specifically. Myanesin has been used with great success at this hospital and, when properly administered, has no untoward effect.

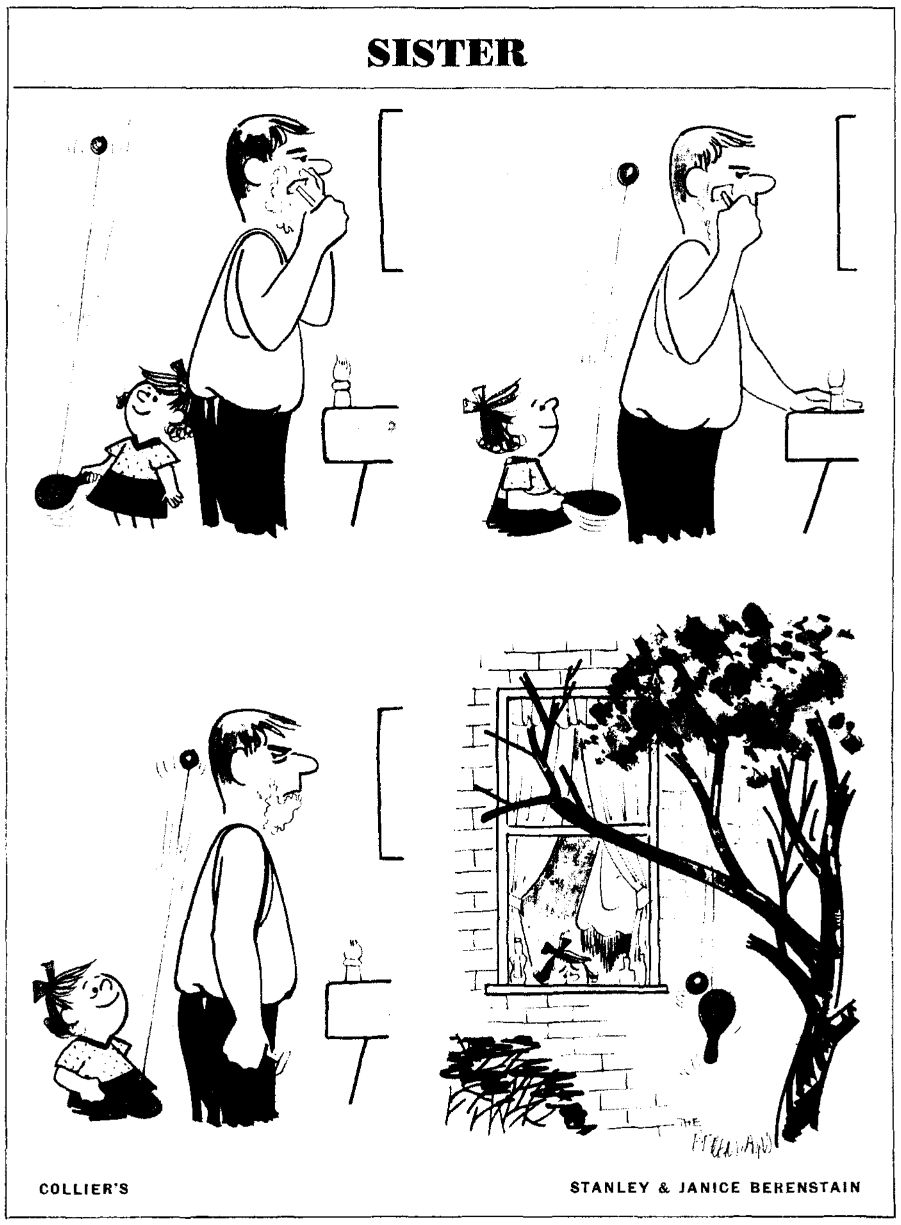
About 90 per cent of low back pain cases are now treated conservatively, that is, without surgery. If a sufferer must have surgery, an offending disk may have to be removed or, in the case of instability of the spinal processes, two vertebrae may be fused into one by bone grafts, with very little loss in spinal mobility.

Some Other Causes of Pain

Of course there are other reasons for low back pain besides the ones already listed. There may be a congenital fault in the spine. There may be a tumor on the bone, in the cord or in the tissues. You may have an infection such as Pott's disease, the tuberculous condition that eats away the vertebrae and causes hunchback. The principal cause of low back pain and injury, however, is chronic strain.

This can be prevented simply by using a little common sense in daily routines. The housewife described previously isn't the only offender. Are you a stenographer or a secretary? If so, try to sit at work with your feet on a raised stool, or at least with them flat on the floor. By so doing you rest your spine. By crossing your legs and sitting in twisted postures you strain it. Second, sit with a pillow under your thighs just behind the knees. This will raise them and tend to arch your lower back, thereby raising the angle of the lumbosacral joint and relieving the strain. Third, get a wedge-shaped pillow and put it at your back, the thick part down, so that your lordosis is further reduced. By all means don't twist to reach down to get at that lower drawer or file. Turn around, relax your knees forward, then reach.

Maybe you haven't got the pillows and maybe it would be inconvenient to use



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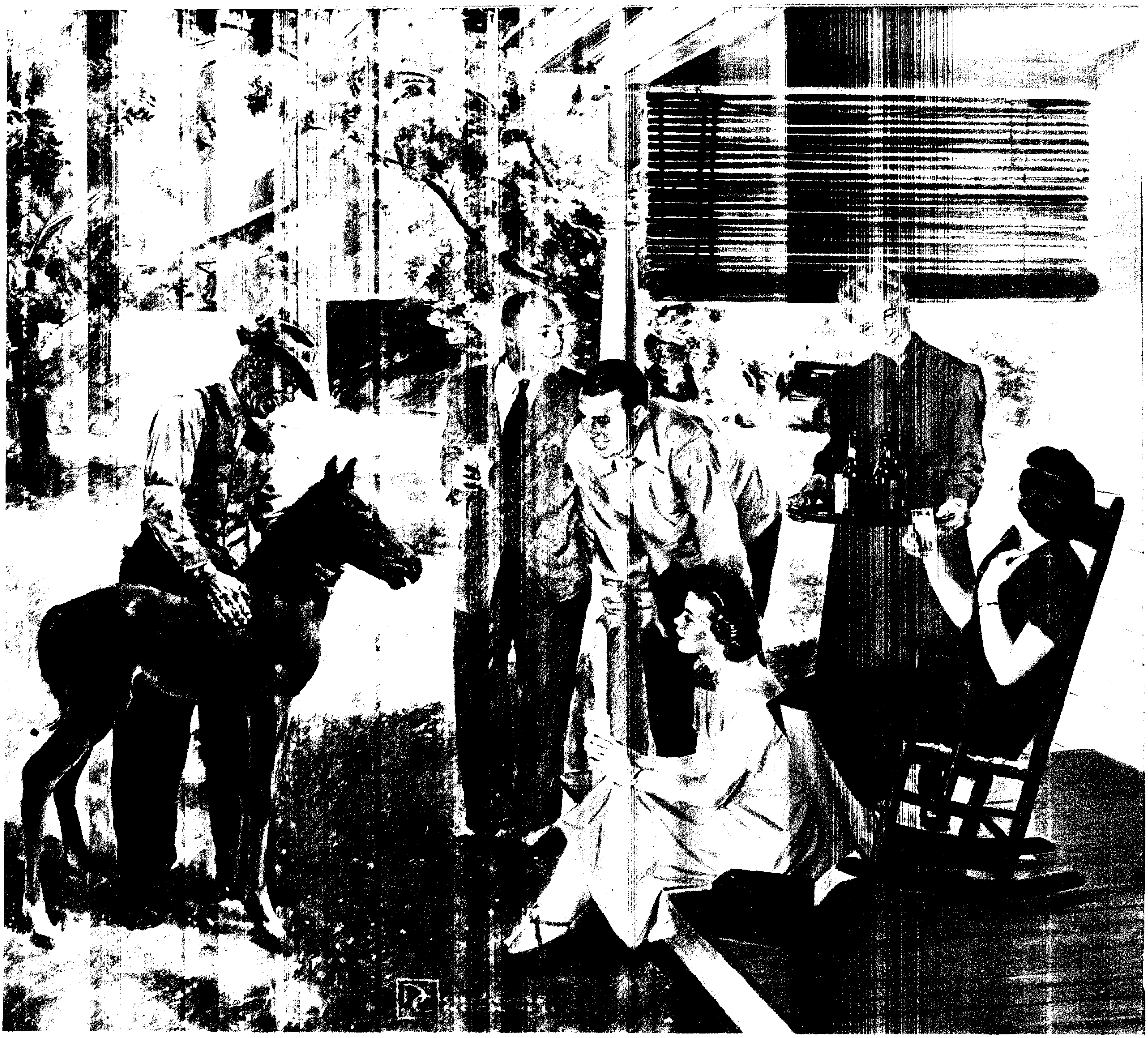

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them. You still can learn how to sit better. When you sit down, push back in the chair until your hips are touching the back of it; then arch your back so that the curve is reduced and slide your legs forward, as if you were sitting on a rolling barrel. You make a natural arch for your aching back then, and reduce the strain.

You think such things are silly? They aren't what people usually do—but then most people have backaches at one time or another. And they may not seem so silly when you understand that hard-boiled truck drivers and bus drivers who operate long distances are using the pillows and following directions as to sitting, because they have been subject to low back misery to a marked degree and realize the importance of such things.

If you're a businessman, you'll do well to be guided by that advice given to your secretary. You're a desk jockey too and all the perils of wrong sitting are yours as much as hers. If you've been an athlete, be especially careful, because you're a marked man. All those magnificent muscles you once used are in a sort of desuetude now, doing no work. So they soften and weaken and you sit wrong and one day the lumbar spine begins to ache.

If you're a telephone operator you'd do well to remember these warning admonitions because all that reaching to plug in calls is doing your lumbosacral joint no good at all. Better remember the pillows and good sitting posture.

As for you workers who stand up to your duties, such as dentists and barbers, surgeons and hairdressers—sit down! You don't really have to stand to do that work, you know. Take a high stool and rest on it while drilling or clipping or incising or curling. You'll find you're not as tired at the end of the day and you'll have fewer dull aches down the back.

Doctors Also Are Sufferers

Whenever possible many surgeons and dentists, in fact, are sitting down these days to perform their tasks, thus avoiding professional visits to their colleagues, the orthopedists and neurologists. Ironically enough, the incidence of low back pain among medical men is very high indeed. If it will make that aching back of yours feel any better, reflect on this: Backache used to be just as common among back specialists as among the others.

This sitting down to do your work also is good medicine for people in machine shops and at lathes, for welders and assembly-line workers, for everybody who has been standing on his feet the livelong working day. Relax. You don't have to stand. Sit down and see.

But if you think you must stand, or if a chair or stool would be awkward to handle, there still is a solution. There's a right and a wrong way to stay on your feet.

The Army and the Navy have been helping low back trouble along all these centuries by demanding that the serviceman get himself in a prescribed serpentine shape when standing at attention. The result has been that the gag about his aching back does not refer exclusively to the pack he carries. A lot of it is due to his standing wrong.

A little reflection will prove this. When you stand at military attention your knees are locked in a convex curve backward, your back in a beautiful concave forward, which throws your coccyx up, your sacrum down, and puts a fine strain on the lower spine. Moreover, this is likely to bring a convex curve in the cervical, or neck, region of the spine, and there Sad Sack is, all looped around like a pretzel and straining every minute he stands that way.

A Prescription for Posture

So *don't* stand that way. If your posture is correct a plumb line dropped from the top of your forehead will fall just forward of your instep, at the base of the toes. Stand with your feet apart and tend to be pigeon-toed so that the weight is thrown on the outside of the foot. None of this heels together, toes apart stuff.

Relax the knees forward and hold in your gluteal, or buttock, muscles. Hold them firm. This will tuck in your tail. Hold in your abdomen and hold your chin down, toward your collarbone.

Now, you're streamlined. Your back is straight and the weight, as you'll realize if you're trying it, is equalized between back and upper legs.

Much better. A little difficult at first, but you'll find it resting in a little while. If you get tired meanwhile, just roll your feet out and stand on the outside of them, almost as if you were standing on your ankles. You'll find this stretches your leg muscles and rests you.

Of course, if you're prone to overweight, reduce. Excess weight is just that much more for the spine to bear.

Finally, everybody sleeps. Remember that a sagging mattress is very bad indeed. Everybody ought to know this by now, because the medical profession has been harping on it for years, but it's still a lamentable fact that most of us do nothing about it. A soft, sway-backed mattress isn't the support you need for your back. Be sure the mattress is firm or get a bedboard of plywood and put it under the mattress. This will hold it firm and level; you'll rest better and your posture will improve.

It takes a little effort, but very little, to be reasonably sure we won't suffer from backache. A little effort and a little common sense. Of course, nobody can make that effort but ourselves, and it is dolefully true that the human race is constitutionally opposed to making an effort to do anything.

At any rate we have a free choice. A little effort—or else. THE END

The exercises described here are those prescribed by physiotherapists at the Lahey Clinic in Boston, which specializes in back cases. These are used in treatment of low back problems and are recommended to strengthen the back muscles and to rest the spine. Do not undertake them before consulting your doctor, however, if you have a definite low back pain.

1. Lie flat on the floor with a pillow under the abdomen and another at the ankles, keeping your hands at your sides. Firm your gluteal, or buttock, muscles, and hold your abdomen in. Breathe regularly so that your thorax, or chest, will expand with each inhalation.
2. Lie on your back with your arms at your sides, a pillow under your knees. Keep the abdomen flat and the gluteal muscles firm. Breathe so that the thorax is exercised.
3. Lie on your back with your feet and lower legs in a chair and perform the exercise.
4. Lie flat on your back. (In all such exercises hold the back flat against the floor.) Hold abdomen in, keep gluteal muscles firm and bend the knees in a walking motion.
5. Lie on your back with hands clasped behind the neck. The elbows are forward, or upright. Now push the elbows to the floor, while holding the back flat. (This will be a little painful at first and should be undertaken only after a course of the other exercises.)

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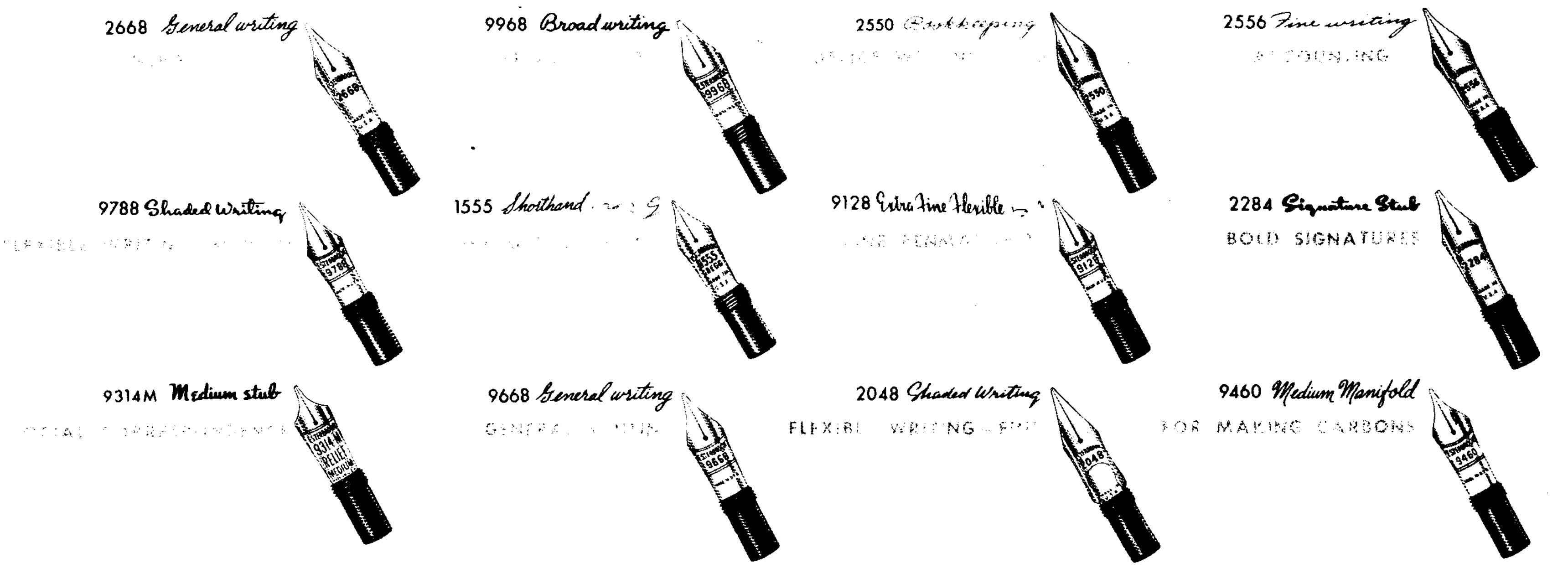

2668 *General writing*

9968 *Broad writing*

2550 *Bookkeeping*

2556 *Fine writing*
ACCOUNTING

9788 *Shaded Writing*
FLEXIBLE WRITING [illegible]

1555 *Shorthand*

9128 *Extra Fine Flexible*

2284 *Signature Stub*
BOLD SIGNATURES

9314M *Medium stub*
[illegible] CORRESPONDENCE

9668 *General writing*
GENERAL [illegible]

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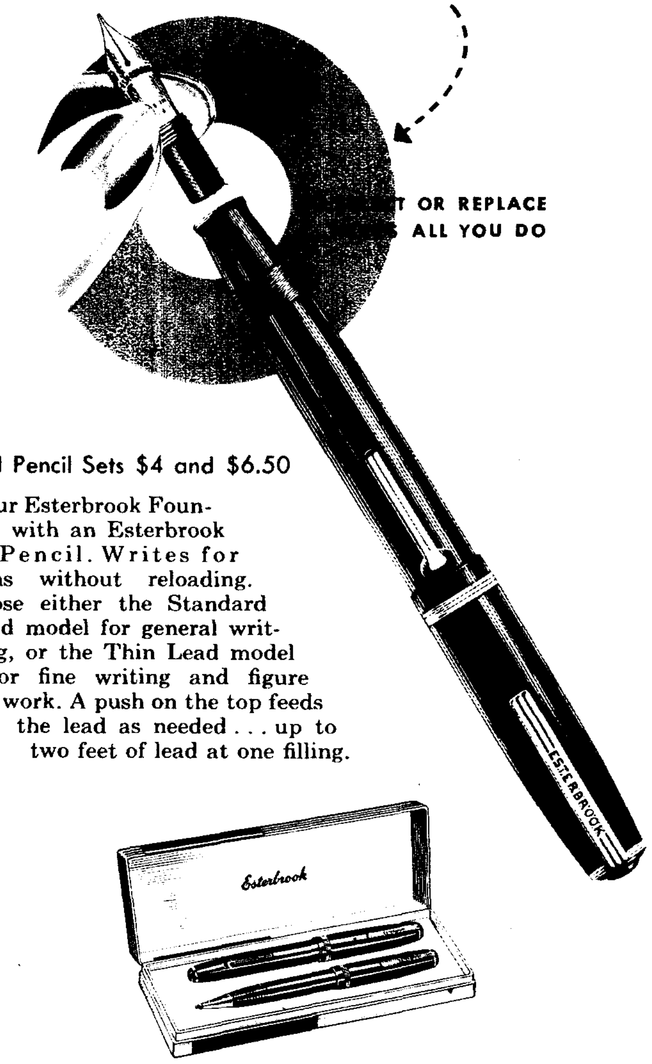

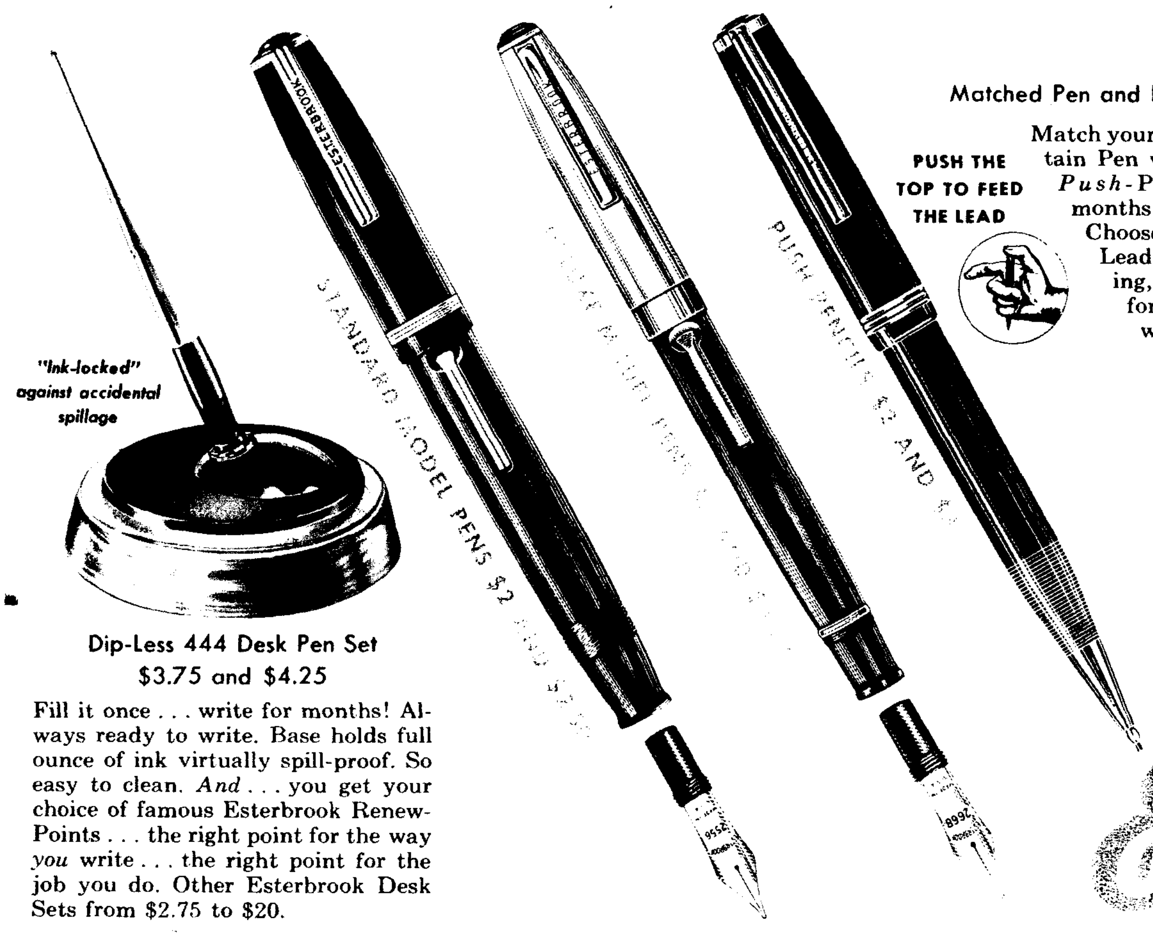

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Labor Isn't Waiting for November

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

labor has 16,000,000 votes in its 16,000,000 union members. In fact, the power of the labor vote has been, up to recently, but a fraction of its potential. In 1948, an A.F. of L. survey of its members in half a dozen American cities revealed an over-all registration of 35 per cent. In other words, 65 out of 100 A.F. of L. members in the cities surveyed were ineligible to vote. In Baltimore, one A.F. of L. local was found to have only 13 per cent of its members qualified to vote.

Inducements to Register

Under the incessant hammering of Keenan and Kroll, the unions have been pushing registration drives. Some, like the C.I.O. Steelworkers, have been giving out prizes, drawn by lot, to members who show proof of registration. Other unions, like the C.I.O. Textile Workers, combine organizing and registration drives and offer all kinds of welfare and social service help to members and potential members, even to guidance in filling out income-tax blanks. Several unions get four-hour paid holidays for registration and election purposes.

Another type of registration encouragement is being held out by the A.F. of L. National Farm Labor Union, which exempts its members from one month's dues if they qualify for voting in '50. The A.F. of L. International Alliance State Employees and Motion Picture Operators goes a step further and makes registration a condition of membership. The Ohio C.I.O. convention recently amended its constitution to bar the seating of any delegate who has failed to register.

But labor's practical politicians also understand—and constantly stress—that it takes more than registration and a lot of ballyhoo to elect candidates. "On election nights," Jack Kroll declares, "they don't count the newspaper headlines or radio speeches or handbills or posters. On election night they count votes."

A.F. of L. and C.I.O. speakers, publications and pamphlets have been driving home this point. Registration, they repeat and repeat, must be followed up by two equally important steps: "political education" and getting out the vote.

An incident in the 1948 election in a Midwest precinct graphically demonstrated to labor strategists the need for political education; that is, informing the rank and file about the issues in a manner they will understand, and then getting them favorably inclined toward the union-endorsed candidate.

In this particular precinct the C.I.O. Political Action Committee did a bang-up job in getting union members registered and an equal job in getting union families out to vote. But in between, PAC slipped up on the second step—"political education." When the ballots were counted, the union candidate received fewer votes than the number of persons the PAC had hauled to the polls.

The leaders of labor have learned through sad experience that they cannot always lead union men and women to the polls and get them to vote for just any candidate chosen at the whim of the union leaders. Even so disciplined a union as the United Mine Workers has provided several classic evidences of this: The miners in 1940 ignored John L. Lewis' demand that the coal diggers abandon Roosevelt for Willkie. Again, in 1946, when John L. got peeved at Senator Harley Kilgore of West Virginia, Lewis' lieutenants issued leaflets carrying photos of Kilgore and Lewis, with the caption: "Who Are You For?" There is no doubt that the miners were for their John in union matters but they voted for Kilgore.

One shrewd labor leader admits: "We can't get our union members to vote for someone they dislike or distrust, no matter how many official labor endorsements such candidates have. That is why labor's political action groups have to work so zealously to sell some of the candidates to the rank and file."

Probably the most effective labor-in-politics feat of the recent past was that achieved in New York City in '49 by the A.F. of L. International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the C.I.O. Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in the special election which sent Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., to Congress. The unions broke down their membership by city blocks and saw to it that each member was visited at his home, not once, but several times. The Amalgamated sent out man-and-woman teams of two, and after all union members had been called upon, the teams went on to call on all residents of specified blocks. (See F.D.R., Jr., Tells How He Licked Tammany Hall, *Collier's*, August 6, 1949.)

Politically, the most highly organized of unions is the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Under its ebullient president, Dave Dubinsky, the ILGWU is a powerful influence on the Liberal party in New York City and state. It operates dozens of neighborhood clubs, even as does Tammany. Recently it set up six Spanish-speaking clubhouses to serve—and politically educate—the large influx of Puerto Ricans.

Within the 420,000-member ILGWU, Dubinsky is pioneering with a system of "political stewards," one for every 50 members in a shop. Dressmakers Local 22 already has more than 500 such political whips. During lunch and rest periods the steward alerts the members on the issues of the day in terms of "money in the pocket." He stimplates a steady flow of telegrams and letters to Congress. He sees to it that the members get out and register.

Boosting the Steward System

The political-steward system also has been adopted by the A.F. of L. Auto Workers, and is being considered by other A.F. of L. affiliates. It is the expressed goal of Labor's League for Political Education to have such stewards directing teams of volunteer workers in every one of the 110,000 precincts in the U.S.

This is a somewhat ambitious goal, considering that the A.F. of L. plunged into politics only recently. With but one exception in its six decades, the A.F. of L. had until a few years ago eschewed direct participation in politics on the advice of its founder, Samuel Gompers.

He broke his own rule in 1924, when the unions were restive under legislative restrictions and judicial injunctions. Neither the G.O.P. candidate for President, Calvin Coolidge, nor the Democratic choice, John W. Davis, was regarded as a friend of labor. The A.F. of L. broke precedent and joined the Railway Brotherhoods, farm and liberal groups in campaigning for the third-party ticket headed by the late Robert M. La Follette, Sr. After La Follette's defeat, the A.F. of L. hastily withdrew from active politics—until the summer of 1947, when the Eightieth Congress repealed the Wagner Act and adopted the Taft-Hartley Act.

This aroused the A.F. of L., and it quickly created Labor's League for Political Action as a political arm to fight for Taft-Hartley repeal. The act was made the acid test, in labor's view, for all candidates to Congress in 1948. Pleased with the league's effectiveness, the A.F. of L. decided to keep it running on a full-time basis. For a time, A.F. of L. leaders dabbled with the idea of hiring a nationally prominent figure to head up the league. Finally, however, they decided to name one of their own people for the job and came up with Joe Keenan as the league's executive director.

Keenan, reared in the bitter and oft bloody politics of Chicago, had joined the union movement as an apprentice electrician fresh out of high school and fought his way up to the A.F. of L.'s top rung in Chicago. During the war he dealt with labor problems as a government man-power and production trouble shooter; after the war he went to Germany to help revive the long-dead German trade-unions.

Vigorous and energetic at fifty-three, Joe loves a fight, never ducks one. In the '48 gubernatorial race in Illinois, when the state A.F. of L. oligarchy, through a slick maneuver, officially endorsed the re-election of Republican Governor Dwight Green, Keenan made appearances all over the state announcing that he, personally, would vote for the Democratic candidate, Adlai Stevenson. After Green was thoroughly beaten it was disclosed that a number of A.F. of L. officials, along with some newspapermen, had been on Green's state payroll.

Unlike the A.F. of L., the C.I.O. got into politics immediately after its birth. In 1936, shortly after John L. Lewis and the late Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers led a group of dissident affiliates out of the craft-minded A.F. of L. to form a new group intent on organizing the mass industries, the two men set up Labor's Non-Partisan League to support Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the New Deal, and Lewis tossed $500,000 of UMW funds into the campaign chest.

The Non-Partisan League collapsed when John L. tried vainly to swing it behind Willkie in 1940. Then, in 1943, Hillman led the C.I.O. back into politics with the Political Action Committee, its main objective to elect Roosevelt for a fourth term.

In the Congressional elections of 1946, with both Roosevelt and Hillman dead, PAC did little more than issue a flow of pronunciamentos and pamphlets. Otherwise it sat back and—as one PAC veteran put it—"waited for November."

It was stung into action again by the Taft-Hartley Act and, like the A.F. of L., it began campaigning in midsummer of '47 for the elections of '48. Jack Kroll, a Hillman lieutenant in the Amalgamated and in C.I.O.-PAC, was moved up to take over.

Kroll reorganized the PAC from a rather raucous electioneering outfit into a block-worker organization smooth enough to make Tammany green with envy. Kroll, a shy, silver-haired man of sixty-four, hates to lose. Once in Cincinnati he showed up at the post-election meeting of a reform group and listened to the treasurer's proud report that the group was solvent. "I'm happy to report that we have a balance of $50," the man gloated.

"We could all be happy with a deficit if we had won," growled Kroll.

Unions Given Due Credit

There has been an endless argument as to how much help the labor vote was in 1948 to Truman, who lost such industrial states as New York, Michigan and Pennsylvania. But Democratic headquarters in Washington isn't worrying about it. With their eye on November, 1950, the Fair Dealers are only too happy to give labor all the credit it claims, just so long as the unions throw their political influence and funds toward pro-administration candidates.

A.F. of L. and C.I.O. leaders alike proclaim and even protest that their political auxiliaries are nonpartisan, but the fact is that labor, with but few exceptions, campaigns for the Democratic candidates against the Republican.

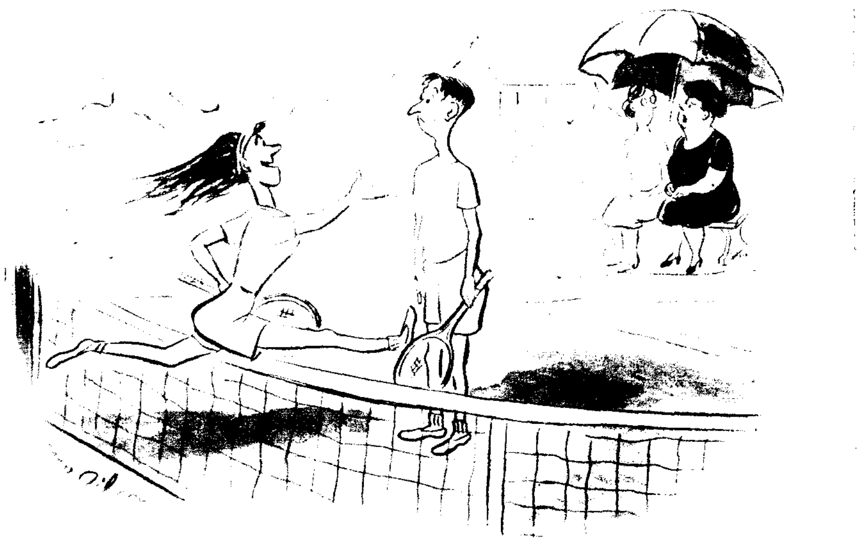
"We've no alternative," Keenan and Kroll will tell you. "The Fair Deal is for the same things we are."

When in the summer of '49, labor discovered that despite the so-called election mandate of '48, its "friends" in Congress were not numerous enough to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act, its leaders immediately began to reinforce their political legions. In effect their campaign for 1950 started 18 months before this November's elections.

Labor's number one political aim in '50 is to hold the fort and save "friends" already in Congress. Positive support—in terms of funds and doorbell ringing—has been made available to Republican Senators Morse of Oregon, Aiken of Vermont and Tobey of New Hampshire; to Democratic Senators Lucas of Illinois, McMahon and Benton of Connecticut, Myers of Pennsylvania, Taylor of Idaho, Thomas of Utah, Lehman of New York; and to others whose political positions are shaky.

Labor has been trying hard to beat Republican Senators Donnell of Missouri, Capehart of Indiana, Millikin of Colorado, Wiley of Wisconsin, Hickenlooper of Iowa, Dworshak of Idaho, and Taft of Ohio. Taft is the number one target of labor. In Ohio the labor unions formed a united league last year to beat Taft this November.

The November elections will give labor leaders a clear-cut opportunity to test their real political strength. Without the inspiration of an underdog Presidential candidate like Harry S. Truman, without the advantage of a smug, overconfident opposition in the Republican party, with the traditional low vote of an off-year election, labor strategists will have the opportunity to produce their much-vaunted power of the ballot. For labor's leaders, 1950 is a year of political challenge—and decision. That's why labor hasn't been *waiting* for November. THE END



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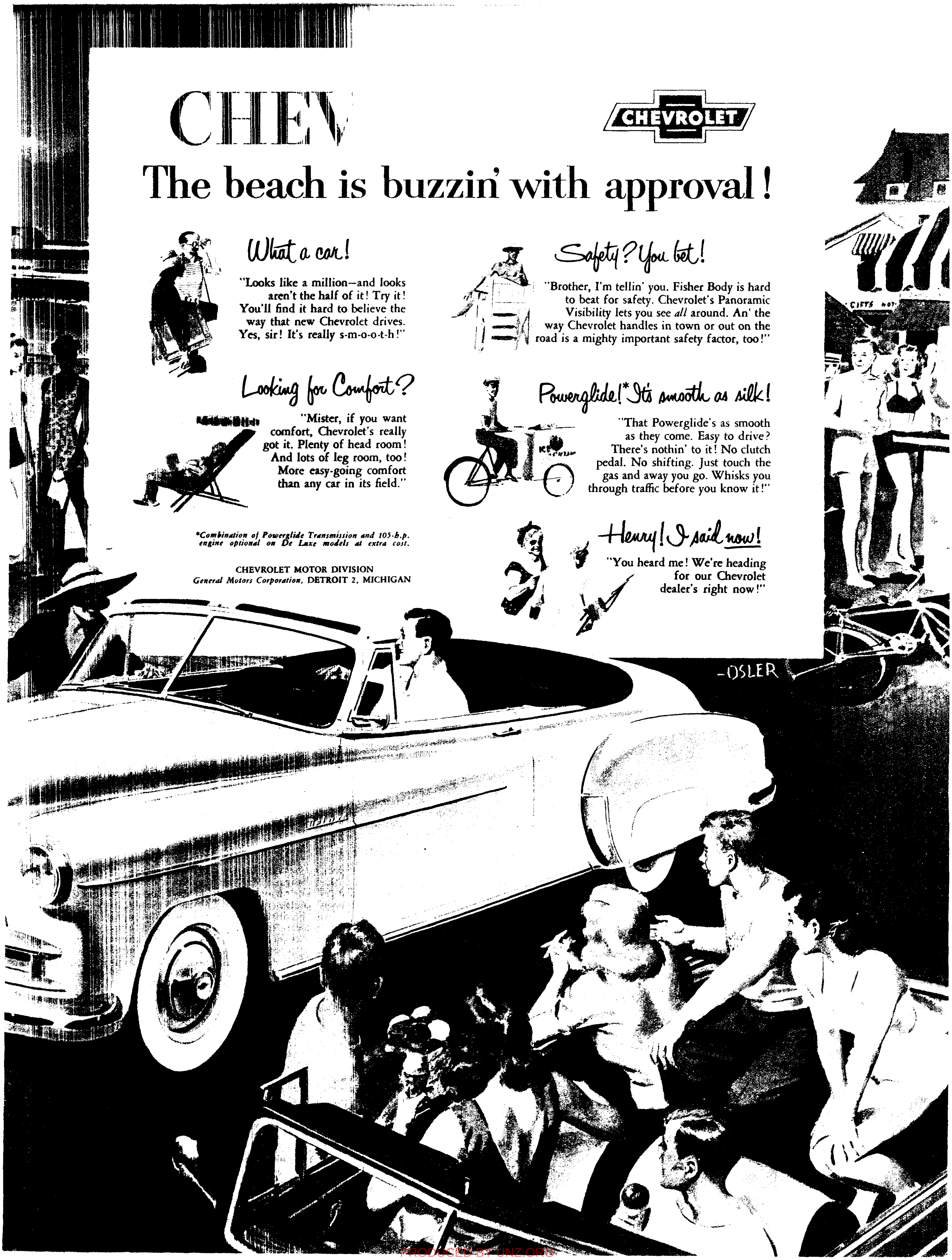

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Santa Claus Starts in August

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

In 1913, 160 towns in this country had community celebrations; in 1914, over 300; in 1915, about a thousand. Just before World War II, thousands of cities and towns had joined the ranks.

The true test of a Community Christmas is the extent of community participation. The ideal celebration takes in young and old. It includes all economic, social, racial and religious classes.

Many cities encourage close-knit national groups to contribute something of their own cultures.

In Tucson, Arizona, Indians and Mexicans add the color and spirit of their songs, music and rites to the celebration. High-school students present Las Posadas, the Mexican Nativity pageant, exactly as it is given below the border.

In many neighborhoods where there are large Jewish populations, the school children are taught that Hanukkah, the Feast of Lights, is both like and unlike Christmas. For years a Jewish businessman has served as chairman of the Wheeling, West Virginia, Christmas committee.

A venerable rabbi, invited by the Baptists to join the Houston, Texas, community carol singing, replied, "It is a beautiful and inspiring idea. You will be praising God in your way and I in mine."

Once a community celebration is under way it overflows and catches up strangers as well as the local residents. A lecturer arrived in Fort Worth, Texas, the Saturday before the holiday. Taking a lonely walk, he encountered thousands of children and grownups carrying strangely shaped packages—all headed toward the Botanic Garden. For lack of anything else to do he trailed along. At the Garden Center, the children began to sing carols to the accompaniment of a big school orchestra. As they sang they unwrapped their bundles, and bird food, birdbaths and birdhouses appeared everywhere. The lecturer was told that Fort Worth had converted her Botanic Garden and a hundred playgrounds into bird shelters. All of the people had brought Christmas offerings to the birds.

Special features of the particular town or countryside are often proudly incorporated into the ceremony. Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Boulder, Colorado, use their natural scenery to proclaim the glory of the Christmas star. Bethlehem's star—91 feet high—is on the side of South Mountain. Boulder has an illuminated star, 125 feet wide, 259 feet long, raised against the side of Flagstaff Mountain. On clear nights these symbols of eternal light are visible twenty miles away.

For Lonely Folks by the Sea

On New England's rock-bound coast, the representatives of the Maine Seacoast Mission distribute gifts to residents of remote offshore islands and lonely hamlets from a sturdy power cruiser. And historian Edward Rowe Snow drops presents from a small plane on all the lighthouses and Coast Guard stations as far north as Eastport.

Places in the Christmas tree country often make a special occasion of cutting their own trees. Local merchants and corporations are generous in lending trucks and volunteers to fetch the fragrant load. In San Francisco, in past years, Shell Oil has provided the committee with a fleet of trucks for this purpose and in addition has contributed a "magic entertainment ark" to the ceremony. In Tucson, Arizona, members of the city's recreation department drive out to Mount Lemmon and bring back 200 trees for free distribution to local charity groups, schools, churches and hospitals.

Wilmington, North Carolina, boasts the world's largest living and singing Christmas tree, a magnificent oak, 52 feet high, with a limb spread of 87 feet. It is gaily decorated with three tons of Spanish moss and 3,600 lights. At the base of the tree there is a miniature house containing a softly lighted manger scene. A concealed public address system plays Christmas carols throughout the holiday season.

Trees of Light have always been an important part of Christmas celebrations and in 1923 the Washington community tree was established as our National Tree. The President sends his personal greetings from it to the nation, in a brief and simple program. For many years this tree was put up in one of the city's parks, but in 1941, President Roosevelt invited the celebration to move inside the White House enclosure. Since then a Norway spruce, growing on the south lawn of the White House, has been decorated and lighted every evening from Christmas to New Year's.

New Ideas in Carol Singing

Many cities have added their own modern touch to the traditional ways of celebrating Christmas. Wheeling, West Virginia, for instance, has added the novel twist of caroling on wheels. Some of the cities' factory workers built a rectangular, peak-roofed chapel on the body of a truck. Equipped with a reed organ, a public address system and a phonograph, it goes caroling about the city.

Washington, D.C., festoons streetcars with evergreens and wreaths. Filled with singing boys and girls, they travel slowly through the city, and the crowds in the streets join in the familiar carols.

Washington Court House, Ohio, has made its own special application of melody in motion to the Christmas celebration. The town rents a large merry-go-round from a carnival company, and all the children ride free. For many boys and girls, every year, it is the first time. And the committee says that it's their most popular Christmas stunt.

Santa Claus is the star of most community celebrations. When he comes to Danville, Illinois, he usually lives in a 10-by 12-foot green and white dollhouse, surrounded by a picket fence. There, Santa talks with thousands of children, and enters their names and addresses in his guestbook.

Santa descends on Daytona Beach in a flurry of excitement in late November. He swoops down on the city in a helicopter and holds court for all of the children in his cottage in River Front Park until the 23d of December. A miniature church in the park provides continuous music as part of the annual competitive display held by the merchants and organizations of the city.

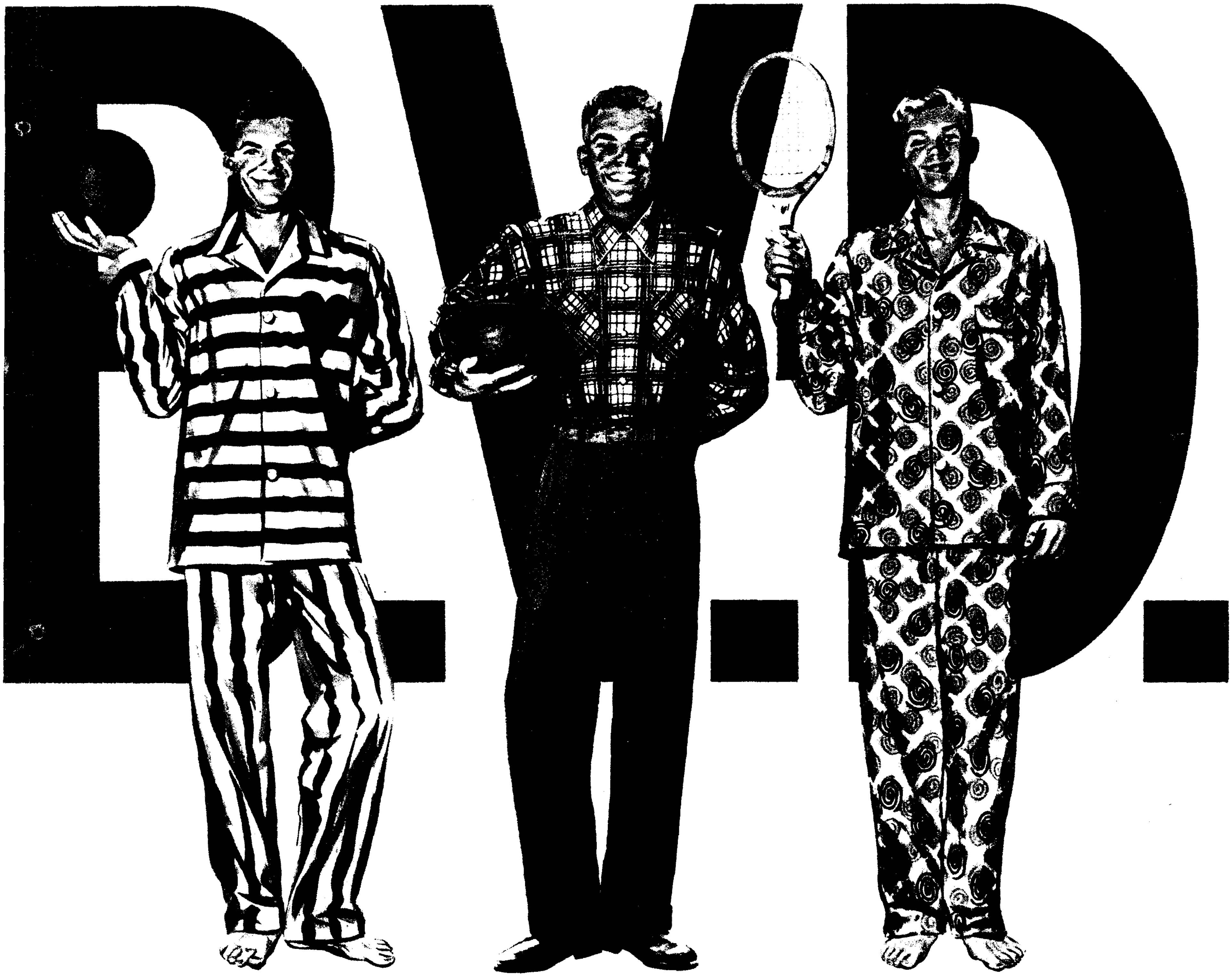
Every year Santa's parade starts the season rolling in New Orleans. Last year the theme of the procession was Books Loved by Children, and over 1,800 boys and girls marched to the music of many bands before thousands of cheering friends and relatives. Jeep-drawn floats representing Christmas legends and nursery rhymes won applause.

Although many community programs are cast on an expensive and elaborate scale, the success of the celebration need not be governed by the size of the town's treasury. Given imagination, good will and a desire to share, a village of 500 can celebrate as joyously as a city of millions.

Churches can supply a meeting place, chimes, singers and workers. Schools can contribute beautiful and original Christmas projects—scenes of Santa and the North Pole, special music, pageants or tableaux. In many towns the chamber of commerce, fraternal, social and professional organizations, women's and veterans' clubs will all be able to supply money and services. Most towns of over 4,000 population have either a recreation or park department with provisions for the holiday in its budget. Once a town's heart is caught up in the spirit of the project, it can't fail.

If American communities will make the snow fly with August planning, it will be a warm December for all. THE END

strictly 3-letter men



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To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

and set himself to read. In essence it was the story he had heard, but told with more dramatic force. When he came to the arrest, sweat broke out upon his brow. As the drama of the trial unfolded, he grew more and more depressed. The speech of the public prosecutor, Matthew Sprott, K.C., cut him like a whip.

"This atrocious murder," he read, *"carried out by a cool and abandoned ruffian in circumstances of savage ferocity, has hardly been paralleled in the annals of crime. The blackguard who committed a crime of this order has sunk to the lowest depths of human degradation. Hanging, gentlemen of the jury, is far too good for him!"*

Then in a special supplement, at the end of the last sheet, he found a page of photographs: pictures of the victim—a pretty, pert-faced young woman with fluffy hair; of the witnesses; of the weapon—a narrow hammer with a pointed head. And, in the center of the page, pictured standing in the dock to receive his sentence, was the condemned man. Paul gazed at the photograph; his father's face, bearing a hunted, a strangely sunken look, like an animal cornered for the kill, filled him with anguish.

Quickly, he closed the file of newspapers. He felt deprived of the last hope to which, fondly and perversely, he had clung. "Guilty! Guilty!" he muttered to himself. "Beyond the shadow of a doubt!"

He glanced at the clock and saw, with dull surprise, that it was nearly eight o'clock. He rose and carried the file back to the desk. The librarian who had issued it to him was still on duty there.

"Will you want this again?" he inquired. "If so, we'll keep it out for you."

Paul noticed that the young man was looking at him with friendly interest. He had gay intelligent eyes, and a generally lively expression.

"No, I shan't want it again."

He stood for a moment, as though expecting a reply, but, although the clerk's eyes remained upon him, he did not speak. Paul turned and went out of the library into the noisy streets.

NOW that he knew everything, his first impulse was to abandon his appointment with Albert Prusty, to spare himself a repetition of the pain he had just endured. Yet in the end, with the strange fatalism which, since the moment of revelation, had guided all his actions, he bent his steps in the direction of the tobacconist's address.

He walked slowly; twilight was falling as he began to cross the flagstones of Glenhill Terrace. It was a narrow thoroughfare with a tall row of stucco houses on either side, each with a porch and carriage step, bespeaking a bygone gentility. Though the neighborhood was still respectable, conversion of the once stately dwellings into flats had robbed it of dignity and made it drab, even gloomy. Paul could not restrain a shudder as he approached the actual house where the awful deed was done, but he mounted the staircase to the second floor and rang Mr. Prusty's bell.

After a moment Mr. Prusty admitted him, through a dark hall, to the untidy front parlor. A pot of coffee bubbled on a small hot plate, diffusing a rich aroma. The little tobacconist wore carpet slippers, an old velvet smoking jacket, and, as though to point this eccentricity, a somewhat battered fez. But his manner was hospitable and, bustling about, he poured the coffee, added brown sugar, then offered his guest a cup.

"I do for myself here," he remarked. "My wife died six years ago. I hope you like the coffee—I import it."

Paul mumbled an answer, and glanced about the room, which was furnished in worn red plush. Attracted by the ornate brass chandelier, his eyes finally came to rest upon the ceiling above his head.

"Yes," said Prusty, interpreting his expression. "I was in this very seat when the banging came through—such a fearful banging it made me rush up. God! I'll never forget the sight of her!" He broke off. "Don't look so scared, man. There's no one there now—it's empty. I have a key—the landlord lets me keep it—if you'd like to see the room."

"No, no," Paul shook his head. "I've had all I can stand. All this afternoon I went through the case in the Herald."

"Ah, yes," Prusty said reminiscently. "It was well reported there. They were even fair to me. And I made a poor enough show. Sprott, the prosecutor, made a regular fool of me. All because I would not swear that the man who came out that flat was Leon Engel."

"You didn't recognize him as my father?"

"It was dark in the hallway. I didn't have my glasses. Oh, I dare say I was wrong—Janet, the maid, and all the others were so dead positive. But"—he preened himself with a kind of crusty vanity—"I'm a stubborn man. I wasn't sure, and for all the badgering of that upstart Sprott I wouldn't swear to it. Have you ever been in the witness box?"

"No."

"God, when they have you there, they tie you in knots. Half the time you don't know what you're saying. The other half they won't let you say what you want to say. Now there was one strange thing I never got the chance to mention. I used to discuss it with my wife and Dr. Tuke—he was my own doctor; I called him in to see the body. Oh, he never figured in the case—they had their own medical experts and what not—but he was interested."

The tobacconist drew smoke into his lungs and reflectively stirred his coffee.

"When Janet, the maid, came back with the evening paper, and opened the door with her key, and the man slid past us, what do you think she said? 'The master,' she said. 'The master's leaving early.' "

There was a heavy pause.

"The master," Prusty persisted. "Never, through all the trial, was Leon Engel referred to by that name. It was a point that bothered a brainier man than me. The fellow who had charge of the case from first to last. Swann."

"Swann," Paul echoed blankly.

"Detective Inspector James Swann." Instinctively the tobacconist glanced about him, as though fearful of being overheard. "I'm no humanitarian—I don't like to stick my neck out for anyone. But you being who you are—I do think you ought to know about Swann.

"Swann was a fine upstanding fellow, and clever too. But it wasn't only that—when he was on his beat and any of the young lads got up to mischief, he wouldn't run them in, he'd just talk to them like a Dutch uncle—you see what I mean, he was regular decent." Prusty shook his head. "By God, it was strange, very strange.

"I knew him well, because he used to come to the shop twice a week for his half ounce of tobacco. And of course I saw a lot of him during the case. When it was all over and things had settled back to normal, I began to notice a change in him. He'd never been talkative, but now it was hard to get a word out of him. He wasn't so cheery, either. He seemed to have something on his mind. Then one day, about a year later I guess, he came in looking extra grim. 'I'm going to take a big step, Albert,' he says to me. 'I'm going to see Walter Gillett.'

"Now, Walter Gillett was a Winton lawyer with a first-class reputation, who did a lot of work about the police courts, and naturally I asked Swann why he was going to see him. But Jimmy shook his head. 'I can't say anything just now,' he answered in an odd way, 'but maybe you'll hear all about it soon.'

"Well," Prusty continued, somberly, "I did hear something soon. The very next week, Swann and Gillett were both arrested on a charge of operating as fences. They protested their innocence, but a lot of stolen property was found in their possession. They were tried. Swann was dismissed from the force. Gillett was disbarred, and they each got six months at hard labor."

"Prison!" Paul exclaimed. "Then—what became of them?"

"They were through," Prusty replied. "When Swann came out he tried a lot of jobs—he was a private detective, a hotel porter, cinema cashier—but he never stuck at anything for long. He was a changed man, to tell the truth, and what with drink and one thing and another, he went to pieces. I can't say how he is now because I lost track of him a couple of years ago. As for Gillett, he hung around doing odd work as a clerk in his old office, then he became ill. I never knew exactly what happened to him. Only one thing I do know, and I'll stake my life it's true"—the tobacconist leaned forward—"neither Swann nor Gillett ever stole a penny in his life."

"But why?" Paul gasped. "Why did this happen to them then?"

"Ah!" Prusty answered meaningfully, "Why indeed?"

"Two hundred bucks and three weeks of hard work and you start by cooking hash on it!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

He drained the last of his coffee, and went on in a still lower voice. "I seldom saw Swann after he came out. But one night he dropped into my shop. He'd been drinking heavy for days—him, mind you, that never touched a drop before his trouble—and he was pretty far gone. He stood there, swaying, never opening his mouth. Then he said to me, 'Do you know what?' 'No, Jimmy,' I said, humoring him. 'Well,' he says, 'it's this. Don't ever try to tell tales out of school.' And he began to laugh, he laughed and laughed, he staggered out of my shop laughing, and by God it wasn't a laugh you'd want to hear."

Paul, his heart beating painfully, cried out, "What else did he say?"

"Nothing—then or later—not another word. But, so help me God, right or wrong, I had the feeling in my bones that he'd come to this pass through the Engel case."

There was a long silence. Paul remained rigid in his chair. Then, gradually, as he sat there, his head went back, his gaze became fixed upon the ceiling above. Nothing was clear to him, the clouds of obscurity pressed upon him more densely than before, yet through the darkness he felt again that strange incitement, urging him forward.

"It's getting late." Prusty had thrown his cigar butt in the fire and was looking at the clock. "I don't want to rush you, but if you're not careful you'll miss your boat."

Paul stood up to go. In a steady voice, he answered, "I can't take the boat tonight. There's something I must do before I go back. I must find out what Swann and Gillett have to say."

THE next morning came fresh and fine. Paul woke up early, and after breakfast wrote a note to his mother which he hoped would relieve her mind. Then, with a sense of purpose, he set out to look up Gillett and Swann. The tobacconist had been able to give Paul the lawyer's old office address in Temple Lane, and the last home address he had for Swann.

Paul reached 15 Temple Lane at half past nine and found a man polishing the brass plate on the outer door.

"Wasn't this Mr. Walter Gillett's office?" Paul asked him.

The janitor interrupted his polishing. He was a horsy-looking man, bandy-legged and with small bloodshot eyes. He answered civilly enough, "It was."

"You don't know where he is now?"

"I do."

Paul's heart gave a bound. "Where can I see him?"

"Well," said the man, looking a little sly, "I doubt if you could see him. Still, there would be no harm in trying. Would it be worth as much as a bob to you?"

From his depleted supply of cash Paul gave the man a shilling.

The janitor spun the coin expertly, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "He's in Orme Square. Quite near here, by the City Church. Go down to the end of Temple Lane, turn right and keep straight on. You'll see his name up. You can't miss it."

Paul had not anticipated so easy or so early a success. He hastened away, down the long lane of bow-fronted offices.

He found Orme Square without difficulty. It was, as the janitor had said, quite near the City Church. It was, in fact, the City Churchyard, a pleasant old burying ground shaded by tall elms. At first Paul did not fully grasp the significance of the directions that had been given him. Then it dawned on him—Gillett was in the churchyard, dead. He flushed, filled for a moment with an angry impulse to return and exact satisfaction from the janitor. But instead he entered the churchyard, and, after about half an hour, he came upon the object of his search—a small tombstone tucked away in the poor corner of the burying ground. He scanned the brief epitaph: *Walter Gillett. Born 1881—Died 1930.* Then a shock went

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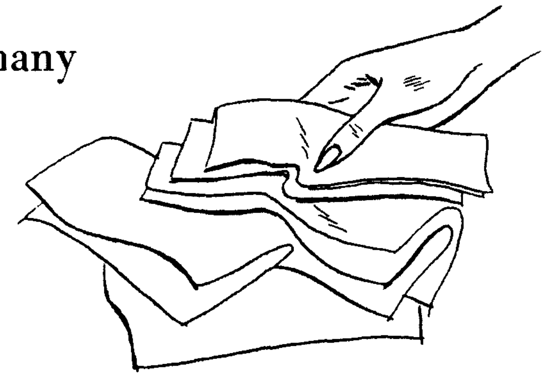

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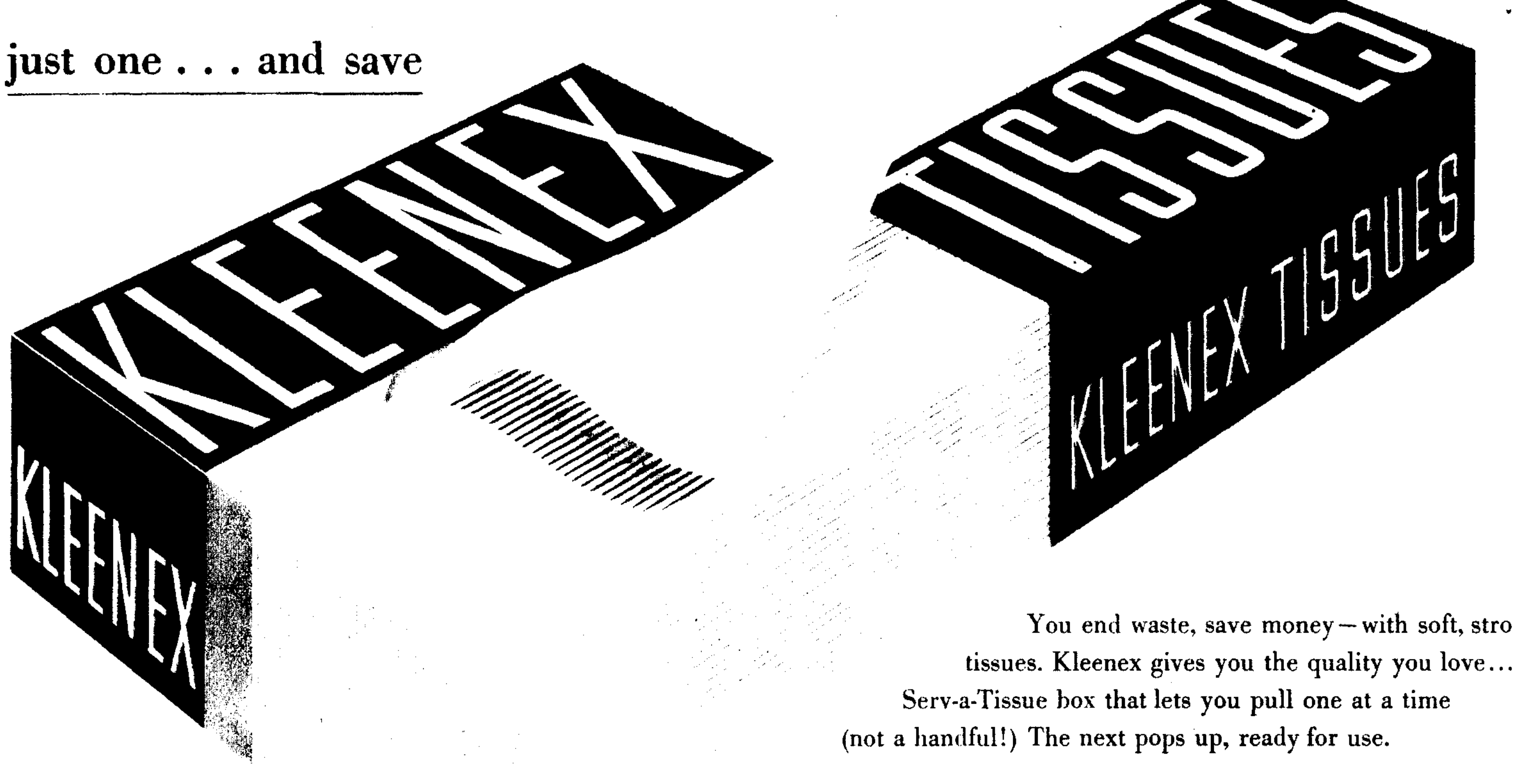

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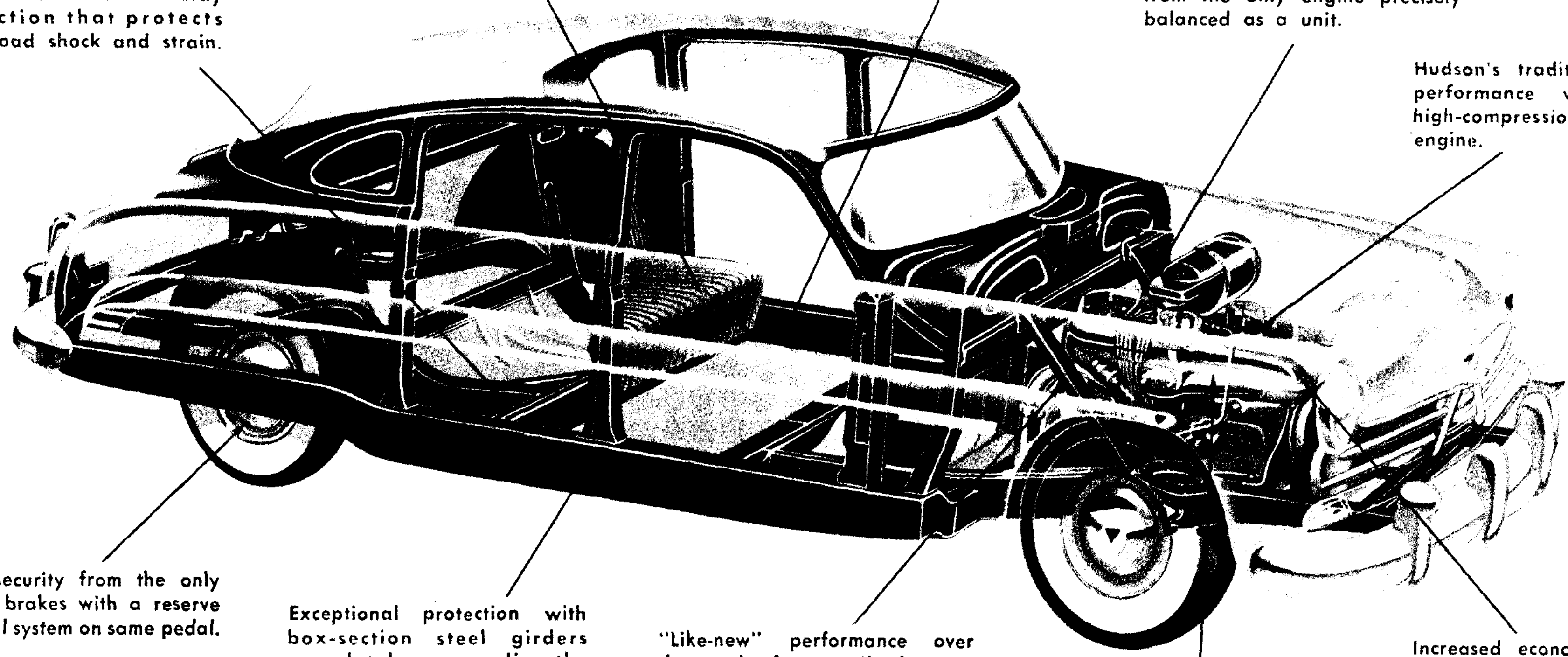

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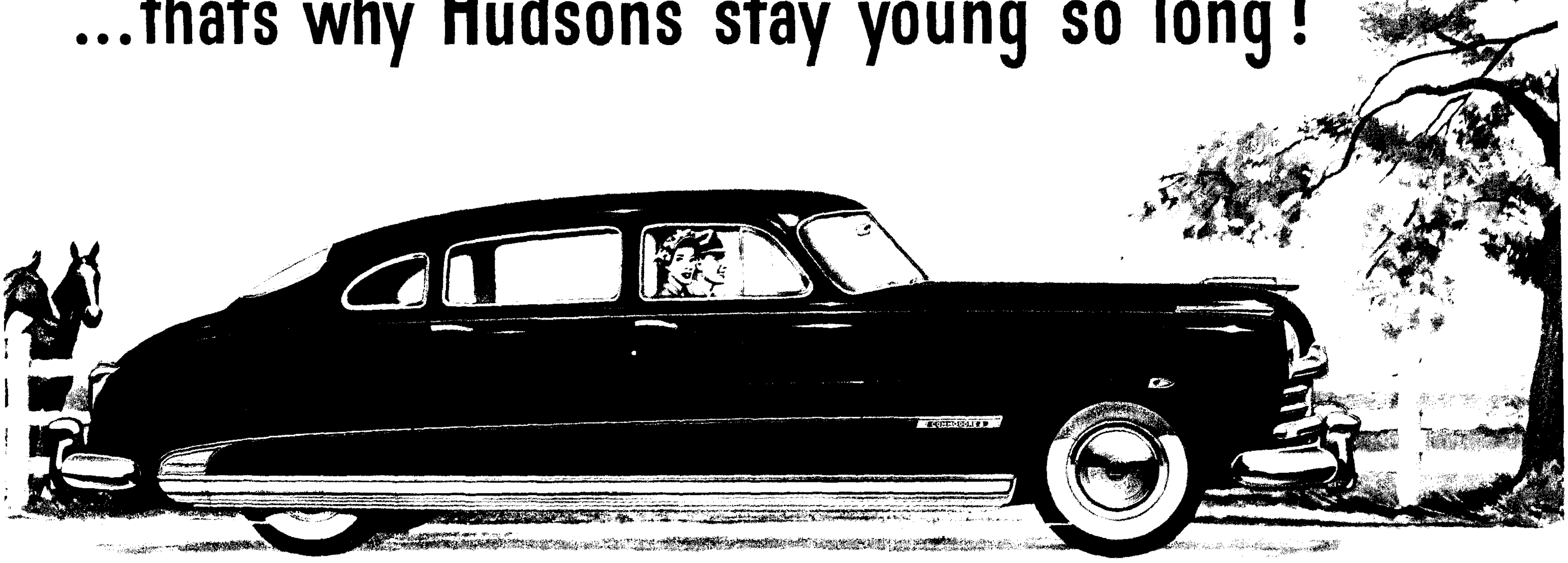

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LOWER-PRICED PACEMAKER • FAMOUS SUPER • CUSTOM COMMODORE through him as he read the concluding words: *Erected by his friend and fellow victim, James Swann.*

Paul repeated the phrase under his breath with deepening conviction, "Friend and fellow victim." Yes. These two men, in some strange way, were linked together. Now more than ever must he find James Swann. He walked rapidly and resolutely away.

Presently he was knocking at the basement door of a house which stood in a row with others just like it behind the Corn Market. A respectable-looking middle-aged woman opened the door.

"I am looking for Mr. Swann—Mr. James Swann." Paul made an effort to keep his tone matter-of-fact. "I understand he lived here some time ago."

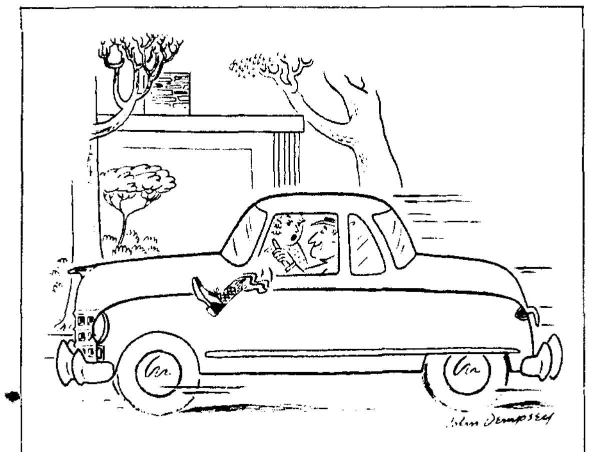
"Yes," the woman admitted. "He had a room here for many months. But he's been gone for at least two years now."

"Where did he go, do you happen to know?"

The woman considered. "I had nothing against the poor man—he paid his rent when he could. You wouldn't be wanting him for anything wrong?"

"Oh, no," Paul said quickly. "Quite the contrary."

"Well, then—he went to a lodginghouse in Tron Street. I don't know the number, but it's kept by a man called Wishart."



"I'm sure by now everyone knows that our new car has no clutch"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

Tron Street was not more than half a mile away, a long, poor thoroughfare traversing a congested area of the city, lined with cheap shops and hucksters' barrows, choked with traffic. By consulting the city directory in a branch post office, Paul located the Wishart lodginghouse.

This was a brick tenement set in a squalid court, hemmed in by tall, smoke-grimed buildings and approached by a narrow entrance. The bellpull had been torn from its socket, and there was no door knocker.

PAUL rapped repeatedly with his knuckles on the blistered panels. Presently a boy of about twelve, with a dirty face and swollen neck glands wrapped up in a strip of red flannel, came to the door.

"There's no one home," he announced in a husky voice, before Paul could speak. When Paul questioned him, he told him that all the men who lodged in the house were at work, mostly at the docks. He knew of no one by the name of Swann. His mother would be back at four o'clock.

Paul told the boy that he would return, and retreated through the alley. He could not remain idle; his nerves were taut for action. An impulse drove him once again to the library.

It was now afternoon and the same clerk was on duty. As Paul came through the swing doors he was idling, rather dreamily, at the desk, but when he raised his head and saw Paul he straightened, watched him with gathering attention as he crossed the reading room. He accepted in silence the slip that was handed to him, and pressed the bell for the attendant. When the man had gone he opened a drawer beneath his desk.

"On your last visit you left some notes in the file. I've kept them for you, in case you might need them. Here they are."

Paul stared at the sheet of paper—he had begun to make a summary of the case but had soon abandoned it. His intuition told him that despite the other's detachment he had undoubtedly read these notes and had already guessed his identity.

"I don't really want those notes," he said, "but thank you for saving them."

The young man gazed at him with his bright, interested eyes. "Things like this should be torn up."

Paul watched him destroy the sheet.

AT THIS point the attendant reappeared, burdened with two heavy volumes—bound copies of the Herald for the year 1922. Paul followed him to a nearby table, sat down and opened the first volume.

Diligently, running his finger down each column, he scrutinized every page. It was tedious work and made his eyes ache. But he persisted, passing to the second volume when he had gone through the first. When he had completed his examination, the clock beneath the library dome showed that it was past four o'clock, time to try Swann again. He rose to return the files.

"Did you find what you wanted?" The clerk made the inquiry sound part of the regular routine. Yet, somehow, Paul sensed a lively curiosity in that simple question.

"No, I didn't."

There was a pause. Paul knew the clerk would not speak again. He had only to walk away to end the conversation. Yet, in some strange way, he felt that the young librarian had given him quite frankly, and with the best intentions, an opening, and all at once he felt a desire to confide in him.

"I was looking for the report of a case where two men named Swann and Gillett were tried and convicted in the year 1922 for receiving stolen goods."

"That shouldn't be difficult," the clerk said. He paused. "If I come across it, I'll put it aside for you."

"Thanks," Paul said. Then he added, "I'm trying to locate James Swann—ex-inspector in the city police."

"Know where to look for him?"

"He's probably in Winton. And by all accounts he's down and out."

"I see."

There was a silence. Paul stood a moment, then, rather awkwardly, he thanked the clerk and went out of the library.

When he reached the Wishart lodginghouse, the landlady had returned.

"Yes," she said, "I remember Swann well enough. Down on his luck, he was. Got sick and couldn't hold his job at the docks. Too much lifting of the elbow, if you follow me. I wasn't sorry when he left."

"When did he leave?"

"Ah, about six months ago."

"You don't know where he went?"

"Now you're asking me. To Bromlea, I think it was, to work on the new building scheme."

"That's quite near, isn't it?"

"Near enough—about three miles out."

"Did he leave you his address?"

"Swann wasn't the man to leave no address. You'd never get a word out of him nohow. But wait a minute, let me think. He did say he was expecting a letter and for me to send it on if it came, which it never did. The question is, did I write it down?" She turned to the boy, who stood listening in the back hall. "Fetch me the book from the room, Josey."

A moment later the boy brought her a battered, dog-eared ledger. Moistening her forefinger, she began to flick over the pages.

"Ah, what's this, now? Didn't I tell you?"

Drawing near, with a sudden surge of hope, Paul peered at the place she indicated,

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and there, scrawled in pencil on the dirty page, was the address he sought.

Quickly, he copied it in his notebook, thanked the woman and left. As he hastened down the narrow alley, now lighted by a single feeble lamp, he felt that the day had been far from wasted: he was really on the track of Swann. It was too late to go to Bromlea tonight; he would go tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow he would find Swann. . . .

The following evening, Paul was again on his way back to the Y.M.C.A., all his high hopes gone. He had been to Bromlea, had visited the address given him by Swann's old landlady, talked with the building contractor for whom Swann had worked, combed the district from end to end, and all to no avail. Swann was gone; he had vanished without a trace.

Despondent, Paul slowly climbed the stairs to his room. There was a telegram on the mantel. He tore it open and read:

DREADFULLY ANXIOUS RETURN AT ONCE SUMMER SCHOOL APPOINTMENT AWAITING YOU LOVE FROM ALL. MOTHER.

Yes, it was natural that she should beg him to return, and indeed, in his present mood, he wondered if this were not the only course for him to pursue. Absence had softened his feeling toward his mother—apparently she had spoken to Professor Slade, more probably she had asked Pastor Fleming to do so—and the position at Portray was still open to him. The phrase "love from all" made him smile a little bitterly, so patently did it include the affection of a repentant Ella.

WHEN he had rested a while, he went downstairs to get a meal. Then, in the lobby, as he was about to enter the dining hall, the desk clerk gestured to him.

"There's a young gentleman to see you, sir. He's in the visitors' room."

Surprised, Paul went into the musty little lounge and saw, with a start, the clerk from the library.

Paul advanced hesitantly. "Good evening."

"You didn't expect to see me."

"No, I didn't."

The young librarian accepted this directness with a boyish smile. Detached from his official position, he was livelier than ever, with a naïve and eager frankness that was most disarming.

"I've something to say to you." His glance swept the empty room. "I suppose we can talk here without being overheard."

Paul nodded.

"My name's Boulia—Mark Boulia," the young man said.

He held out his hand. Paul gripped it, then sat down. The situation gave him a sensation of queer expectation. Mark studied him quizzically before he resumed.

"That first day at the library I watched you—I couldn't help it, you were so obviously—in difficulties. I felt sorry for you. You know how it is, how you take to a person at first sight. Afterward I went through the file." He made this statement of fact with a certain air of self-satisfaction. "I know who you are and all about you."

All this Paul had surmised. He kept silent, listening intently as the other went on.

"Yesterday you were looking for some further references. You didn't trace them. But when you had gone, I did. In one paper, a liberal paper with practically no circulation, I found a note on the Swann-Gillett trial. And from what I can make out, Swann was framed."

Paul said, "Why are you telling me this?"

Mark shrugged self-consciously, and gave Paul an apologetic smile. "I felt interested. If you'd let me, I'd like to go along with you in this investigation. It's so damned dull in the library, I could do with a little real excitement." He paused. "Looks as though you could provide it, too."

"Swann is the key to everything," Paul said; "he's gone—we'll never find him."

Mark's eyes sparkled, his air turned slightly jaunty. He waited just long enough to make his words dramatic. "As a matter of fact, I *have* found him."

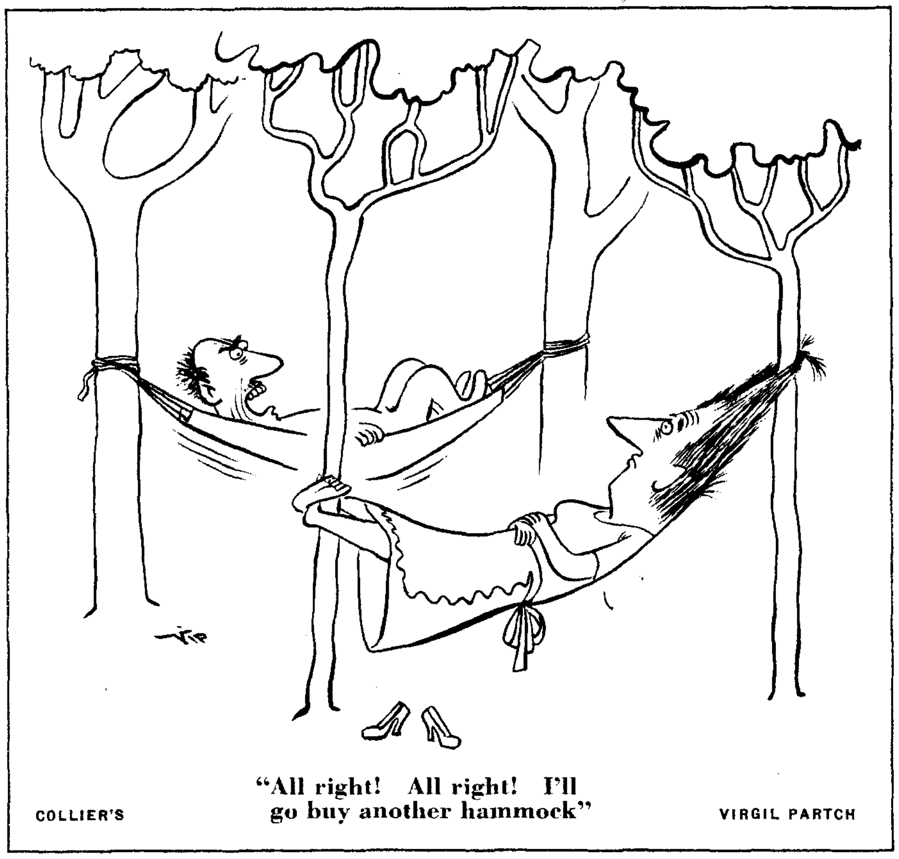
Paul stared at this strange young man, who nodded with assumed composure.

"It wasn't too difficult, after what you told me. I took a chance and checked the city hospitals. Swann is in Belvedere Infirmary—and on the danger list."

THE ward where Swann lay was long and narrow, with a sloping ceiling containing a row of fanlight windows. This was, in fact, the pauper ward of the infirmary, a bare and dismal dormitory. The bed was completely screened off, and on the floor there lay an oxygen cylinder equipped with a long inhaler.

Propped on two pillows, Swann lay with his arms and legs extended, his eyes turned to the ceiling. His frame showed that he had been a big man, but now he was emaciated. His fingers lay limp on the bedspread, and his breathing was shallow and listless.

It was the afternoon visiting hour, and Paul stood with Mark Boulia beside the bed. Paul had just made an impassioned plea to the sick man. Now he waited tensely for Swann to speak.



"All right! All right! I'll go buy another hammock"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Swann did not hurry; he had his own thoughts. But presently he let his eyes fall on Paul and, after a pause, remarked in a faint, hoarse tone, "You're like him."

He then returned his gaze to the fanlight and was silent for a long time before going on in that same spent voice.

"It's queer I should see you now. After what happened to me I swore I'd keep my mouth shut—I was a fool ever to open it. But you're Engel's son. And I'm done for anyway."

There was a short pause—Swann seemed to be looking deep into the past.

"When I was assigned to the Dalgarno murder case I was keen as mustard—a bit different from what I am now—and I remember as if it were yesterday when the big clue came in to headquarters. A man had pawned a three-stone diamond ring, under allegedly suspicious circumstances, before decamping on the night train for the Port of Liverpool. Now we knew that a three-stone ring had been taken from Mona Spurling's room at the time of the murder. So this news was wonderful for us; after being stuck for nearly a week, we had a red-hot trail to follow. We telephoned Liverpool and the man, Engel, was picked up.

"Then came the thunderclap. Are you listening to me?" Swann made an effort to turn his head. "Because, by God, this is something well worth hearing. The ring that Engel pawned was *not* Mona Spurling's ring. It was proved conclusively to be his *own* property. You see what that meant? Engel had been falsely arrested—there was, at the time of his arrest, no evidence to connect him with the crime, no evidence at all.

"Unfortunately, Engel resisted his arrest. He was a hot-tempered man, he resented the interference with his personal liberty. And he made the fatal mistake of striking an officer—worse still, he broke his jaw. Besides, as you know, he was taken in the very act of leaving for America."

Swann let his head fall back, and a queer look came into his lackluster eye.

"I must tell you about my boss, the superintendent—he's the head of the Winton police now—Chief Constable Adam Urie. He was the son of an Inverness farmer, and he'd worked his way up from the bottom. Strict on discipline, loyal to his men, a first-rate officer, he never took a bribe in his life. He loved his work and used to boast to me that he could smell a criminal a mile away. And from the beginning, he was down on Engel and his grudge was aggravated by the assault on one of his men and the insolent way in which Engel answered him at his first examination. He decided that Engel was trying to get to America to avoid arrest, and he refused to release him from custody."

Fired by his own words, the sick man struggled to raise himself upon his elbow. He became excited and eloquent.

"Just think of it. The ring clue was killed, the suspicion which had brought this one man, out of a million people, into the hands of the police was swept away. It was absurd to press the charge yet Urie persisted in trying to get the prisoner convicted. I pointed out that Engel had booked the tickets to America in his own name, that he had reserved rooms at the Liverpool hotel for himself and his family quite openly, without concealing his identity—a thing he wouldn't have dreamed of doing if he were afraid of pursuit and wanted to cover up his traces. But Urie wouldn't listen, he was convinced—and quite honestly, mind you—that his instinct was infallible."

Swann sank down on his pillows and rested for a moment before resuming:

"Well, the routine set in motion by the chief constable followed the standard practice. He wanted to find a weapon among Engel's belongings that might have caused the victim's injuries. He wanted to discover blood stains on Engel's suit. He wanted witnesses who could identify Engel as the man seen at the scene of the crime. All this, mind you, because Leon Engel had pawned a ring in Winton that was his own property.

"Right off the bat, in one of Engel's trunks, the chief constable found a hammer, not a large or heavy hammer—the light kind of hammer you might use for driving tacks and it was part of a set of tools fixed to a sheet of cardboard. Engel freely admitted he had bought this set at Woolworth's to do an odd repair job about the house. Rather than throw it away he had packed it to take with him to America.

"You'd hardly think a tack hammer a deadly weapon, especially in the face of such a frightfully battered victim. Besides, if Engel had used this tool to do the deed, was it likely that he would have carefully preserved it for us to find? No, no, the first action of a murderer is to rid himself of the weapon. Yet Urie was nearly jumping with pride and satisfaction when he showed me the hammer. 'Didn't I tell you?' he declared. 'We have him now.'

"It was sent to the experts to be examined for bloodstains, along with a lot of Engel's clothing.

"Meanwhile, the examination of the witnesses, who had seen the murderer coming from the flat on the night of the crime, was proceeding systematically. You remember that Mr. Prusty and Janet Crombie saw him first. Prusty was a shortsighted man and Crombie, the maid, seemed reluctant to testify. However, the next day, the witness Louisa Burt came forward with a full description of the wanted man. Now this young girl, on a dark and rainy September night, in a street with hardly any lights, got one second's glimpse of the criminal. Yet she professed herself able to supply the most exact details of his appearance. I can still see her round, earnest face, as she came gushing out with her statement.

" 'A man about thirty-five,' she said. 'Tall, thin and dark, with pale features, straight nose, clean-shaven. He wore a checked cap, a tan raincoat and brown shoes.'

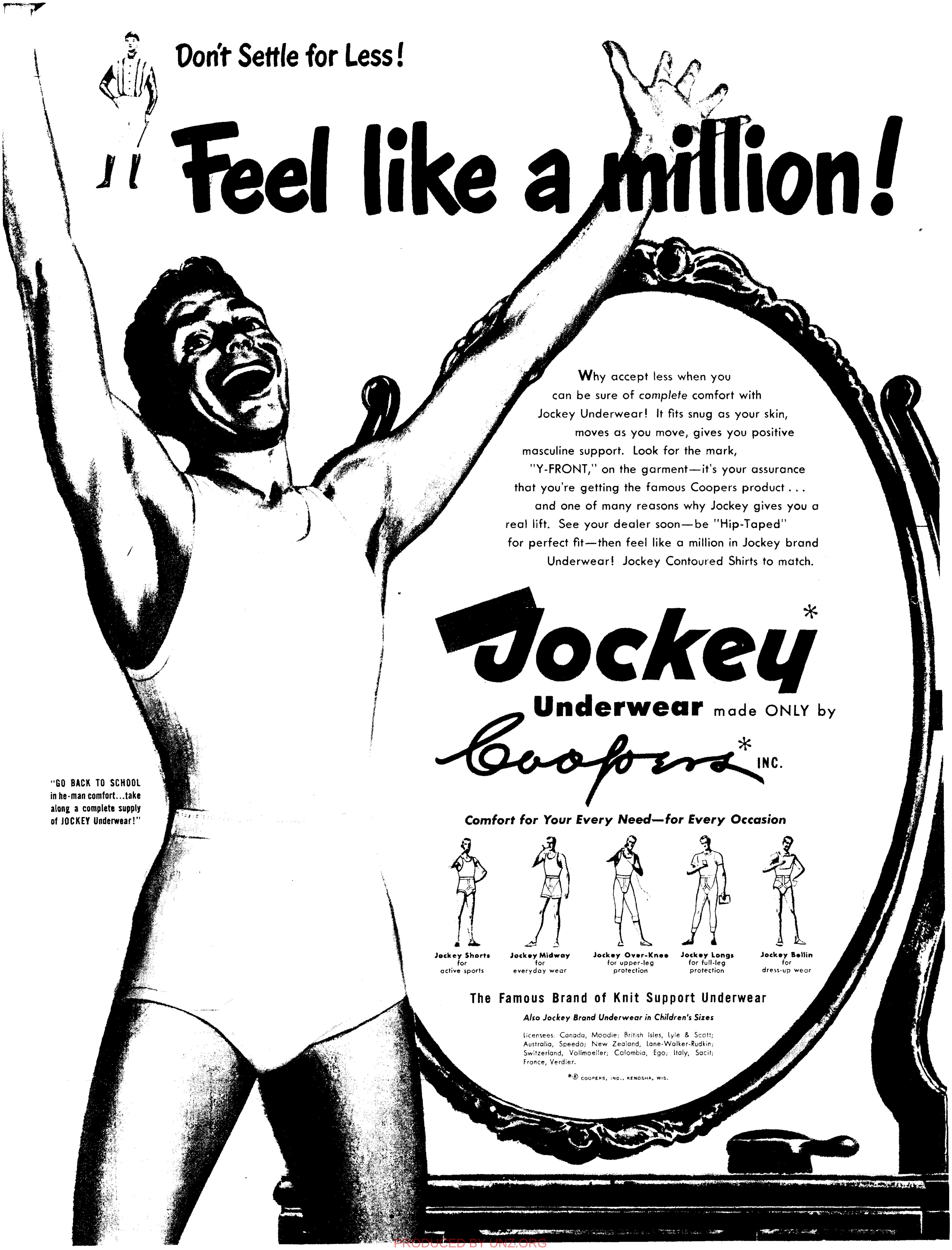
"At first, Urie was pleased with this description. However, after the arrest of Engel, the band played a different tune—because Engel was neither tall, dark nor clean-shaven, but of medium size, fair-complexioned, and he had a brown mustache. Also, his clothing was quite different. The strong-minded tobacconist was soon shoved into the discard, but the two female witnesses seemed more amenable, and a lot of work was put into the preparation of their sworn statements. Crombie was examined more times than I can tell you, while Burt was kept at headquarters practically all day.

"Burt forgot about the big, clean-shaven character in favor of a shorter man with a mustache. Crombie had flatly told me, right after the murder, that she would not be able positively to identify the man, since she had not seen his face, but now she came into line with Burt. The light checked cap became a soft dark hat, the raincoat a gray overcoat. The description, in other words, was altered so that it might well have fitted Engel. Then, at the end, as though to prove they were right, Urie showed the two girls a photograph of Engel."

SWANN rested again, his pale lips drawn back, as he fought to get breath. Paul was almost as pale as the man in the bed.

"The next step was to take these important witnesses to Liverpool to view the prisoner. The superintendent himself accompanied them, and I was along too. As we came into the Liverpool Police Office a door to the inner vestibule opened—accidentally on purpose—and Engel came along the passage, with a guard on each side. As he passed us Burt, who was next to me, clutched Crombie by the arm and whispered, 'Is that the man they mean?' I heard her plainer than you're hearing me.

"The identification parade followed immediately. Eleven policemen in plain clothes, none of whom in any way resembled him, were lined up in a room with Engel. Not a fair test? Never mind that. It was just part of the same technique which made sure that the witnesses had already seen the prisoner's photograph and been given a look at him in the corridor. In any case, these two ignorant girls—one of whom had first insisted to me that she 'never saw



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his face'; the other of whom, in her original statement, had unguardedly remarked that 'he only knocked up against me in the dark'—were dead positive in their identification. Engel was taken to Winton and charged with the murder of Mona Spurling."

The sick man turned weakly on his side and gazed directly at Paul, who sat stricken, and seemed unable to say a word.

"I still couldn't believe that his number was up—I was fool enough to believe in the old saying 'Truth will out.' But I hadn't bargained on the advocate who was counsel for the prosecution. You might think that the chief constable—that stupid, dogged Urie—was mainly responsible for what happened to Engel, but no, no, when it came to the test, it was this other man, this brainy man, who should have thrown the crown evidence in the ash can, this Matthew Sprott who was to blame. He's now Sir Matthew, he's risen almost to the top of the ladder, and he'll probably go on up, but then he was unknown, and desperately anxious to succeed.

"The minute I heard him I saw that, right reason or wrong, he meant to hang Engel. Innocent or guilty, it made no difference—all that mattered was that he should win his first case.

"Well, it began. The prosecution called all its experts. They didn't call Dr. Tuke, the doctor who had first seen the body—they had a much grander physician, Professor Jenkins, who testified that repeated blows of the hammer could have caused the injuries which had proved fatal to the victim. He was not prepared to swear that there were bloodstains upon the weapon or on the prisoner's coat, but he had found 'traces of bodies which might have been mammalian corpuscles.' How do you like that for a polite insinuation?

"Next came the handwriting expert, who swore that the note found in the victim's flat was written by Engel 'in a disguised left hand.' When Crombie and Burt went into the box they surpassed themselves—Burt, especially, with her young innocent face and big earnest eyes, made a tremendous impression on the jury. She stood there like an angel, and swore, 'That is the identical coat,' and 'That is the very man,' and again—referring to her visit to Liverpool—with real pride, 'I was the first to identify him!'

"Then came the speech for the crown. For three hours Sprott let himself go, without a pause, without a single written note. The words flowed out of his mouth and put a spell upon the court. When he painted the picture of the crime, by God, he laid it on heavy—the guilty man hugging the hammer in his pocket, brutally attacking his defenseless paramour, the mother of his unborn child, then fleeing headlong to hide himself in a foreign land—I tell you it was lurid. His address was full of inaccuracies, of unjustified aspersions against Engel's moral character, but the jury, openmouthed, hung on every word of it.

"The speech by the prisoner's counsel was useless after that performance. The defense didn't have much money to work with, and was uninstructed on many points. What was worse was that evidence likely to be favorable to Engel, especially the fact that the arrest had been made on the false ring clue, had been suppressed by the prosecution.

"Well, it was soon over. The verdict was guilty. Engel's protests of innocence went through me like a knife. But he was dragged away and everybody was well pleased. The five-hundred-pound reward offered for conviction was paid out to Crombie and Burt. God knows they had earned it." After a painful pause he added, as a kind of afterthought, "My reward came later, too. You guessed right why I got it—and what it was."

There was a long silence in the narrow room. The sick man's strength seemed at last to fail him, and he lay back, exhausted. Boulia, who, like Paul, had sat in tense silence throughout the recital, poured some water into a glass and put it to Swann's lips. All this time, Paul still sat dazed, his head supported in his hands. A string of questions filled his mind. But Swann had closed his eyes, completely spent, beyond all further effort. As Mark tiptoed from the room Paul rose unsteadily, pressed the patient's hand, then followed Mark out the door.

(To be continued next week)

Wayward Island

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

was he worse than the young men of the summer colony who swam for fun, played foolish games, employed the islanders to help them fish and sail, and sometimes, under the influence, fell off their boats and had to be fished out of the water? Mr. McGregor growled at them all.

Joanna went to college on a scholarship and in vacation she worked for some summer people, a retired judge and his wife, who had been spending peaceful vacations on the island for fifty years, so it didn't seem premature to trust them. Even when Judge Ellicott told Mr. McGregor that his grandson, Richard, was coming for a visit, the pastor remained calm. Richard was reading for his Ph.D. and there seemed no harm in that.

But the Ellicotts worried about it. "I was wondering," Mrs. Ellicott said at breakfast one morning, "about having Joanna working here when Richard comes. Do you think she'll disturb him?"

"Unquestionably." The judge chipped the top off his egg.

"Perhaps I'd better tell her we won't need her during August. I know the Gladstones want her. Shall I speak to them?"

"By no means. I enjoy a boiled egg for breakfast but not for lunch and dinner also."

"I can cook chops and meat cakes."

"I come to Huckleberry Island for lobster, crab, swordfish and clams," he stated. "I believe Joanna could make even pogies taste good. Richard may stay as long as he likes, but I'm not going to have him upsetting my diet."

"But he has to write his thesis and he's so susceptible. You remember how he nearly flunked out his senior year because of that Radcliffe girl? And how his mother says he's just getting over a model— You know how Joanna is."

"That's his lookout," the judge said. "I didn't come here to eat meat cakes."

A WEEK later the judge drove to Bailey's Landing to meet the steamer. When he brought Richard back to the cottage, they came in through the back door. Joanna was washing lettuce, a shaft of sunlight caught in her hair. Richard stopped in his tracks. The judge gave him a slight shove. "Your grandmother is anxious to see you," he said. Mrs. Ellicott was on the veranda. Richard asked, after kissing her, "Who is that extraordinary-looking girl?"

"That's Joanna McGregor, the minister's daughter. I think she's engaged to Dan Forbes, one of the fishermen."

"In my opinion, that's all off," the judge said obtusely. "He used to give her so many lobsters she kept us supplied. But she hasn't brought any this summer."

"This is a good year for herring," his wife explained patiently. "He hasn't time for anything else."

"She would be wasted on a fisherman," Richard said feelingly.

"I used to eat three or four of those small, illegal lobsters at a sitting," the judge said fondly. "Underweight and caught without a license. The natives don't bother with licenses for their amusements."

"Typical of islanders," Richard said sagely. "They resent regulation."

"We've been here more than two hundred years," Joanna remarked from the door, "and managed very well without it. Lunch is ready."

She set a tureen on the table in the dining room and Mrs. Ellicott started serving fish chowder. "Surely you don't make her eat in the kitchen?" Richard asked when Joanna disappeared.

"She prefers to because it's quicker. I've put you in the downstairs guest room. No one will bother you there."

"The tide will be high at four if you care to swim with us," the judge said, "but arrange your schedule to suit yourself."

After lunch the Ellicotts retired for naps and Richard unpacked. Some wasps buzzed at his windows. "Joanna, have you a fly swatter?" he called. She handed it to him around the door. "Will you come for a swim this afternoon?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I haven't time." She went into the living room. He followed, and found her going over the floor with an oil mop. No emptyhearted man could fail to notice she had pretty arms.

"Is there a wastebasket you can spare?" he asked.

She handed him one that was beside the desk. He stood aimlessly holding it. "The winters here must be deadly," he remarked. "What do you do with yourself?"

"They're wonderful," she said. "I'm at Mount Holyoke now—I'll be a senior this fall."

"That's not far from me—I'm in Cambridge. What are you going to do after you graduate?"

"Father wants me to teach in the island school."

"You can't bury yourself here," he said in consternation. "It's all right in summer, when you see people from all over the country, but the rest of the year—"

"We don't feel that way," she said. "After the summer people leave we have a big party to celebrate."

"Are they as bad as that?"

"Some of them are fine, and of course we have to have them." There was a knock on the floor overhead. "The judge," she interpreted. "I'm afraid we're keeping him awake."

RELUCTANTLY Richard returned to his room and arranged his books in a row on the desk. They fell over. He went to look for Joanna. She wasn't in the living room or the kitchen, but he finally saw her out on the road talking to a handsome, sunburned giant. He waited restively for the conversation to end, but it didn't so he joined them. Joanna, looking not very pleased to see him again so soon, introduced Dan Forbes, who said, "Hi," and extended an enormous brown hand.

"Why do you have to go to Portland today?" Joanna asked Dan.

"Got things to attend to."

"I'm going Thursday. If you'll wait till then, I'll go with you."

"Can't wait till Thursday," he said, grinning at her.

"Joanna, are there any book ends lying around?" Richard asked.

"Not out here. Look in the living room—on the shelf near the window."

"Be seeing you, Joanna," Dan said. "Hope you get your studying done, Richard," he said kindly as to a schoolboy. "Don't overdo." He raised his hand in farewell and started up the road.

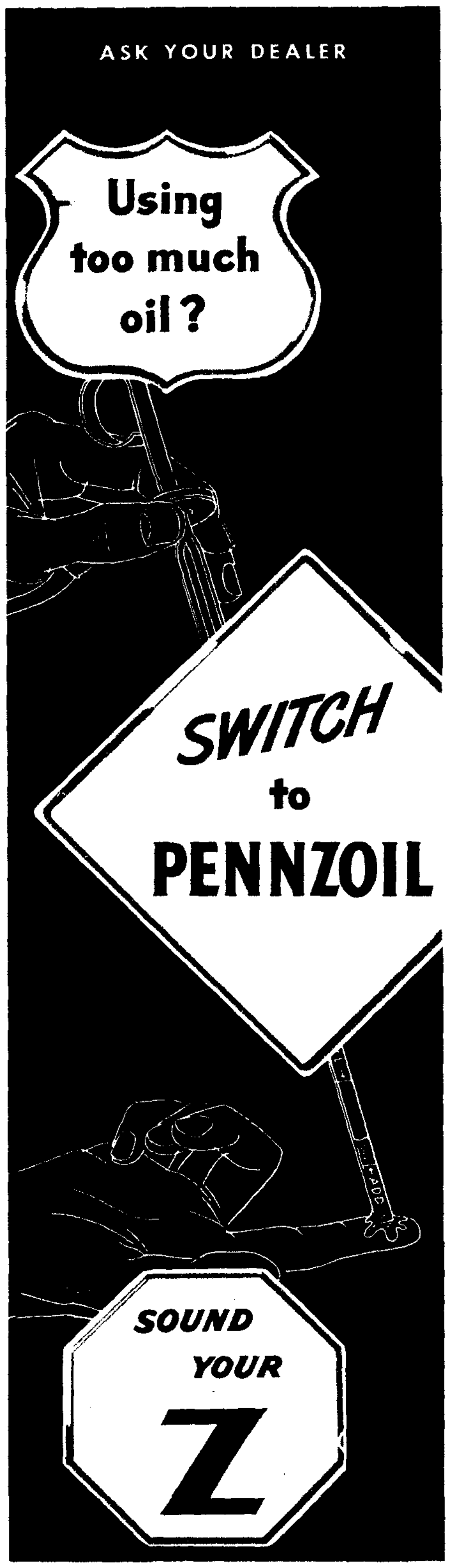
"You know, Joanna," Richard said as they started back to the house, "you could get a much better teaching job in Boston."

"Well—maybe," she said absently.

"I'd like to discuss it with you. Let's have dinner at the Inn, Thursday."

"It closed during the war and Mr. Bates decided not to reopen it. Too many people wanted to come. Besides, I may not get back from Portland until late." She started sweeping the kitchen floor so there was no place for him to stand.

Later he accompanied his grandparents



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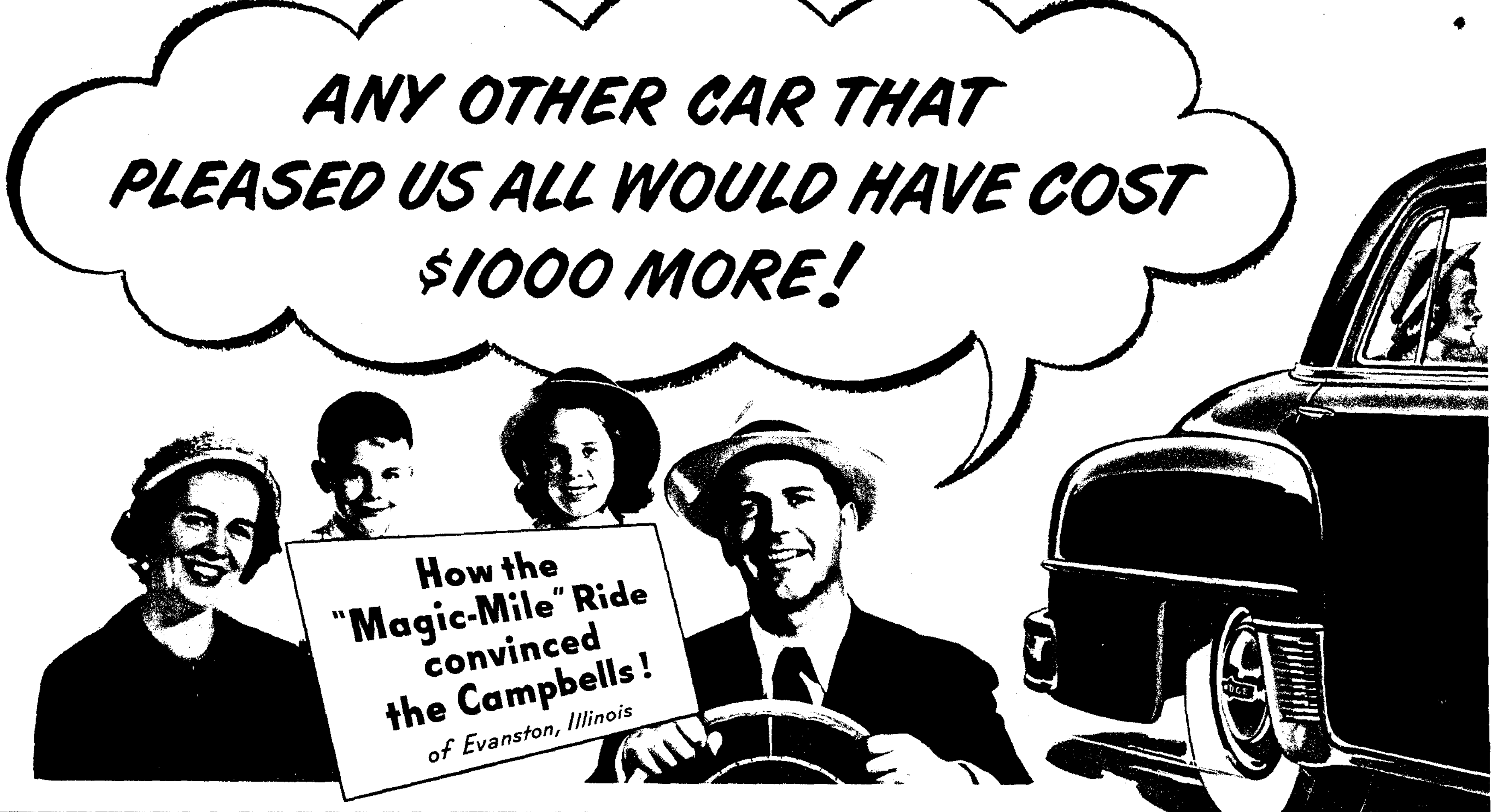
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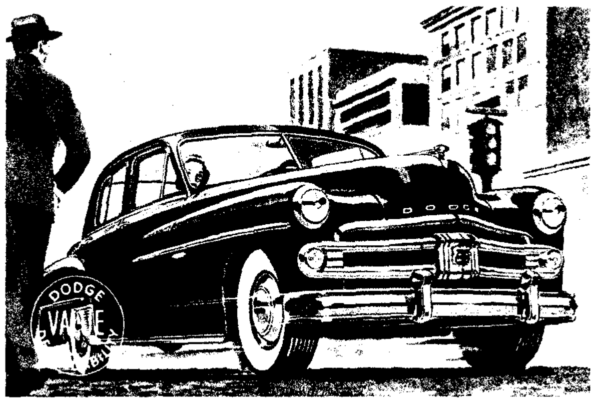
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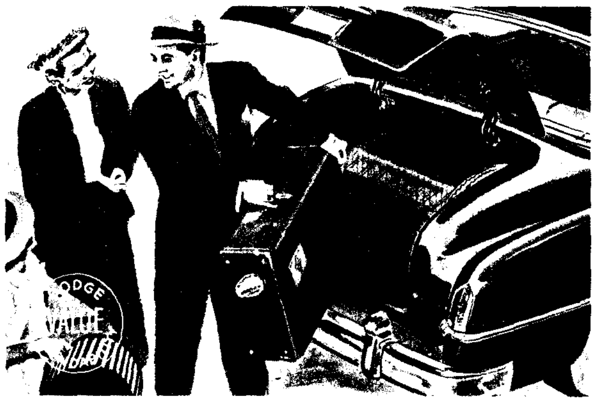
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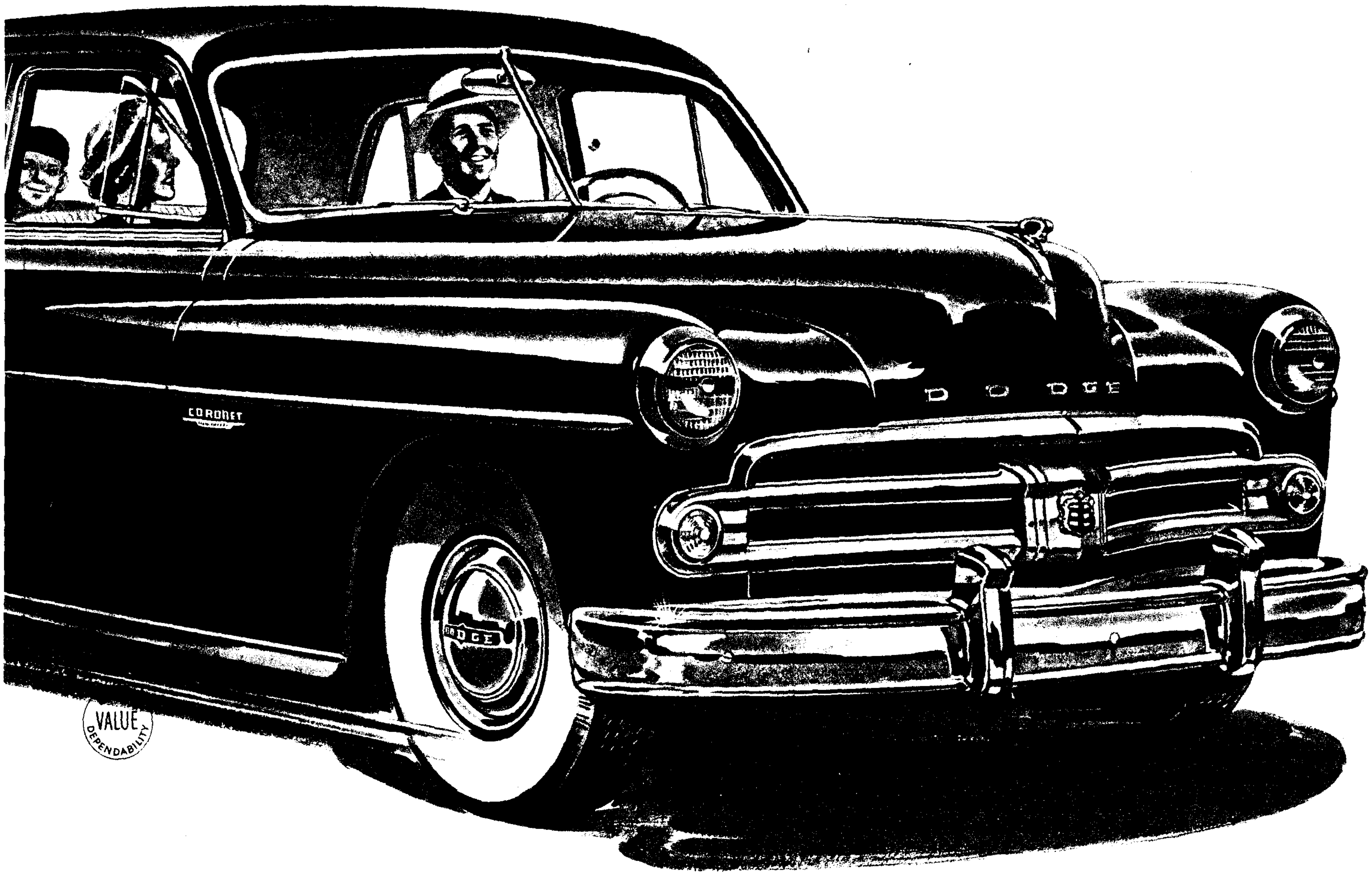

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down a slithery footpath to a narrow crescent of sand, met a few of their friends, and declined an invitation to a clambake. Then he waded into the frigid Atlantic where Judge and Mrs. Ellicott were bobbing imperviously. "Why don't you go to the Brewsters' clambake, Richard?" she asked. "Their son is about your age and you'd meet all the young people."

"Brewster is the big wheel here," the judge said. "Started the island improvement society which made him very unpopular with the natives. The boy—Billy—is no good."

"Hush, Edward." She glanced warningly at the shore.

"I'm just repeating what I hear in church."

"Mr. McGregor doesn't like him hanging around Joanna. I'm afraid he calls on her in our kitchen."

"They all do," the judge said.

DINNER that night was rather confused because Richard kept jumping up to help serve it. "You're getting in Joanna's way, dear," his grandmother remonstrated.

"It's like eating dinner with a jack-in-the-box," the judge complained.

Richard bolted his blueberry pie, excused himself, and went to the kitchen. She was pouring coffee into a silver pot. A car honked outside. "That's for me," she said. "Will you take the tray in?"

"When am I going to have a chance to talk to you? How about a picnic Saturday night?" he asked her disappearing skirts.

"Dan and I are going to the Brewsters' clambake," she said over her shoulder. . . .

Next morning Richard drove to the village to make a telephone call. (Only the doctor and the wealthiest summer people had telephones. Everyone else used the public telephone at Miss Caulfield's house.) On his way, he stopped at the parsonage. The bell was answered by a gentleman in a clerical collar. He had a shock of white hair, steely blue eyes, a ruddy face and a firm jaw.

Richard introduced himself. "Ah, the young professor," Mr. McGregor said affably; he had heard about Richard's imminent Ph.D. "Perhaps you'd address our historical society while you're here. We meet Saturday night, just a few kindred souls; the doctor and his wife, the judge, Mr. and Mrs. Drinker."

"The judge wouldn't listen to *me*," Richard said. "I was wondering if Joanna—"

At that moment a splendid car with the top down drew up. It was long, low, cream-colored, gleaming, white-walled, fender-guarded; strains of music came out of its dashboard. Dan climbed out of the car. "I just wanted to show something to Joanna," he said rather timorously as Mr. McGregor's color heightened.

"Dan, you are a bitter disappointment to me," the pastor cried.

"Ah, Mr. McGregor—I really need a car."

"No one," Mr. McGregor asserted, "except the doctor and me needs a car on an island four miles long."

"I bought it so I can go to Florida and fish," Dan pleaded. "You said it's a sin for me to idle in the winter and there's nothing to do here after the deer-shooting season."

"Nothing to do!" The pastor's color rose even higher. "You could study and improve your mind like this fine young man."

Dan said politely, "Hi, there, Richard. Honest, Mr. McGregor, it isn't an extravagance. There's never been such a year for herring."

"And next year the spawn may perish and your nets will be empty. Then I suppose you can eat the expensive cars and newfangled trash you buy when the Lord sends a bountiful catch to tide you over the lean years."

"Honest, Mr. McGregor," Dan said, "I'm salting some away."

It didn't seem the moment to offer Joanna a ride. "Can you tell me where Miss Sally Caulfield lives?" Richard asked.

"The white house on the road to the Landing," the pastor said. "I shall hope to see you at our next meeting." . . .

A sign on the door of the house said "Public Telephone. Ring and Walk in." Miss Sally Caulfield was sitting in a chair by the window scanning the cove through binoculars. She was tiny and very old.

"Haven't seen you since you were a little tad," she said, smiling benignly at Richard. "You favor your father. Too bad none of you took after the judge. He's what I call a handsome man. If you want to phone privately close the door so others will know to wait outside."

Privacy was evidently not violated by Miss Caulfield's presence. He said he didn't require it and called a drugstore on the mainland. "That stuff's not a bit of good," Miss Caulfield remarked as he read off a prescription. "You tell the judge a tablespoon of molasses every day cured my arthritis."

Richard's next call was to the Brewster house. "You won't find anyone home but the help," Miss Sally volunteered. "I saw them row out to their schooner." He left word that he would be able to attend the clambake after all. "Hope Billy Brewster doesn't overdo it celebrating his birthday," she said. "Last year he and Dan Forbes had a fight."

"I guess Dan is pretty impossible," he remarked.

"He's been doing a man's work on the herring boats since he was fourteen," Miss Caulfield said. "Hope you get your studying done while you're here. Seems as if you ought to be almost through school."

Shortly after he got home, Joanna arrived on her bicycle.

"I would have stopped for you on the way back from Miss Caulfield's," Richard said, "but I thought you'd drive over with Dan."

"Well, I didn't. He had no business buying that car. I guess I'll go to the clambake with you," she added listlessly.

But she was as unresponsive as ever during the next few days. She went about her tasks silently and he feared she was moping.

ON THEIR way to the clambake Richard tried to straighten her out. He spoke of unsuitable attachments one got over. "These fishermen make a lot one summer and nothing for the next five years," he pointed out. "It's a precarious life."

"We're used to that," Joanna told him. "I can't stay long at the clambake, Richard. I have to make sandwiches for Father's club."

Richard would have been willing to leave the clambake shortly after arriving. He took a violent dislike to Billy Brewster. Ordinarily a man of peace, Richard sensibly shunned those he detested, but it was difficult to shun Billy, who had made a head start on celebrating his birthday and was in boisterous spirits. He attached himself to Joanna like a barnacle. She paid little attention to him until Dan arrived with a girl. Then suddenly she became gay and flirtatious. It was somewhat her fault that Billy decided the occasion entitled him to kiss her twenty-five times. Richard sighed, removed his glasses, extricated Joanna, and hit the birthday boy, who sat down suddenly in the sand.

Dan materialized by his side. "That was a good poke, Richard," he said affably. "Better take Joanna home—I'll straighten this out."

Richard took Joanna's arm and hurried her to the car. "Why on earth did you have to hit him?" she asked ungratefully. "This happens every year and Father always blames me."

"If it hadn't been for you I would have stayed and finished him off," he said belligerently.

RICHARD and Joanna drove back to the parsonage in silence. The meeting had just assembled in Mr. McGregor's Victorian parlor. The pastor greeted Richard cordially and offered him the floor, but the judge said chivalrously he'd much prefer to hear Mrs. Drinker's paper on Indian mounds.

She had barely recovered from her stage fright and started to read—with expression—when there was a terrific crash outside. Richard got to the door slightly ahead of the doctor and the pastor. Dan's car was on the rectory lawn and Billy's car, considerably bent, was nuzzling it. Billy was slumped at the steering wheel, groaning.

While the doctor examined the casualty, everyone gathered on the lawn. Dan said dazedly, "Billy came over here after Richard. I got here in time to head him off and he ran plumb into me."

"Help me get him into my car, Dan," the doctor said. "I'll take care of him."

"I'm going too," Joanna said.

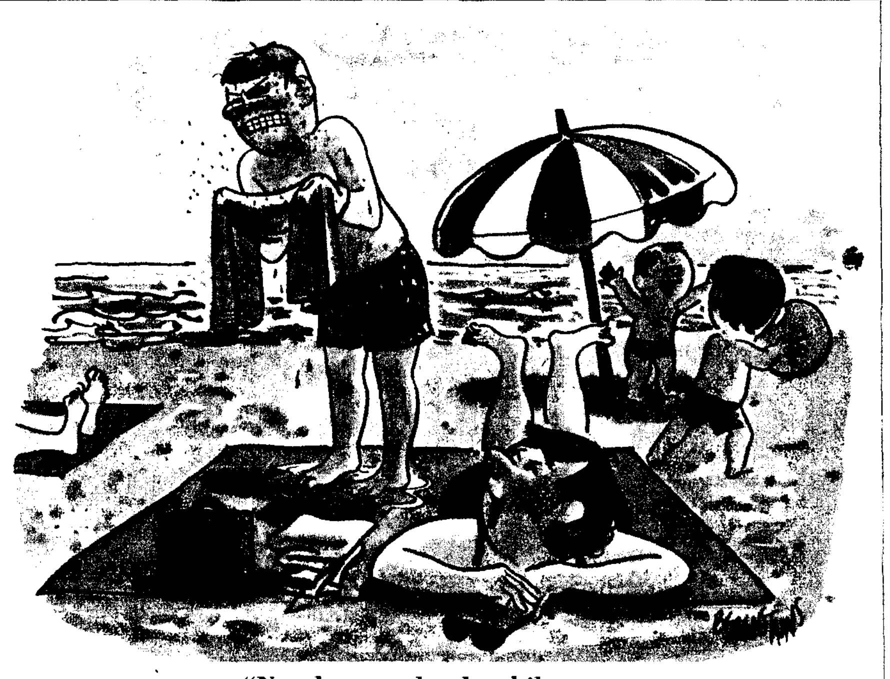
"No, Joanna," her father said decisively. "They don't need you. How did this happen?"

"I don't know," she said distractedly "You go, Richard—but come right back."

When Richard returned about an hour later Mrs. Drinker was still reading her paper, but he had no difficulty, this time, in holding the floor. "Billy's all right," he said. "A couple of broken ribs and a cut in his head. He's being pretty ugly about it. Says he's going to see Dan."

"That's not fair," Joanna said hotly. "He'd been drinking and he deliberately rammed Dan's car."

"The trouble is, Dan has no driver's li-



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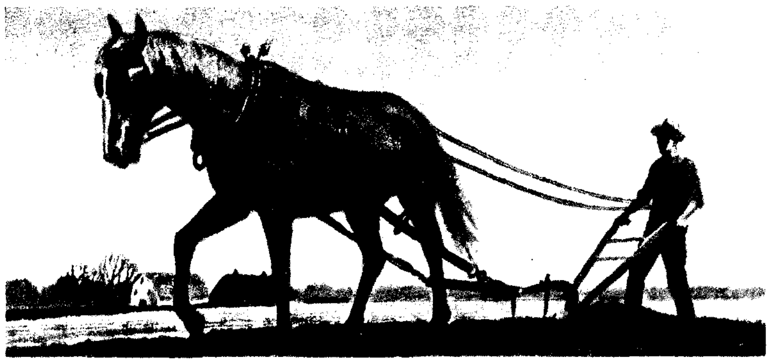

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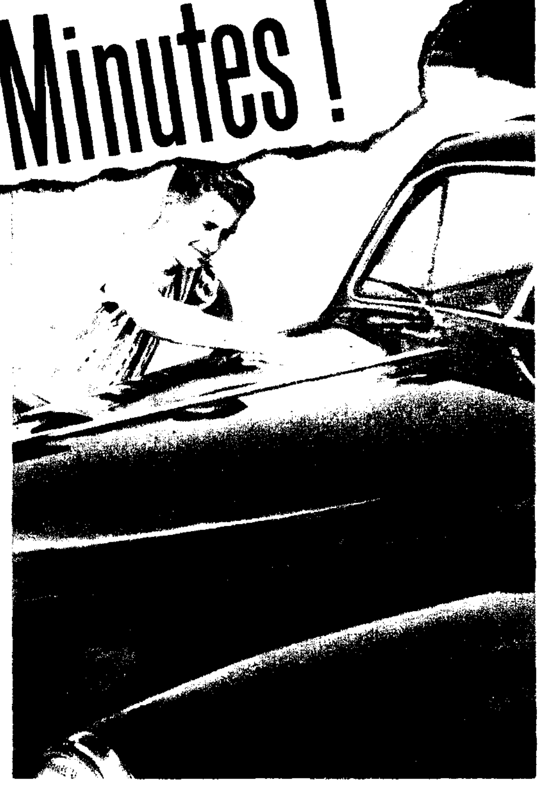

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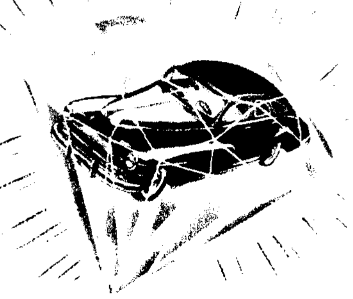

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cense. The doctor says he's going to need a darn' good lawyer. I guess you'll have to help him, Grandfather."

"Nothing of the sort," the pastor snorted. "Dan must pay his penalty."

The judge sided with the cloth. He said he had no sympathy with lawbreakers.

"You ought to do what you can for him," Richard told his grandfather. "It was my fault. *I* hit Billy in the first place."

"I understood you came here to study, not to engage in brawls," the judge said coldly.

"I am bitterly disappointed in you," Mr. McGregor exclaimed.

"It was really my fault," Joanna confessed in a small voice. "Please, Judge Ellicott—you can't let the Brewsters ruin Dan." She gazed at him beseechingly.

"Well, I'll try to get hold of a lawyer in the morning," the judge conceded. "Tell Dan to meet me at Miss Caulfield's." . . .

But Joanna and Miss Caulfield were alone when the Ellicotts arrived next morning. "We don't know where Dan is," Joanna wailed.

"The fool probably skipped out on the herring boat," Miss Sally surmised. "They'll send the Coast Guard after him. Judge, if you want to try Charlie Denfield, he's at Winter Harbor with the Clem Frys."

IT TOOK some time to put the call through and Mr. Denfield refused to take the case. Several other calls were equally unsatisfactory. There was a campaign for public safety going on, and Brewster was a name that carried weight.

"Oh, well, we've tried fair means," Miss Sally decided philosophically. "So now I guess we'll have to try foul. I know who set fire to Indian Point."

Everyone stared at her.

"It was Billy Brewster and a *girl from Portland*. Usually red-hot irons wouldn't make me tell about the phone calls I hear in this room—"

"Quite right. You are in a position of public trust," the judge reminded her.

"I'm not going to let the Brewsters pick on one of our island boys," she said hotly. "Billy phoned the girl from here on June sixteenth and told her to catch the afternoon boat. I happened to be looking through my binoculars when she docked. After everyone went home to their supper he and the girl rowed over to Indian Point. Four hours later it went up in a blaze." She gazed around triumphantly.

The judge shook his head. "You have no proof."

"Wait," Miss Sally requested. "Billy rowed the girl around the point and got her a room at Mrs. Smith's for the night. When he went for her next day she was gone. He phoned her later and they had it back and forth hot and heavy. I surmise she would be a witness on Billy's character. It's your duty, Judge, to warn Mr. Brewster."

"I'm too old and venerable to deal in blackmail," he protested.

"I'm more venerable than you but I feel different."

Richard remarked, "There are a lot of people waiting outside."

"Church must be out," Miss Sally said. "See who's there."

When Richard opened the door several people pushed in headed by a large, flushed woman who caroled, "You missed a grand sermon!"

The large woman was Mrs. Smith.

"What was the sermon about?" Miss Sally asked.

"The text was 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Mr. McGregor didn't leave a soul on this island with a shred of reputation. I was never mentioned in church before."

"Surely you never made a misstep," Miss Sally said politely.

"I'm particular about my paying guests, and how he knew I took in a girl off a rowboat—" Mrs. Smith eyed Miss Sally thoughtfully. "He also spoke about talebearing by those who have pay phones," she added. "And about a respected jurist who plays cards for money. And a girl endowed with comeliness, who instead of keeping her eyes down sets the men against each other."

"Well, I never," Miss Sally breathed.

"He told a tale that would make your hair rise about one of our island boys accepting hospitality of the wrong kind—poured like water—from a prominent member of the summer colony and then nearly killing his son. And he didn't even have a license."

"I didn't know you needed a license to kill the summer people," the judge said rather testily.

"It was an auto accident," Mrs. Smith explained. "Then he told about the son of this man who gave the clambake setting fire to Indian Point. Mr. Brewster sat with his head bowed and Mrs. Forbes had the hysterics."

"Nobody can get ahead of Mr. McGregor," Miss Sally said, a touch regretfully.

Jalopaganda

**How proudly read the license plates
Of cars that come from other states!
In overweening terms they boast
Their products, climate, lakes or coast.
The license numbers are so small
They scarcely can be seen at all,
For every inch of precious space
Is used to advertise the place.
Well, strangers, if the life's so fair
In your salubrious native air,
I must confess it isn't clear
Just what the heck you're doing here.**

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"After church let out," Mrs. Smith continued, "Mr. Brewster shook hands with Mrs. Forbes—"

Dan strode into the room. "Morning, Miss Sally," he said. "If no one wants the phone can I make a call?"

Joanna rose and glared at him. "Where have you been?"

"Slept on the boat. I'm going to call the barge to take my car to the foreside for a little work. Want to ride over this afternoon?"

"I never want to see you again," Joanna said fiercely. Richard's heart lifted.

"Ah, honey," Dan remonstrated. "I bought the car for you so we wouldn't have to stay here all winter. I already saved enough to buy my own herring boat. Diesel engine and ship-to-shore phone."

"Oh, Dan!" Joanna's eyes widened and warmed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Wanted you to see your name on her. I've signed up a good crew, too. We're all set, honey. We can live like kings, at least some of the time."

"Let me be the first to congratulate you," the judge said, rising. "Time for my dinner, Joanna."

"Thank you, Judge," Dan said. "By the way, Richard—" He fumbled in his shirt pocket. "There was a telegram for you in the judge's postbox. Forgot to give it to you last night."

Richard read it and a slow smile illuminated his careworn face. "I believe I'll ride over on the barge with you," he said. "A friend of mine is in Falmouth on business."

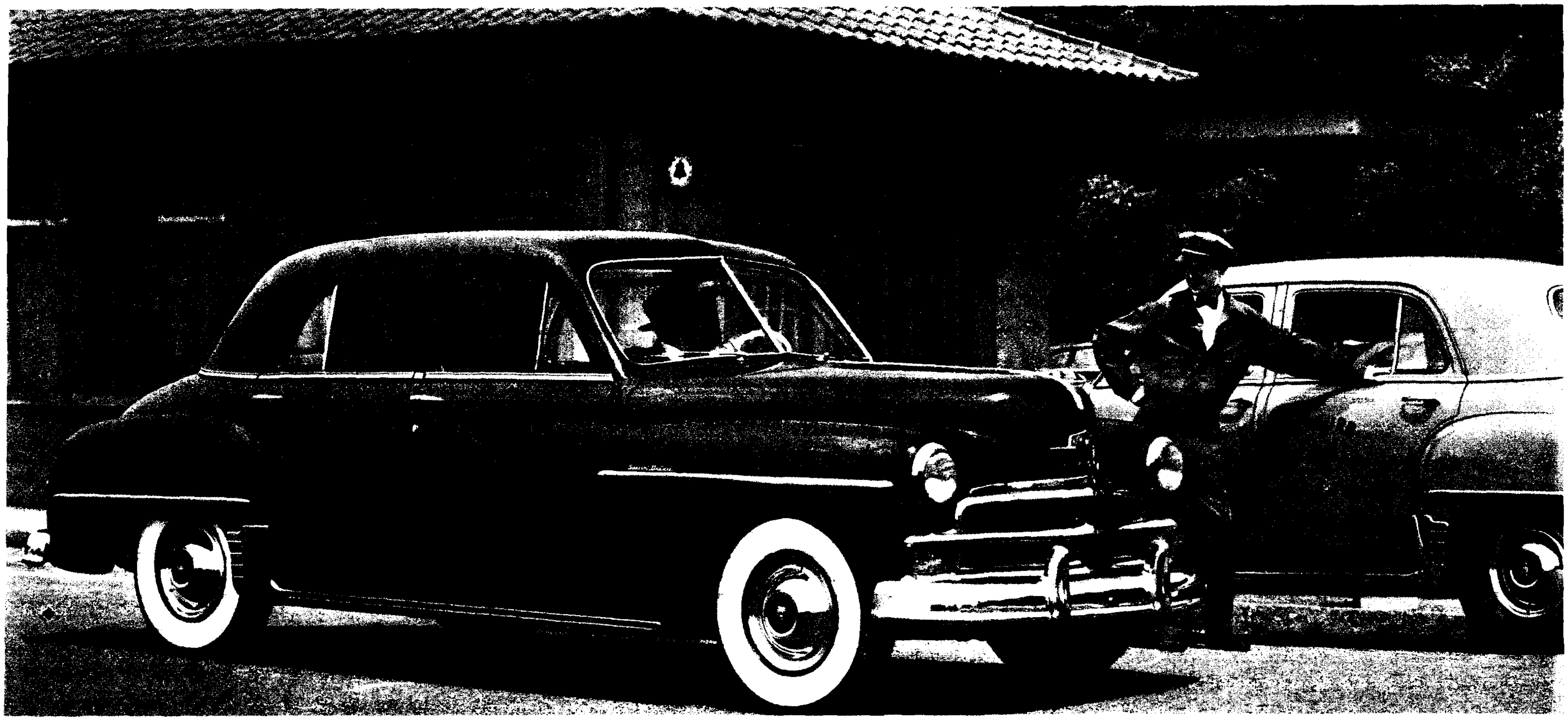
"What kind of business can anyone do in Falmouth on Sunday?" the judge inquired curiously.

"She's being photographed on a yacht —for a picture magazine," Richard explained.

THE END

Packed with value and ready to prove it!

the durable new Plymouth

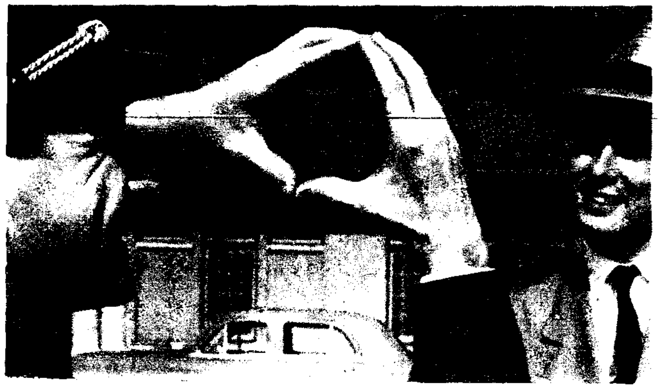


you want a car that will last you—and that's Plymouth, say people who should know. For example, of all standard-built cars registered as taxicabs, Plymouths outnumber all other makes *combined!* Long, trouble-free life and low cost-per-mile make Plymouth the choice of taxi owners—and make it the car for you, too. This latest Plymouth is the strongest, the most durable, of a long and sturdy line.

the backbone of any automobile is its frame—and Plymouth's frame is really rugged! There are heavy box-sections around all doors, so they close tight and fit right—year after year.

you'd be amazed at the terrific road shocks a Plymouth can take without harm. Amola steel, extra strong and flexible, is used in steering knuckles, springs, axles and over 100 vital parts. No other car in the lowest-priced field has this special steel.

your engine will last longer because of aluminum alloy pistons (their light weight throws less wear on the bearings) and super-hard exhaust valve inserts that give thousands of extra miles before valve grinding is required.



big little detail is the chrome plating of the top piston ring, a Plymouth "exclusive" in its price class. It guards the cylinder wall against wear, particularly during the break-in period.

it likes to be compared. The new Plymouth looks great by itself—even greater by comparison. Drive all three leading low-priced cars. Then decide which gives you the most—of everything you want—for the money!

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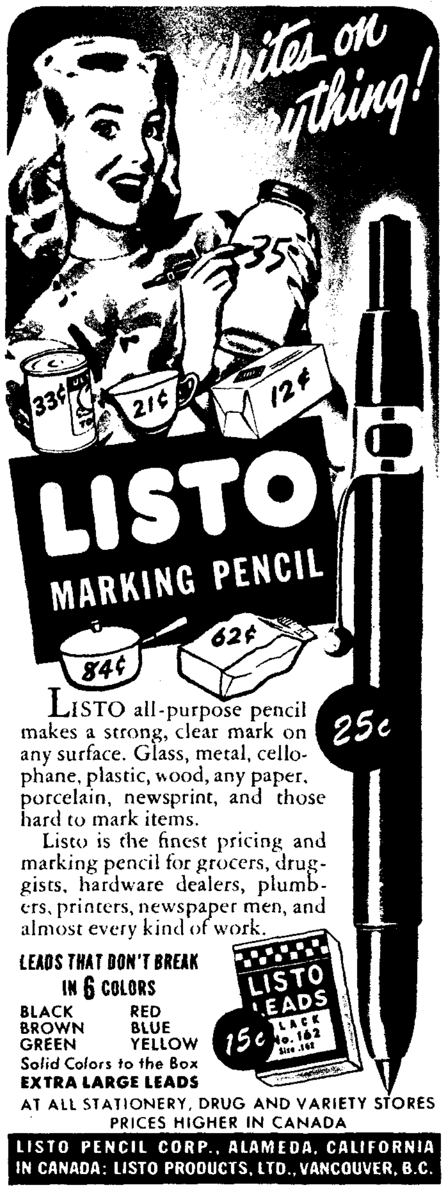
BUILDS GREAT CARS

YOUR NEARBY PLYMOUTH DEALER WILL GLADLY ARRANGE A DEMONSTRATION DRIVE

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan



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LISTO all-purpose pencil makes a strong, clear mark on any surface. Glass, metal, cellophane, plastic, wood, any paper, porcelain, newsprint, and those hard to mark items.

Listo is the finest pricing and marking pencil for grocers, druggists, hardware dealers, plumbers, printers, newspaper men, and almost every kind of work.

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BROWN BLUE
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EXTRA LARGE LEADS

AT ALL STATIONERY, DRUG AND VARIETY STORES
PRICES HIGHER IN CANADA

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AMAZING THING
By Cooper

SENSATIONAL NEW TING CREAM FOR FOOT ITCH (ATHLETE'S FOOT) - REGULAR USE HELPS RELIEVE ITCHING - SOOTHES BURNING BETWEEN CRACKED PEELING TOES - AIDS HEALING AMAZINGLY!

DURING WAR USED IN HOSPITALS NOW RELEASED TO DRUGGISTS GUARANTEED TING MUST SATISFY YOU A WEEK—OR MONEY BACK!

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EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS HAVE FAILED TRY AMAZING TING CREAM TODAY! GREASELESS, STAINLESS ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY 60¢ A TUBE.

Ting ANTISEPTIC MEDICATED CREAM

America's Bluest Blue-Law Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

or sale of intoxicants, and delivery trucks may not carry spirits through, even in transit. Beverage companies, which deliver soft drinks to Ocean Grove's ice-cream parlors, carefully unload their beer cargo before entering, and are required to cover the word "beer" painted on their trucks by the use of snap-on canvas tarpaulins. Dancing, public or private, is forbidden at all times. An ordinance bars the sale of tobacco, although it is not enforced.

Persons willing to abide by such standards are welcome. Those whose inclinations are even the slightest shade more liberal are deemed "unfriendly." This is more than just an idle epithet, for to be a "friend of Ocean Grove" is essential. If you are not a "friend" your property there may lawfully be sold and you may be evicted. Three times "unfriendly persons" have appealed their ouster to the courts and lost.

The Reverend Dr. George W. Henson, an English-born retired Methodist minister who for 15 years has been president of the Grove's governing body, defined the all-important noun at the 75th jubilee ceremony in 1944. "All who are one in Christ are friends," he declared. "If you are not sympathetic with Methodism's interpretations or ideals of worship, you will find more congenial places where your kind gives expression to your standards. Ocean Grove is a Christian center for Methodists and their friends."

To nonchurched gentiles, Protestants not provably good church members, Jews, Catholics, Negroes, Christian Scientists, folks who take a drink, make noise or seek Sunday amusement, Ocean Grove is not just unfriendly, but downright hostile.

In 1946, a widow who owned Ocean Grove property married a man who made home-brew and invited rowdy friends into the Grove to help him drink it. The offending property was sold by the town and the couple ousted. In 1948 a summer rental was summarily canceled when the neighbors reported beer on the premises.

A dozen times a year police toss out transient troublemakers. These are chiefly juvenile pranksters who try to crash the beach, or practical jokers such as the man who, two years ago, drove through one Sunday afternoon in the guise of a doctor on an emergency call—the only motorist to get away with it since the invention of the automobile.

Occasionally property passes by inheritance to persons unqualified by Ocean Grove standards. One such case involved Mrs. Hermione Kavanaugh of Chicago, whose husband was a Roman Catholic. He inherited her property under her will at her death. The town declined to transfer title and kept the place in her name until it could be sold advantageously four years later.

So zealously do the town fathers protect their closed Sunday that William McKinley, then President of the United States, was stopped when he drove a team into the Grove in 1898. Last year New Jersey's governor, Alfred E. Driscoll, arriving on Sunday, July 4th, to make a patriotic address, was halted at the town limits with his retinue of cars and motorcycle escort of state troopers. The entourage walked to the auditorium, an eighth of a mile away.

Grove residents make their Sunday purchases in Asbury Park, just a short walk away over a footbridge spanning Wesley Lake. Traffic is heavy, since the town permits no paper or milk deliveries. Ray Waddell, the Ocean Grove news vendor, parks a truck on the Asbury Park side of the bridge and from it dispenses 4,000 Sunday papers each week.

The town government is able to enforce its strict code because of the foresight of the founders. In 1869 a group of New Jersey ministers, seeking a congenial vacation spot for their families, bought a parcel of wasteland on the Jersey shore. Wisely they chose a tract bounded on the east by the ocean, north and south by fresh-water lakes, and on the west by a swamp. They named this tight little island Ocean Grove and organized the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association to administer it. At the time there were only 34 persons living within 20 miles.

The founders were prudent enough to protect their exclusivity by securing a charter from the state of New Jersey. This granted their association the power to make laws and enforce them, levy taxes and assessments, and otherwise act as a city. Control was vested in 26 trustees, of whom 13 must be ministers.

Of late years six bitter court battles have sought to break down Ocean Grove's charter. The first, in 1911, prevented a proposed railroad from stopping in the Grove on Sundays. As a result, the town has no railroad to this day. Subsequent legal maneuvers have challenged the association's power to exclude Sunday vehicular traffic. An ocean-front highway was begun in 1914 from Deal, on the north, to Seagirt, a distance of 12 miles. Ocean Grove refused to yield right of way. Irate promoters spent a decade trying to make Ocean Grove a borough, with mayor and council and responsibilities to the commonweal.

Religious Services
SUNDAY

Town trustees vest power in (l. to r.) J. A. Thoma, Rev. G. W. Henson, W. E. Thomson

Ocean Grove emerged from this fight in 1926, victorious but $500,000 in debt. There have been no further encroachments from the outside world.

Equally as important as the precious state charter was the genius of the founders in refusing to give outright title to any real estate. Instead, 99-year leases were conveyed on tiny 30- by 60-foot lots to "friends" of the camp meeting. These leases are renewable forever for 99-year periods, but may be canceled at any time for misbehavior or failure to abide by law or custom.

Ocean Grove is ruled autocratically by the association trustees who, for practical purposes, vest the executive authority in three men: Dr. Henson, the president; William E. Thomson, a layman, and Joseph A. Thoma, general manager.

Dr. Henson decides who may buy real estate, rent for the summer, or run a business. For legal purposes, the 99-year leaseholds on real estate are tantamount to ownership, since they may be mortgaged, improved or taxed. But the title may not be transferred, or the property sublet, without Dr. Henson's approval. A stern, remote man, he investigates all newcomers thoroughly, and arbitrarily determines who are "friends" and who are not.

Henson describes his investigation routine as follows: "I have a personal interview, to assure myself the applicant is temperamentally compatible with Ocean Grove's ideals. I ask for three endorsers and the name of the applicant's pastor. The pastor must assure me that the applicant is a faithful churchgoer and financial supporter of his church. If this reply is favorable, I then write the endorsers who must vouch for the applicant's moral character, honesty and sobriety. We don't like divorced persons and men who keep places of business open on Sunday. These replies must not just be favorable—they must be enthusiastic. To be sure of my ground, I then investigate the moral character of the endorsers. If all the evidence is favorable, then the application is approved."

All this is waived, however, if the candidate is a relative or close friend of an existing "friend" of Ocean Grove, who will personally vouch for a newcomer. About 58 per cent of the property owners are Methodists, the rest Protestants of other denominations.

Thomson, a jovial retired Philadelphia tanner whose father was a pioneer trustee of the association, is town watchdog. As police commissioner and chairman of the executive committee, he helps enforce the laws, approve new regulations, and decide how money will be spent. He is also head usher in the Great Auditorium, which gives him top social prestige.

Thoma, whose job might be likened to that of city manager, placates fussy old ladies whose tent roofs leak, acts as buffer between Ocean Grove and its less pious municipal neighbors, is police judge, and runs the town from day to day. The triumvirate functions so smoothly that full-dress trustee meetings, held quarterly, rarely last an hour.

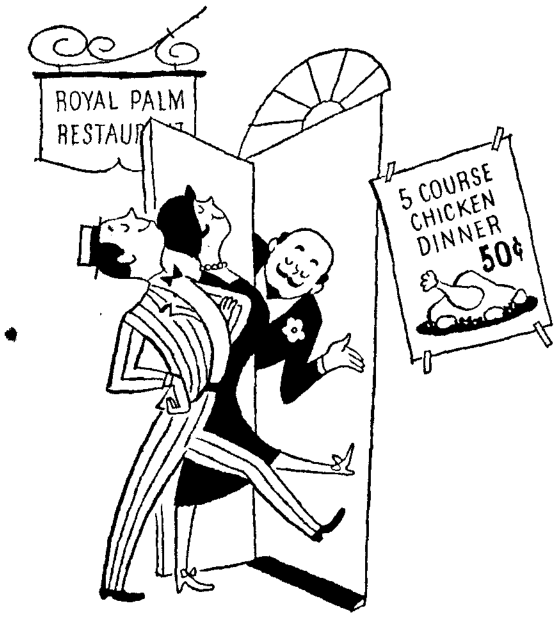
Ocean Grove has modern fire and police protection and other usual urban facilities. A tax of $10.50 against each 99-year leasehold, a sewer assessment, revenue from bathing concessions, business licenses, rents on association-owned buildings, and plate collections together yield the $179,000 a year needed to keep the town going.

After 81 years, the association has only recently dug itself out of debt. Solvent but uncushioned, Ocean Grove budgets itself frugally from year to year, and in emergencies calls on citizens and "friends" for contributions. The only tribute paid to the outside world is a property tax levied by Neptune Township, in which Ocean Grove lies. The township assesses Ocean Grove at $4,889,275, and collects about $400,000 a year from the association and leaseholders to finance schools and garbage disposal.

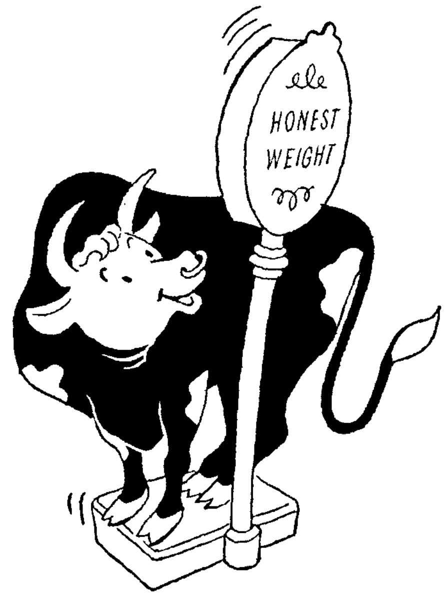
All this business detail means nothing to the townspeople. Since no municipal elections are ever held, no public questions ever arise. Permanent residents, under threat of eviction unless they toe the mark, support the association without question.

But Ocean Grove has definite attractions as a permanent dwelling place. It has excellent schools and playgrounds, a quiet atmosphere in which to rear children, an uncommercialized shore line, and no temptations. As a result, the permanent population has doubled in 10 years, through modernization of old summer cottages.

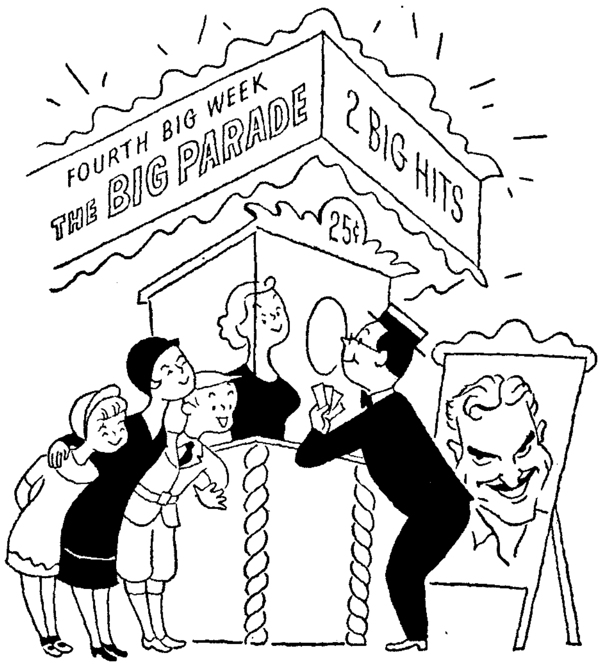
Richard F. Gibbons, assistant city editor of the Asbury Park Press, moved to Ocean Grove two years ago, attracted by the fact



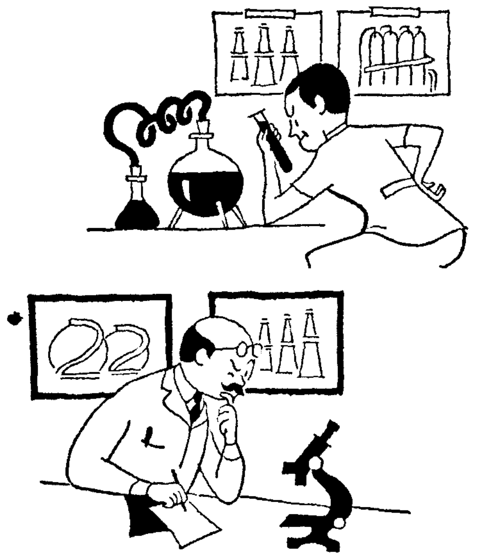
Gone are the days when a dollar bought 2 dinners . . .



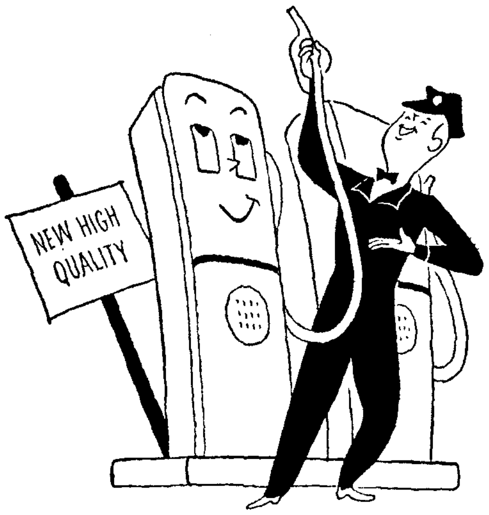
3 lbs. of sirloin . . .



4 seats at the movies.



But thanks to progress in the oil industry . . .



today you have far better gasolines . . .

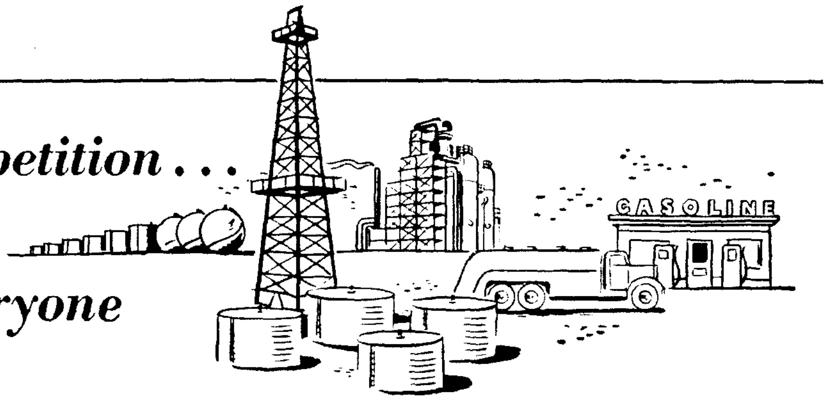
priced no higher than 25 years ago.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" aren't entirely gone—not when a gallon of today's better-than-ever gasoline costs no more, *before taxes*, than you paid way back in 1925.

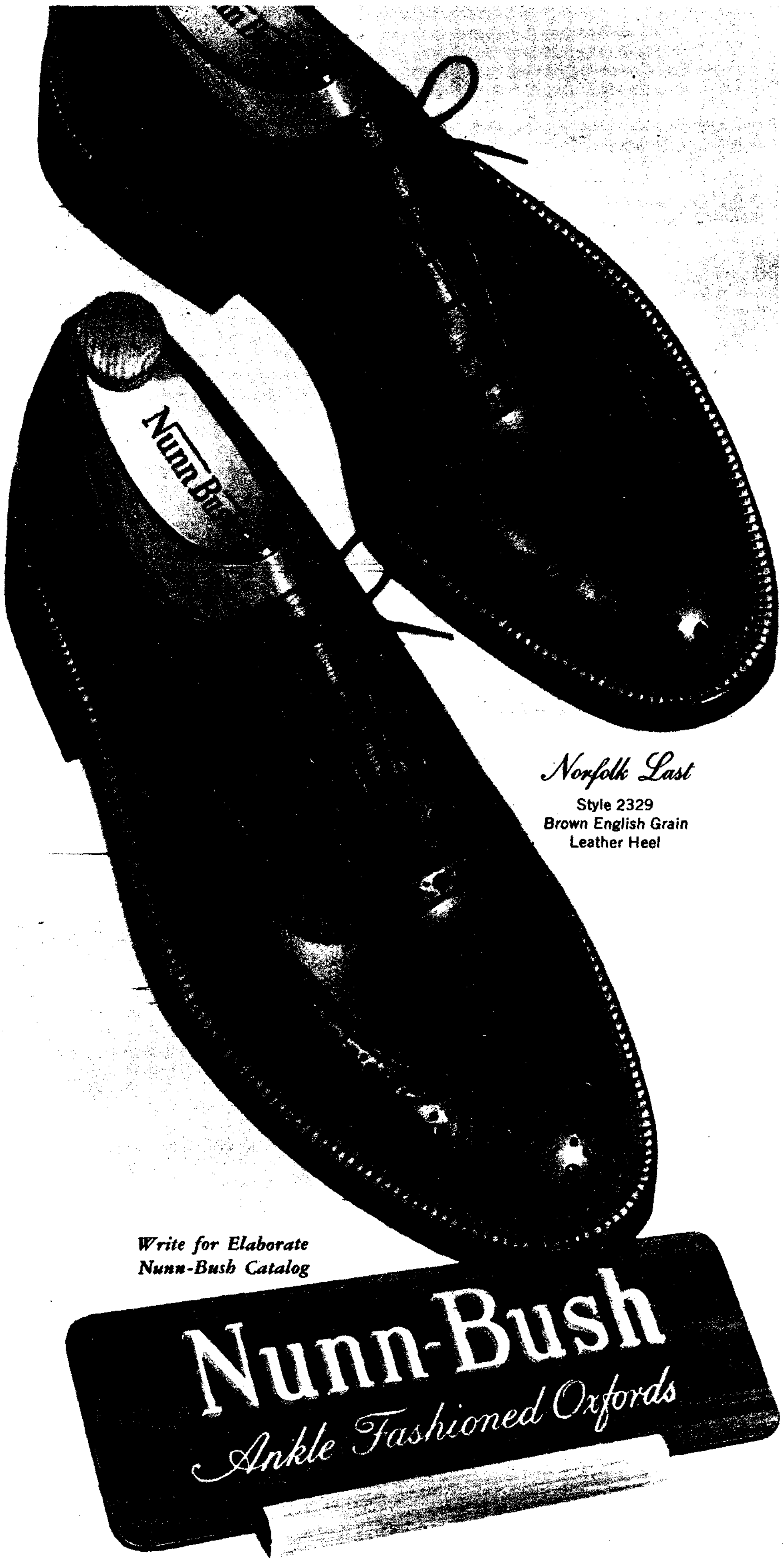
You know how much value your gasoline dollar buys today when you compare your present car with the first auto you ever drove. Today's finer engines, with their vastly stepped-up power and performance, would never have been possible without the oil progress that developed today's better gasolines. Yet the fact is these improved quality gasolines come to you at 1925 prices—plus increased taxes, of course.

There's a key to progress in petroleum—the fact that oil is a highly competitive industry. Thousands of privately managed companies of all sizes are rivals in one or more of the many different branches of the oil business. Their ceaseless competition to win and hold your business means you *always* get extra value for your money—better quality products and services at reasonable prices.

Thousands of oil companies mean competition . . .
competition means progress . . .
progress means better living for everyone



Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y.



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You pay only a little more for Nunn-Bush shoes... but what a difference in satisfaction that little more buys! It is necessary to *experience* Ankle-Fashioning before you can know the advantages Nunn-Bush shoes offer in greater comfort and added miles of smartness. Discover for yourself what Nunn-Bush has accomplished by striving earnestly to build the world's most *satisfying* shoes for men!

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant
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that living there is dirt-cheap compared to other Jersey shore towns.

"My taxes are 20 per cent lower," Gibbons asserts, "than in any town around here. Due to the peculiar revokable lease situation, a property worth $12,500 in Bradley Beach can be bought for $6,500 here. Because of the Sunday closing, store rentals are 50 per cent cheaper than in Asbury Park, and this is reflected in lower prices for everything we have to buy. And there is no 'keeping up with the Joneses' here, so that saves a lot of money. There is no society upper crust, no fancy party going, no formality. On top of its cheapness, it is quiet; I can relax here after a hard week's work. For a family man, I'd say Ocean Grove was ideal."

The real population of Ocean Grove, however, is its summer colony, among whom the most active socially are the tent dwellers, descendants of the pioneers. The association rents the tents to preachers and other well-recommended folks. The tents sprawl in large colonies about the auditorium, in blocks marked by gravel paths.

Until 1940 each cluster of a dozen tents shared a common bathroom and open-air washbowl. Now each tent has cold running water and electricity. The capacity of these quarters is supposed to be six persons, and most of them are stuffed all summer with the legal limit of occupants, augmented by 10 to a dozen friends and relatives over week ends. Tents rent, furnished, at $200 for the season. Scores of families have lived in the same tent annually for 40 years, and pass down their rental privileges to their children as a precious legacy.

The "tenters," as they are called, put up with many restrictions. Lights are out, radios silent, at 10:00 P.M. No pets. Chime clocks are prohibited—they would keep neighbors awake. Children may not play near their tents; they must go to a playground tucked in an obscure corner of town.

Commercial amusement is restricted to bathhouse areas at the two ends of the beach. The intervening half mile of ocean front is spanned by a boardwalk on which the only building is a modest prayer pavilion. Discreetly behind a hotel at the north end of town, where Asbury Park's boardwalk joins that of Ocean Grove, are a swimming pool, a bowling alley, an ice-cream parlor and a merry-go-round.

The merry-go-round is typical of Ocean Grove life. It is flanked by 10 rows of rocking chairs. Having nothing better to do of a weekday afternoon, residents sit in the rockers and listen to the wheezing music. Of late years a sign has been necessary, as follows: "Spectators listening to the concert will reserve the first two rows of seats for patrons of the carrousel."

The beach has no restrictions on weekdays, probably because none is needed. Ocean Grove was the first north Jersey resort to allow men to swim in trunks without tops. A group of preachers first bared their chests to the surf in 1933, and the town bathers, assuming the clergy should know, passed no prohibitory ordinance against topless male bathing attire. Most women, through preference, wear the type of suit in vogue about 1925—wool with an ample skirt. Stockings were required until 1930. Pretty girls wear what pretty girls will wear on any beach. Embargoes in attire are enforced off the sand. No one may walk to the shore or on the boardwalk unless covered by robe or street clothes.

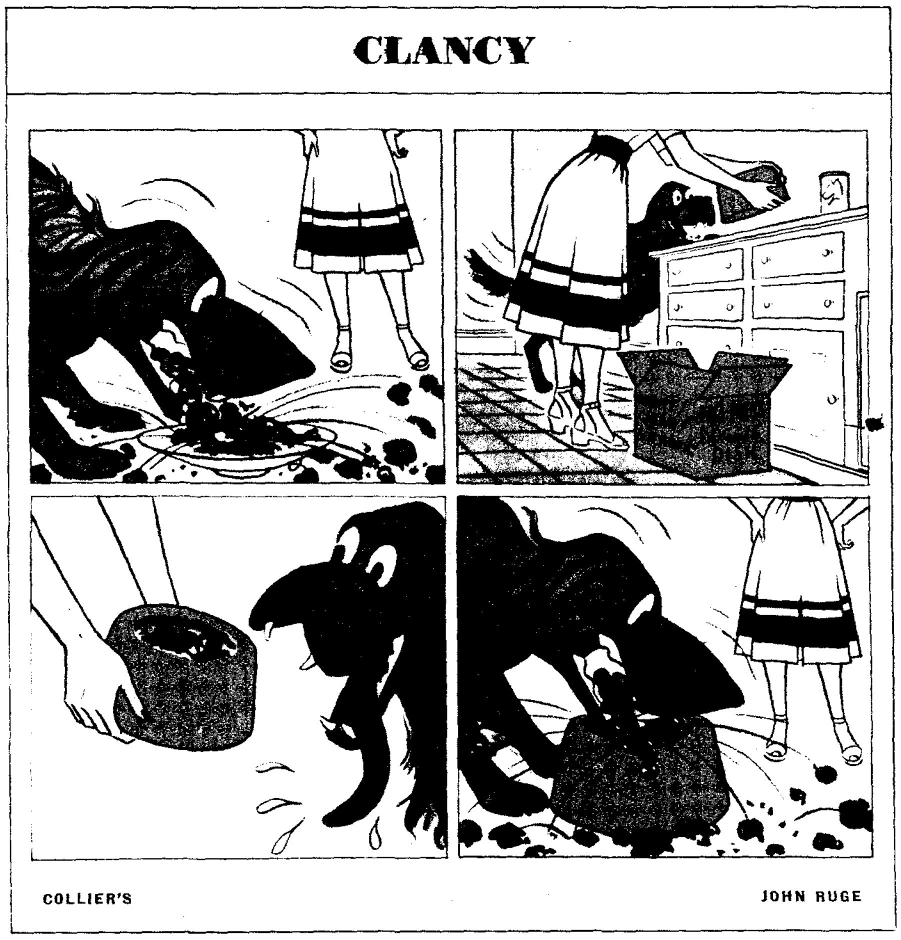
Like the Wisdom of Solomon

Police have difficulty enforcing the ban on swim-suit strollers since the development of the modern sun suit. Police Chief Willis R. Atkinson, perplexed by the question, "Is it a bathing suit or a sun suit?" has an infallible rule now. He touches the offensive garment delicately. If it's wet, it's a bathing suit, and if not, its wearer is ordered to don more clothing.

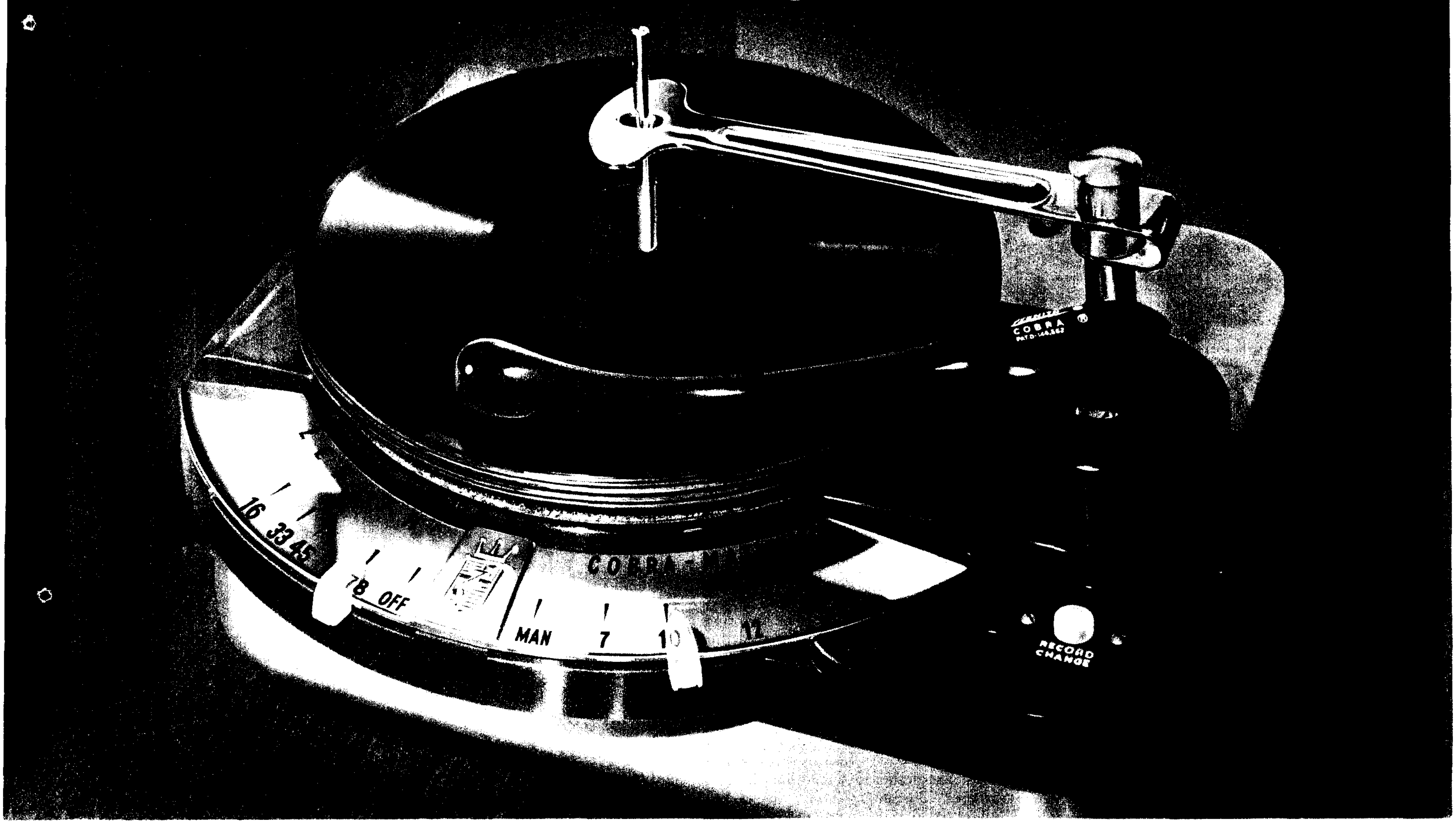
Censorship of bathing attire was tried for a half hour in 1939. The trustees, alarmed at the feminine tendency to reveal more and more skin, appointed Police Commissioner Thomson censor, with absolute power to rule off the beach any suit which, to his eye, was disturbingly daring. For a half hour he paced the boardwalk, seeing only the modest sort of attire zealously religious people wear by preference. Then he saw a young lady, sunning face down on the sand, her back nude. What she wore covered her but scantily. Manfully Thomson strode to her, to do his duty. She rolled over on her face.

"Why, Daddy," she exclaimed, "what are you doing here?" It was Thomson's daughter Clayre. The censorship ended right there.

Amusement is not the lure of Ocean Grove because its vacationers come to worship. On Sunday, services are almost continuous from 9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M., in-

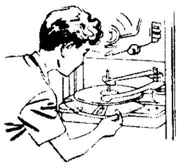


Zenith Announces the Simplest All-Speed Automatic Record Changer Ever Invented!



NEW ZENITH "COBRA-MATIC" VARIABLE SPEED RECORD CHANGER

First and only changer that plays any speed record now made or yet to come, 10 R.P.M. to 85 . . . with two simple controls a six-year-old can operate.



Record lovers—here is the record changer that sets you free *forever* from the nightmare of speeds, sizes, attachments and adjustments!

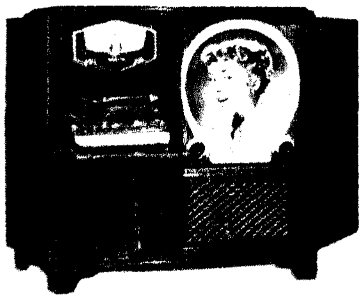
Zenith engineers, who revolutionized record reproduction with the world-famous Cobra® Tone Arm, have now brought you an automatic changer—the new "Cobra-Matic"—so unbelievably simple that you simply won't believe it until you operate it yourself!

You touch one control knob—and set it for any size record—7, 10 or 12 inch! You touch the other control knob—and set it for any speed! Yes, for 33⅓, 45, 78, or any speed from 10 R.P.M. to 85 that the modern world may dream up! You can play them all—with one marvelous new Super-Cobra Tone Arm—not even a needle to adjust, not even one single attachment to fuss with!

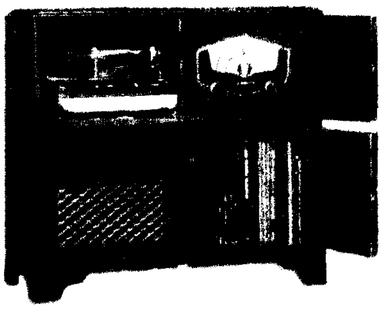
And what a glorious outpouring of tone will greet your ears! Zenith's new Super-Cobra, resting a mere ⅕ of an ounce on the record, brings out startling new tonal beauty against a background of velvety quiet. Reproduces music on a Radionic wave like no other method you have *ever* seen or heard!

Now—at last—you can buy a phonograph without fear that it will be obsolete. You can be sure that in a Zenith® you possess the last word in tonal magnificence and the simplest way ever devised for automatic record playing. See your Zenith dealer today, and see for yourself!

New "Cobra-Matic" Changer Now on All Zenith Radio-Phonographs and Television Combinations



New Zenith "H3267R" TV Combination. 65 sq. in. 2-in-1 Screen. "Cobra-Matic" Changer. FM-AM Radio. Cabinet of Mahogany veneers. Full length doors.



New Zenith "Mayflower" Console Radio-Phonograph. "Cobra-Matic" Changer. FM-AM Radio. Period cabinet of Mahogany finished hard woods.

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cluding meetings in all four temples and on the beach. Two giant formal congregations in the auditorium gather a crowd requiring 196 ushers. These convocations, featuring nationally known clergymen, are accompanied by music on the world's third largest pipe organ and a choir of 200.

Summer weekdays are filled with religious events and many traditional festivals which do not vary from year to year by so much as a new hymn. Nights are occupied by concerts, prayer meetings, conclaves of religious bodies, and anti-rum and anti-nicotine rallies. Many church and allied groups hold conferences in the Grove for a week at a time, with meetings from 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. This summer these included the United Brethren Church, the Salvation Army's youth conference, National Council of Presbyterian Women, the Christian Missionary Alliance, the National Federation of Men's Bible Classes, the New Jersey W.C.T.U. and the Gospel Mission Workers' Convention.

In addition there is a daily children's Bible school, an adult Bible school, an "abundant life service" which is a prayer meeting, and an organ recital. Special events include a week-long conference on sacred music, a Founders' Day ceremony every July 31st, a concert by the choir, a concert by the ushers' glee club, an ushers' auxiliary bazaar and many others. Several times a summer there is a preaching mission, in which a visiting clergyman speaks morning and night for several successive days to revitalize the faith of the faithful.

Ocean Grove's history is replete with names of the famous who have spoken in the auditorium, including these Presidents of the United States: Ulysses S. Grant, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson.

"Sacred" Movie Fooled Censor

For several years, before a theater was built, movies were shown in the auditorium. They were rigidly censored. The operator put his hand over the lens during love and drinking scenes, dances and other evidences of worldliness. One night a picture titled Adam and Eve, presumably of a religious nature, was rented for a special occasion. The house was packed to its capacity, 10,000. The censor, thrown off his guard by the title, neglected to screen the picture in advance. The movie turned out to be a frank French production in which Adam and Eve appeared nude. There have been no movies since in the auditorium.

Sousa's band appeared several times during the bandmaster's heyday. His last visit, during prohibition days, was memorable. Sousa had a novelty number, The Wets and the Drys, which kidded both sides of the controversy. He was required to remove it from his program. Sousa made no complaint, but his final encore was Nobody Knows How Dry I Am. He was never invited back.

Since all important activity centers about the auditorium, social prestige also radiates from it. The peers are the members of the Ushers' Association and a companion distaff organization, the Ushers' Wives' Auxiliary. The men put on a big show at church time, in white trousers and blue coats, with a white carnation in their lapels. At their best when taking up the collection, they move with the precision of a drill team on the signals of Thomson, who stands in the wings and flashes instructions by intricate crossings of his arms. The 196 men reach the altar rail, in step and without crowding, at precisely the same moment, while the organ booms a specially written Ushers' March.

Last summer a widow asked Thomson to put any lonesome, well-groomed man beside her in the auditorium. For two weeks Thomson did so and last winter, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, he saw the widow again. "Oh, Uncle Bill," she cooed (friends of Ocean Grove all call Thomson "Uncle Bill"), "come and meet my husband—you remember, the well-groomed man."

On another occasion, Thomson seated a deaf old lady, by request, in the front row at every service during an entire summer. On the closing night she thanked him and proffered a small box done up in white ribbon. Thomson explained that ushers could not accept gratuities, but she insisted. At home, opening the box, he found—six gum drops.

After the ushers, the most coveted position in the Grove is that of auditorium organist. The present incumbent, Mrs. Josephine Eddowes, of Huntington, West Virginia, has under her control an instrument which includes more trick gimmicks than any other organ on earth.

The four-manual console has light-beam expression control, an amplified echo organ under a stairway, chimes in the ceiling, more chimes on the roof, a *vox humana* in the balcony, and in addition to all the conventional stops such added starters as harmonic gongs, xylophone, castanets, tambourines, drums, singing birds, surf, wind, thunder, lightning, rain and, in a separate chamber, a carillon of 21 notes. Quite fittingly, this organ is also equipped with a switch to flash lights on a 10-foot American flag which waves gallantly when Mrs. Eddowes uses the wind stop during The Star-Spangled Banner. Supplementing the organ at church time is Walter D. Eddowes, the organist's husband, who leads the hymn singing with the aid of a loud cornet.

Every afternoon except Sunday during July and August, Mrs. Eddowes plays an organ recital. The daily feature is a selection entitled The Storm, a 15-minute arrangement based on the William Tell Overture, which uses every stop on the organ. Many vacationers attend every day to hear this rafter-shaker. Mrs. Eddowes is careful, in deference to public opinion, not to use the castanets and other so-called "theater stops" during religious services, but weekdays only.

Ocean Grove develops crescendo as the summer progresses, and reaches its peak during the 10 days ending Labor Day, when all activity is subordinate to the great camp meeting.

As many as 70,000 persons may crowd into Ocean Grove during the camp meeting. Devotees begin to flood in two days in advance of the first meeting to attend a pageant, usually concerning some aspect of Ocean Grove's history, performed by the auditorium ushers. By the next afternoon, when the ushers' auxiliary holds a bazaar, every house, every tent, every room in every private house and hotel is crammed with people. Permanent residents elbow their way to work through milling crowds which, outside the auditorium, resemble Times Square on New Year's Eve in density, if not in deportment.

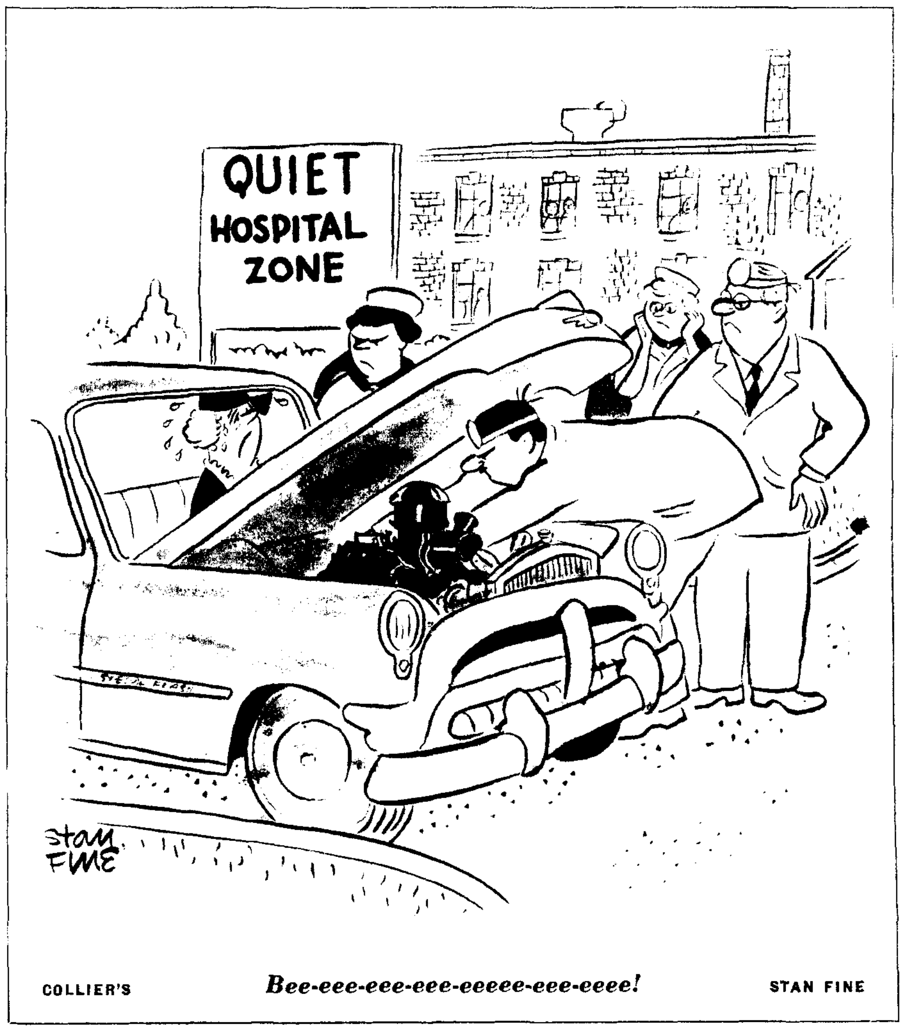
Object: The Christian Life

These thousands are bent on only one thing: the revitalization of their religious life. At nine services daily and at 16 on Sunday, they sing hymns, study the Bible, learn to be better Sunday-school teachers, strengthen their prayer life, exhort one another to good deeds and worship together. The altar rail, which is 114 feet long, is packed for its entire length the two nights when the visiting evangelist calls for members of the congregation to come forward and be converted or reaffirm publicly their faith in the Christian life. After the nightly "call," those who have responded adjourn to another building for an additional hour of prayer.

Tradition weighs heavily on the program. The first session is what old-time Methodists call a "love feast," during which volunteers from the audience tell of their escape from sin.

After 10 days of intense activity, the camp closes on a note of emotional pageantry. The entire congregation, led by a line of march as strictly regimented as an academic procession, files from the auditorium at the close of the religious service and forms a long line outdoors. Led by the chief of police and the manager, a color guard, visiting dignitaries, trustees, volunteer workers and ushers in uniform, the whole crowd parades about the grounds singing We're Marching to Zion.

Back finally in the auditorium, the association president declares the camp meeting closed, Mr. Eddowes blows "taps" on his cornet, a tearful throng sings God Be with You till We Meet Again, and, for all intents and purposes, the curtain rings down on another season at America's unique religious vacationland. THE END



COLLIER'S *Bee-eee-eee-eee-eeeee-eee-eeee!* STAN FINE

All these wonderful things happen only when you go Pullman

You enjoy peace of mind. That's because you're safer in a Pullman crossing the country than you are in your own home.

You get your rest. The whole world looks better because *you* feel better after a sound sleep on a big, soft Pullman bed.

You receive courteous service. Throughout your trip your Pullman porter is always within range of your buzzer—ready to be of service.

You take pleasant walks. You get up, stretch, move around—see what's going on in other parts of this wonderful world on wheels.

You dine in style. When traveling during meal times, you have a choice of a *complete* menu of delicious, just-cooked meals in the railroad dining car.

You make new friends. In your own Pullman car—and in the lounge car reserved for you—you meet the kind of people you like to keep as friends.

You look your best. You have everything you need to stay neat—including modern toilet facilities with towels, mirrors, hot and cold running water.

You don't worry about arriving. Why should you? You know you can count on dependable railroad schedules to get you there without embarrassing delays.

You arrive fresh. And why not—after the wonderful things that happen to you *because* you went Pullman!

Go Pullman

Go Pullman to The National Capital Sesquicentennial Celebration, Washington, D. C., through November 22, 1950

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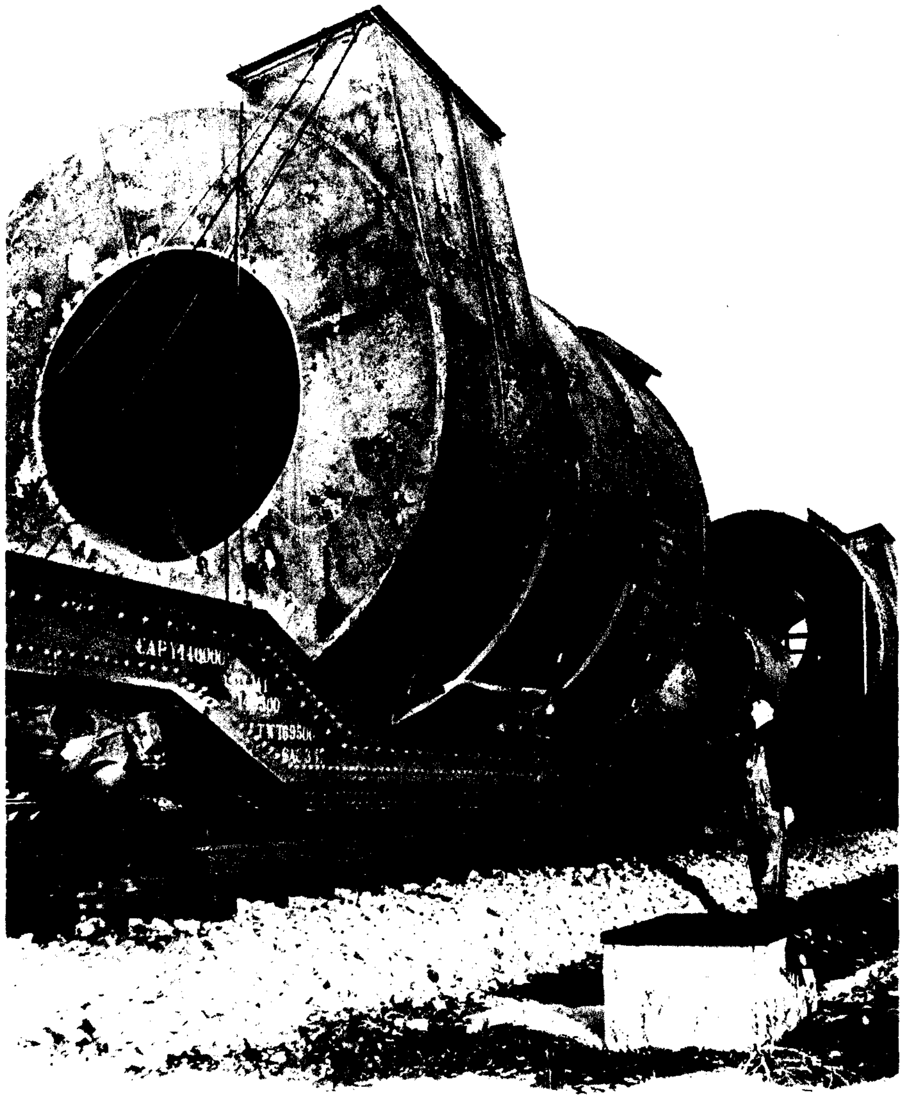
ERIE ... Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



They're not too fat for us!

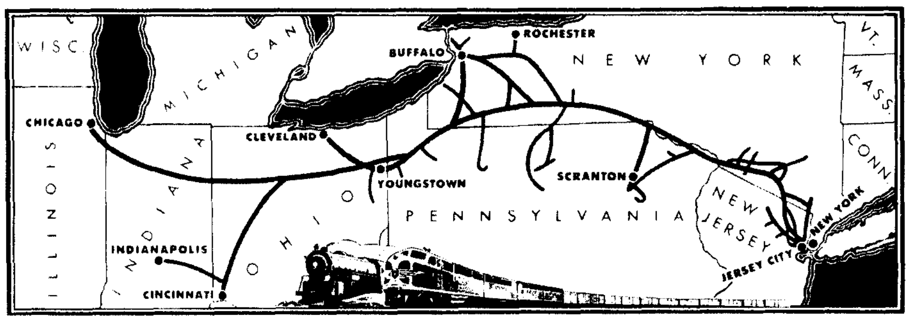
COMPARE the man in the picture with these sections of a carbon black precipitator and you see that here obviously is an oversize shipment. With a height of 17 feet and a width of 13⅓ feet, careful check must be made before shipment — for a very good reason!

Many oversize shipments like this are routed over the Erie because of the extra-big clearances in tunnels, bridges and curves along its right of way. The Erie is famous for having the highest and widest clearances of any eastern railroad.

This advantage, added to Erie's famed heavy-duty roadbed and Erie's progressive railroading, explains why so many shippers say "Route it Erie!"—the railroad with a fine record of service in the safe, dependable transportation of both passengers and freight.

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America



GESUNDHEIT!

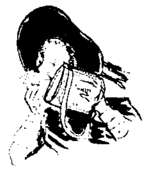
By PAULINE GALE

What kind of sneezer are you?

IT SEEMS to me that much of the innate character of an individual is expressed by his method of sneezing. For the benefit of those who wish to find their own type, I have compiled a little list of the commoner sneezes and their methods of execution.

1. THE TRUMPETER. An outburst like this is exemplified by the sneezer's drawing his breath in with a series of small gasps, while an expression of dawning, fearful delight comes to his face. The sneeze, at last, sounds something like this: *"ah—ah—ah—ah—HARRASSHH!"* This is followed by a red face and a gratified expression. Such a sneezer has no inhibitions and is often very successful in business. But he's ruthless; watch out for him.

2. THE REPEATER. This is a man who enjoys prodigality. Each sneeze is a loud, sharp report preceded by a short gasp. Like this: *"a-HOWSH!—a-HOWSH!—a-HOWSH!—a-HOWSH!"* I have known repeaters who managed a series of ten. Such a man is usually openhanded to a fault. If you send him out to buy six doughnuts he will come back with two dozen. He will tip generously, too. If he divorces, he remarries quickly with a liberal settlement.



3. THE GENTLE REPEATER. Such a sneezer is a lady who quietly tries to mask her performances and make them as gentle as possible. Her efforts sound so: *"ish. ish. ish. ish. ish. pnx!"* The last is a pink-nosed effort to stifle the last *"ish."* Dainty and fastidious, she is meticulously neat and dislikes vulgarity, loud noises and letting oneself go. She makes a wonderful housewife and mother, but don't drop ashes on the floor and don't expect her children to eat cookies between meals.

4. THE SPRAYER. Watch out because this is a very wet, loud sneeze with a protracted hoosh in the middle. It goes like this: *"ah—ah—WHOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHHH!"* *After* you have come out from cover you will find the sneezer to be a man of indifferent social and personal graces. A light touch of ash on the vest. A bit of food on the lapel. Such a one is careless of small niceties and will try to precede his wife through doors. He also gets the lion's share of the bedclothes on cold nights. Does he sound like a boor? He is.

5. THE UNEXPLODED BOMB. Here is the nerve-racking experience wherein a perfectly healthy sneeze is stillborn and the sneezer frustrated dangerously, to say nothing of the audience. It starts off fine—and then. Look: *"a-AH!—a-AH! a-AHHHHHH——?"* The victim stops with a look of bewildered fear on his face. You wait. He waits. Nothing more happens. He blows his nose sadly and moves away, a disillusioned man. Usually such a sneeze-type as this is unhappily married, loses money playing poker and hates his job. The frustrating sneeze is just another drop in his already bitter cup. Weep for him.

6. THE FURTIVE SNEEZE. Now we deal with the sneeze that mounts within one at the banquet. Or in church. Or on the lecture platform. The sufferer would love to bellow out a normal sneeze, but circumstances and politeness, to say nothing of the solemnity of the occasion, prevent this. Feeling the sneeze about to burst forth, he puts his handkerchief or napkin to his lips, bends his head downward a trifle and his entire body gives one agonizing lurch, as though a firecracker had just gone off inside him. There is a slight noise which sounds like this: *"snkhsh—sx!"* Wiping the tears of mortification from his eyes, he goes on to his duties, feeling pleased at having overcome a terrific obstacle with little damage—except the tearing up of his insides. Pity this man. But beware of him. He will not lend money, so don't ask. When he gives a nickel to a mendicant he always takes a pencil. When his wife wants a new hat because her old one is five years out of date, he asks why. He saves string, too.

There are your six basic sneeze-types. Find yourself if you dare. Me? I'm another type again. I yodel. Like this: *"ah—CHOOO-WOOO—OO!"* I am afraid to analyze this sort of sneezer. Who knows? I may have to have myself locked up.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY BARLOW

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COMPLETE KIT — ONLY **98¢**

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ALL NEW → 12 ALL-TIME SHARPEST BLADES

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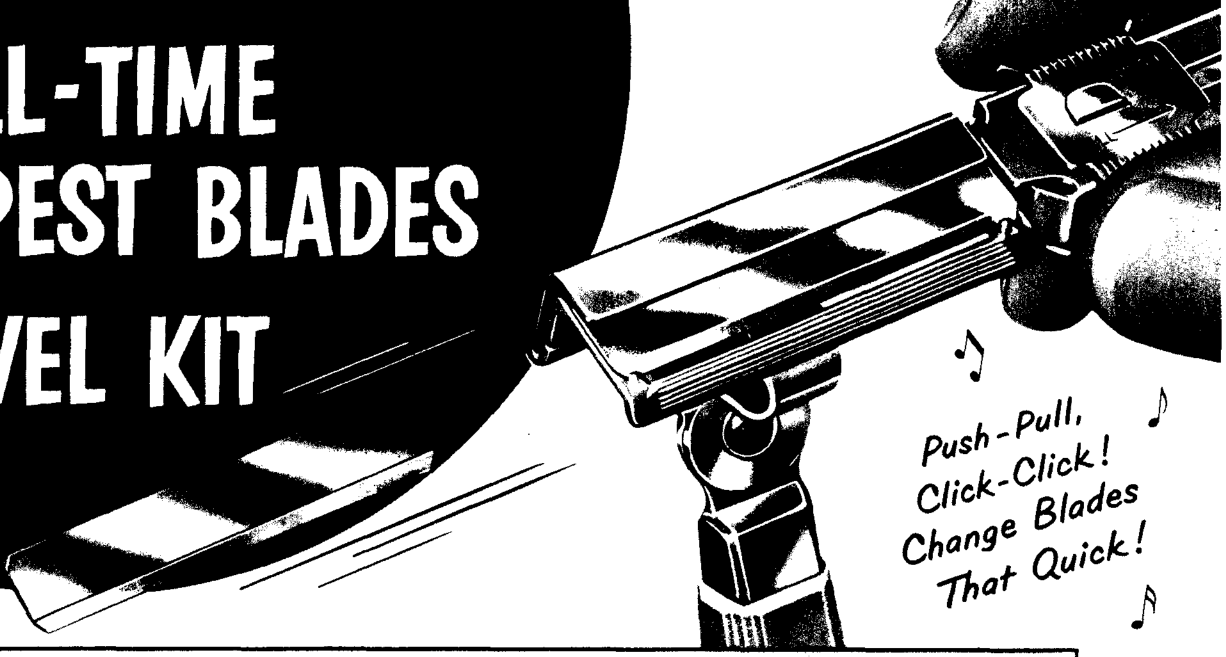
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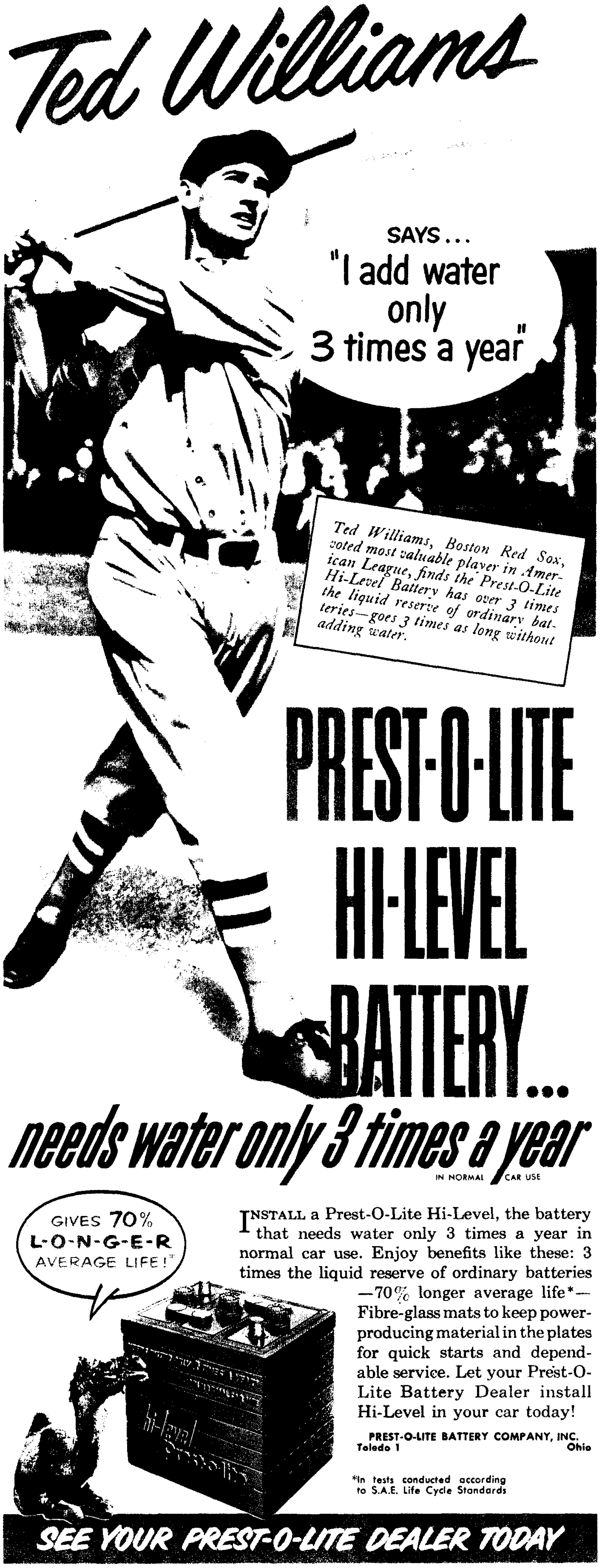
Ted Williams

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"I add water only 3 times a year"

Ted Williams, Boston Red Sox, voted most valuable player in American League, finds the Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level Battery has over 3 times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries—goes 3 times as long without adding water.

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INSTALL a Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level, the battery that needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use. Enjoy benefits like these: 3 times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries —70% longer average life*—Fibre-glass mats to keep power-producing material in the plates for quick starts and dependable service. Let your Prest-O-Lite Battery Dealer install Hi-Level in your car today!

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SEE YOUR PREST-O-LITE DEALER TODAY

Had Your Efficiency Today?

By KEN KRAFT

According to the experts, women aren't housewives

I CAME home from the office early with insomnia one day last week and found my wife howling bitterly in the middle of the living-room floor. She was an island in a lake of scattered newspapers and magazines.

"I'm not efficient!" she sobbed.

"Okay," I said. "You're not Miss Doodle-bug Amusement Park of 1938 either, but I'm easy pleased. Now let's hop to it on dinner, huh?"

"I'd just make a mess of it," she sniffled. "I'd walk a mile extra because I don't know how to arrange my kitchen."

"So you get exercise. Do you good."

"Also," she added, "I'd probably have a backache all evening from bending down an average of 46½ times to get pots and pans I should have stored at eye level."

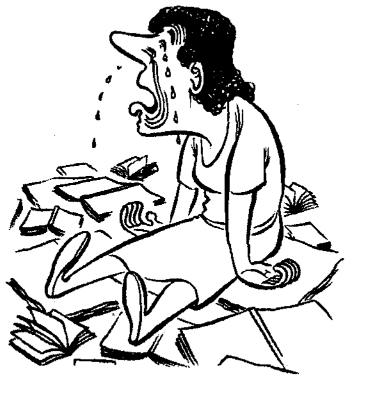
"You're wasting your time if you are trying to take the keen edge off my appetite," I said stonily. "Like a horse I eat."

"The average horse is three times as efficient as the average housewife," she announced. "It says so, right here in one of these articles. They're by professors and other experts on how inefficient we are."

Well, sure enough, here was a passel of ring-tailed specialists venting their spleen on poor little Housewife. They said she was inadequately co-ordinated and a fluffbrain who wouldn't last till the noon whistle in the most happy-go-skylarking factory in the world.

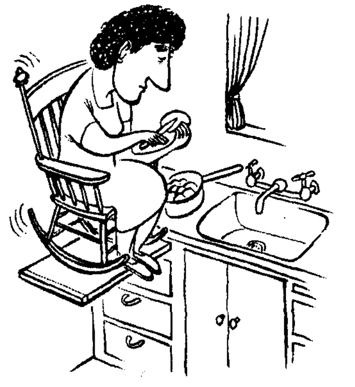
Honest now—do you critics think this guided missile who nails herself a husband so sweetly that he claims it was his own idea would strip her gears on a simple thing like housework?

Some experts claim the trouble is the housewife has no program. She should write down the things to be done, assign exact time intervals, and stick to the schedule. You have something there, professors, and if you want to keep it, don't mention it to a girl who has just got the baby quiet for the tenth time in 30 minutes, is keeping an eye on the pressure cooker while washing dishes in between door-to-door salesmen, and was wondering how to stretch $5 and six bowls of leftovers to next payday just as her husband phoned to say old Joe and his family are in town and he's talked them into coming home for dinner.



She was howling bitterly in an island of magazines

VIRGIL PARTCH



The rocking chair belongs in the kitchen, they say

A factory that had problems like that would go to bed with a splitting headache. Just the same, the efficiency boys stubbornly maintain, housewives should simplify their routines. It would make their work more effective.

All I need is one swing to bat this one out of the park. Gentlemen, did you ever watch a girl putting on her face? Is this a simple routine? Like relativity. But effective? Hot dog! The defense rests.

Slam the door on one expert and another comes in the window. "Pre-positioning is the basic need," says the assembly-line school. "Things must be within easy reach."

Mother Nature already saw to that, Mac. Look at the girl. Notice her eyes? Both in the right places. Pre-positioned. She doesn't wear her lips behind her ears, either. They're right where you'd expect them, if you'll look up from those dry charts a minute.

Somebody else has figured out that the average or popular-model housewife walks 532 feet making up the kiddies' beds on a clear day with a light head wind. Too much walking, says he.

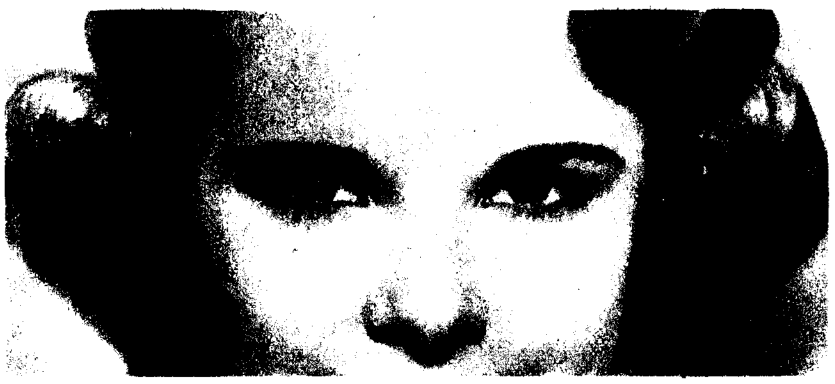
I'd think a grown man would have something better to do than pattering after a busy housewife with a pillow slip in her hand and the price of meat on her mind. Walking 532 feet to make up beds sounds all right to me anyway. I've often walked that far just making up my mind. And it didn't look as good as those beds when I finished.

I want to be 100 per cent fair or a reasonable facsimile, however, and one big slide-rule-and-stop-watch man has hatched a notion I can cheer. The old-fashioned rocking chair belongs in the kitchen, he says. Nothing like it has ever come along to ease tensions and promote efficiency.

Well! If a good *rest* is what this efficiency takes, I've been playing on the wrong team. Drop in and see my genuine rocking chairs and studio couches, Doc. I've been working on this collection a long time, as you can see by those sagging springs. By now I guess I must be filled to the eyebrows with comfy tensions. I'm glad to hear it. It's a big relief to find out that stuffy feeling is efficiency, not indigestion. THE END

You can't identify these fingerprints

...but if you remember These "Movie" Eyes



CLUES—*A new Paramount star with ash-blonde hair. She played a 15-year old girl in "Isn't It Romantic", a 16-year-old in "Dear Ruth", and a young matron in "The Heiress".*

...you may win valuable prizes!

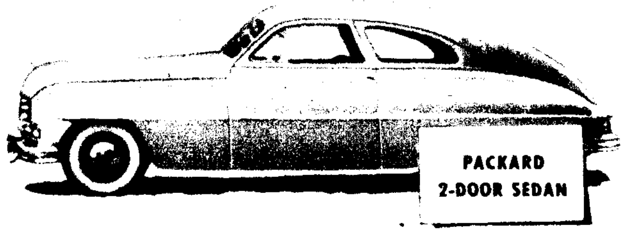
Unless you're a G-man, one set of fingerprints looks like the next. But beautiful eyes—that's something else again!

But fingerprints can be a health-hazard—especially where milk is concerned. That's why progressive dairies in nearly every city in the U. S. keep fingerprints away from the pouring surfaces of their milk bottles with Sealright's sterilized hood closure.

We use SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE for Your Protection

And so that more people will become fingerprint-conscious, Sealright is sponsoring this giant Movie Star "Eyedentification" Contest. Enter this contest. You'll have fun, and you may win a prize!

Just ask your supplier of Sealright hooded milk for a contest entry blank. If he can't supply you, send your entry on a penny postcard or by letter. No matter how you send it—all entries have an equal chance to win.



THIS GRAND PRIZE TO BE AWARDED AT END OF CONTEST SERIES

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

1. Give the name of the movie star whose eyes are shown above. Then, complete this statement in 25 additional words, or less: "I think it is important to protect the pouring top of the milk bottle with a Sealright "Sealon" Milk Bottle Hood because . . ."

2. Mail entries to "Eyedentification" Contest, Post Office Box 6538, Chicago, Illinois. Your entry must be accompanied by a Sealright Milk Bottle Hood, or a reasonable facsimile.

3. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight, September 30, 1950, and be received before midnight, October 10, 1950.

4. Entries will be judged on accuracy in identifying the movie star, and on the originality and appropriateness of the required statement about protecting the pouring top.

5. All entries will be judged by R. L. Polk & Co., Chicago, Illinois. Decisions of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Sealright Co., Inc.

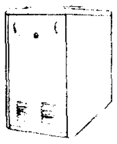
6. Any resident of continental United States and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Sealright Co., Inc., their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal and State regulations.

7. This is one of several Movie Star "Eyedentification" Contests. Winners will be announced in the December 16, 1950 issue of Collier's Magazine.

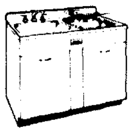
8. The GRAND PRIZE will be awarded to the writer of the winning entry at the conclusion of the series, and before December 15, 1950. Prizes in the September Contest will be awarded on or before November 15, 1950.

THESE 10 PRIZES TO WINNERS OF SEPTEMBER CONTEST

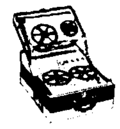
(August 18—September 30)



Weir-Meyer FURNACE (gas or oil-fired)



Apex Dish•A•Matic SINK



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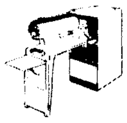
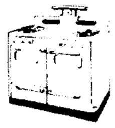
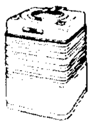


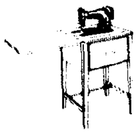
Apex Fold•A•Matic IRONER



Perfection RANGE



Apex Wash•A•Matic AUTOMATIC WASHER



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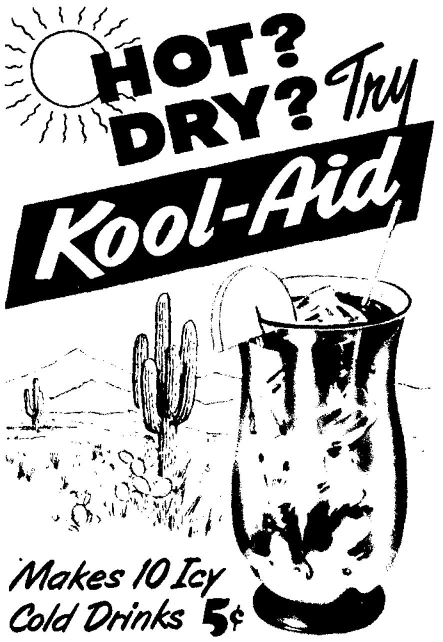

FOR a quick cool-off, drink frosty, delicious Kool-Aid. Quickly make a handy glassful or pitcherful at a time. Millions of thrifty homemakers rely on Kool-Aid for easy-to-make, inexpensive refreshment. It's a favorite with children and the whole family. Six tangy flavors.

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Meet the high cost of living

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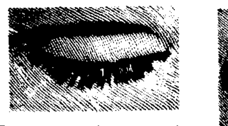

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The Ultimate Swine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

bellyful of him. So when we left Taupi's with the oranges I said, "Look, lover. That girl's dying. If you fool around with her, I'm going to knock your face in."

He smirked and said, "Who do you think you are, the Skipper?"

"I'm a guy who's warning you," I replied.

"You're just itching for her yourself," he said nastily.

I doubled up my fist and started to swing at his arrogant face, but the chaplain was on the dock, and he had foreseen that sooner or later somebody was going to poke Denny, so he was ready to leap in between us.

That night, as our ship swayed in the starlit lagoon, Chappie asked me, "Well, was Denny right? Are you jealous of him? Over Ugly Face?"

"No," I said honestly. "I'm married. I'm not on the make for the girl. It's just that her old man has been mighty good to our troops. And when a beautiful girl is dying—at nineteen—you don't want to see her kicked around."

Then Chappie cut the ground out from under me by saying, "But when a girl actually is dying—perhaps she has a right—well, to be kicked around."

So I had to tell him. I had to tell Chappie something I swore I'd never tell anyone, not even Denny Banks himself. I said, "If a dying girl wants to have a fling, that's okay. With any man in the world except Denny Banks."

Our chaplain was really a saintly guy—tried to see the best in everyone. He said, "It isn't for you and me to judge Denny's treatment of women. I know all about those girls in San Diego."

"I wasn't thinking of them," I said. "I've been at war so long I don't have any clear judgment of how men ought to behave with women. But I do know how a man ought to behave with other men."

AND then I told him about Denny Banks in the water off Guadalcanal. "His plane crashed into the sea near Tulagi," I said. "He managed to crawl into his yellow raft. But his radioman was thrown clear, sixty feet aft.

"The radioman thrashed in the water for a moment and then let out a terrible scream. The barracuda were attacking him. You know what killers they are. They were cutting the radioman down, and Denny Banks sat in his raft and watched. He just sat there. He wouldn't jump in and try to help. All right—maybe that showed good sense. But he wouldn't even paddle his raft among the barracuda. All he cared about was his own neck. He sat there and listened while his radioman screamed for help. He never got the help. The barracuda cut him down.

"How do I know? I saw it. With binoculars. From the beach. I got sick watching it. But when I got back to Guadal I found that Navy brass had picked that day to give Denny Banks his first medal. They were all drawn up at attention when I arrived. I can't tell you why, Chappie, but I kept my mouth shut. It was the easiest way, and I was a coward. But I won't be again. If Denny Banks fools with that girl, I'll knock him into a crashed Zero." . . .

In the morning we hauled anchor and set out for the shooting war. Before we left I went ashore with money to pay Taupi for the fruit he had collected. He stood in the doorway of his little shack with Ugly Face by his side, and I thought that no girl on earth had ever been so poorly named; the morning sunlight on her hair was a thing of wonder.

When I gave Taupi his money, the half-blind diver dug out a tin cigar box and carefully placed in it the half-dozen bills. He whispered, "For blue bottles."

"Blue bottles?" I repeated, and his finger went to his lips.

"Ssssh!" he said. Then he told Ugly Face to wait and he led me to a remote cemetery in back of the orange trees. There were a hundred graves, and they weren't like any you've ever seen. Each one was outlined in beer bottles. I stifled a laugh and then saw, among them, two graves around which all the bottles were a mysterious blue.

"Very expensive!" Taupi said.

"Where'd you get blue beer bottles?" I asked.

"Long time in sun. Many years. Turn over on every side. Bottle comes blue."

The old pearl diver stood back and squinted his eyes to see the handsome bottles. Then he tapped his tin cigar box and said, "When Ngamata dies, she gets all blue bottles!" He stopped abruptly and grabbed me by the arm. "She fine girl, yes?"

I didn't have to kid him along. "A fine girl," I said.

"Why not some American take her?"

"If we were staying here, some American would," I assured him.

Taupi had apparently often dreamed of marrying his daughter to some American soldier. As he walked along the dusty island road he said, "Like last night. Very nice. Your American flier, he come back. Four bottles of beer. He sit long time with Ugly Face. We sing. He tell fine stories."

"An American flier?" I asked.

"Yes!" the diver said proudly. "His name Denny. He gave my daughter very rich present." He stopped in the road and shouted, "Ho! Ugly Face!"

The girl appeared, as delicate as a reed in an August sun, and for the first time I noticed that she was wearing a wrist watch. When she saw me looking at it, she quickly covered it with her right hand, but Taupi said, "Show the American."

So Ugly Face dropped her hand to show me the fine present Denny Banks had given her. It was a Mickey Mouse wrist watch. An inexpensive, drugstore wrist watch.

I was about to blow my top when I saw the proud joy in the faces of this father and daughter. . . .

We went north and our planes headquartered at Manus for the bombing of Rabaul. Sometimes, in the sweltering heat, I used to lie in my sack during the afternoon downpours and think of Taupi the pearl diver and his daughter Ugly Face, three thousand miles across the vast Pacific. I was reminded of them every day, because apparently the girl had made an immense impression on Denny Banks. I used to hear him at mess after a bombing run. "All right! So I ran away from those Jap shore batteries. So I'm watching out for my neck—because when this *Kaffeeklatsch* is over I'm heading right back to Rivatabu."

Or after the poker game at night, Denny'd lean back and say, "The first time I saw this babe it was a sunny afternoon. We anchored in the lagoon and I slipped ashore. In the first ten minutes I see this fat old guy and behind him, to one side, this vision."

Then Denny would produce the photograph that Ugly Face had given him, and it would be passed reverently around.

IN THOSE days even I felt that maybe Denny Banks had at last fallen honest-to-John in love. But then a terrible thing happened. We had a sallow-faced mechanic in our outfit. A rather stupid kid. He worshiped Denny. Called him Ace. And in every letter home to his wife—I used to censor them—this kid would boast about working on Denny's plane. *"Someday in peacetime you're going to see Denny Banks and then you'll know he was my pal."* . . .

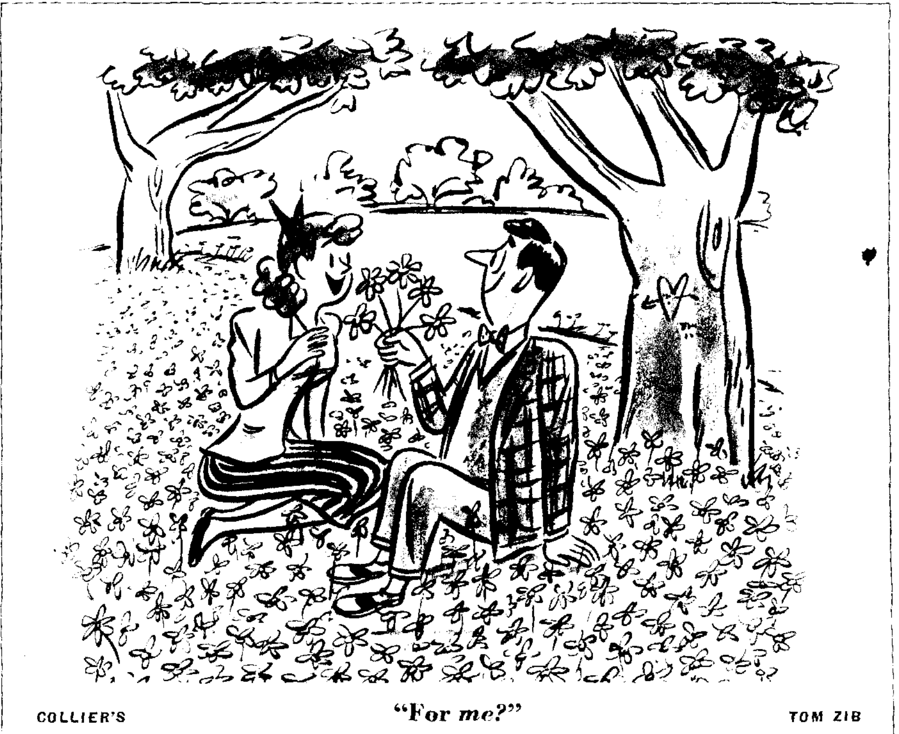
Well, the kid's wife didn't have to wait till peacetime to see Denny. He was sent home on a bond-selling tour. They tell me he was terrific, but as he left, this mechanic gave him a message for his wife.

Denny delivered the message in person. He said it was a disgrace, a pretty girl like her alone in Oklahoma while her husband was out in the Pacific carrying on with a Red Cross girl! Why, a sallow-faced mechanic on Manus hadn't a chance of even seeing a white girl, let alone dating one, but Denny pitched a good game and I guess he just about broke Grace's heart. The upshot was a tear-spattered letter to our mechanic. His wife said, "So I'll forgive you about the Red Cross girl if you'll forgive me about Denny Banks."

The kid went out of his head. We had to tie him up in a strait jacket. Chaplain went over to the hospital to reason with him. If we'd had our way, Denny would have been court-martialed, but he got back to the outfit just as MacArthur screamed for more planes in the Philippines. So we sent the shattered mechanic back to his wife and we headed for Leyte Gulf.

Denny's performance up there was sensational. He flew his crate like a madman and won himself another medal plus a personal commendation from MacArthur. But as soon as the fighting was over, Denny was up to his old tricks. This time it was lace shawls, and this time I finally put the finger on him. It happened like this.

As unit censor I became aware that Denny was smuggling out a dozen or so



COLLIER'S "For me?" TOM ZIB

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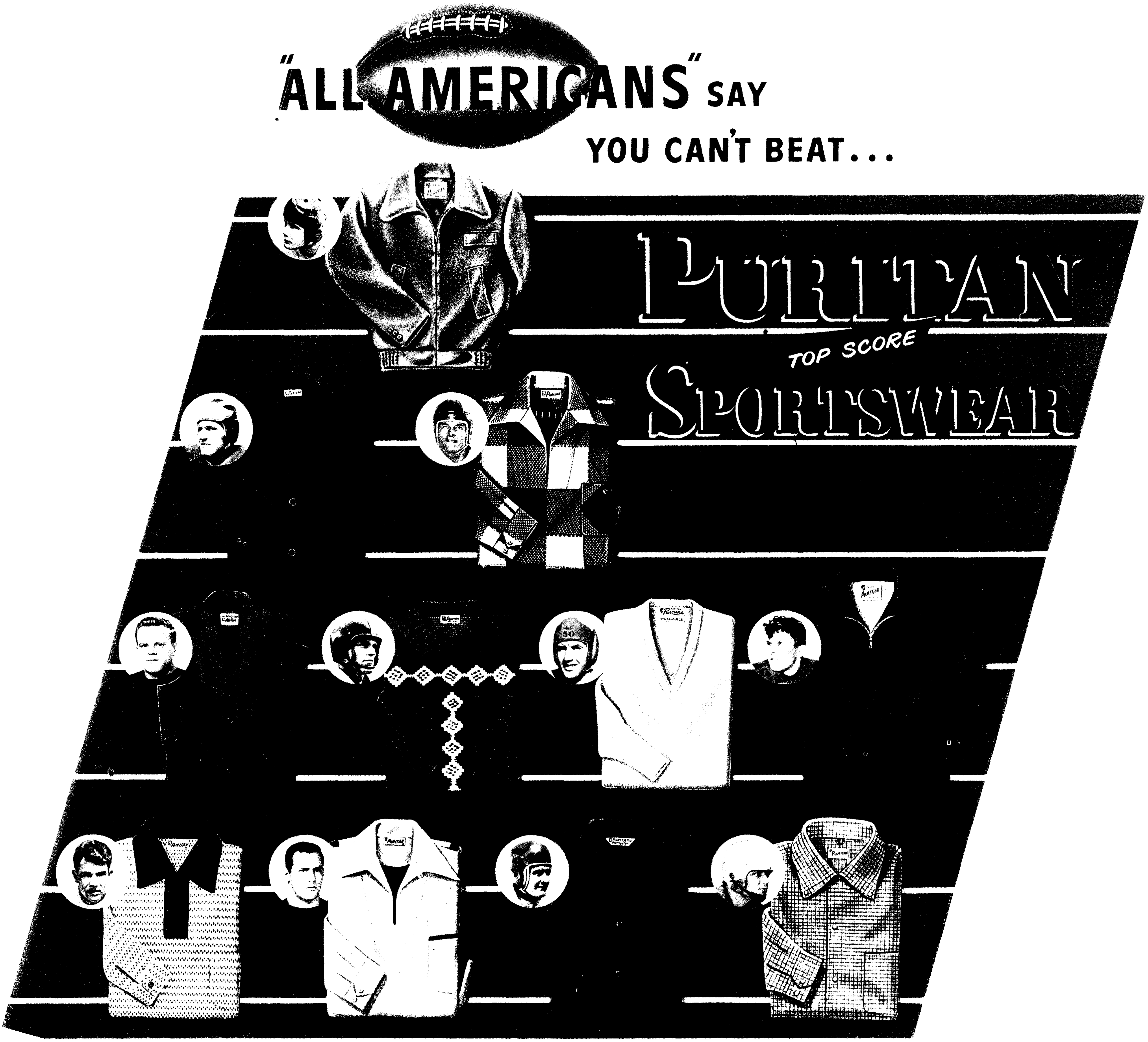

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prize Filipino shawls each week. He was sending them to his brother who ran a dry goods store in Omaha, and it was easy to guess that the brother was selling them. Since the shawls dated back to colonial times, they were historic heirlooms that should have been kept in the islands.

Then one day Denny appeared with a masterpiece about three yards wide. It was golden brown—a work of art. I asked him where he got it, but he laughed and said he had to make a lot of dough in a hurry because this war wasn't going to last forever and he wanted to get back to Rivatabu with as much cash as possible.

THIS got me mad, so I went into the village and asked a lot of people where these shawls were coming from. "You mean the very big one? From Mother Teresa's?" they asked.

I said yes and they took me to see old Mother Teresa. She was a dried-up woman, very wrinkled, but she had a calm pride which made you like her right away. She smiled slyly and confided, "The Japs try for years to find our treasures." She led me slowly to the garden where a deep hole had recently been uncovered. "In 1941 my husban' he hide our things in here. Japs never find our silver, our lacework. Now they be with General MacArthur."

"What's that?" I asked quietly.

"The big shawl," she explained proudly. "I give it to General MacArthur."

"Yes! Yes!" others in the garden cried approvingly. "Each one of us! We send one shawl to the great general. Because like he said, he come back!"

"Your shawls? You sent them to him? By mail?"

"Oh, no!" they corrected. "His officer come for them."

"A young officer?" I asked. "Two bars? Like mine?"

"Yes!" they cried happily. "He come see everybody. He say General MacArthur like to have presents in memory of Tacloban."

I could not tell them the truth. In fact, I had to hurry from the garden to hide my fury. By the time I reached the airstrip I could have killed Denny Banks, but fortunately I didn't see him. In fact, I didn't see him for a long time, because I smashed my way into the Skipper's hut and told him the whole filthy story. He wiped his steaming face and said, "You should have told me these things before."

"I kept hoping he'd pull himself together."

"They never do."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Get him out of the Philippines. Get him to hell out of my squadron." He snapped a few orders into the phone and then said to me, "You're going to get Naval Intelligence to track down those shawls. Every one goes back to its owner. We can't let MacArthur's name be used like that with these islanders."

So late one night Denny Banks left Leyte in a hurry. And believe it or not, Naval Intelligence *did* track down most of the shawls. But Mother Teresa's masterpiece didn't show up. Then one day, after we'd forgotten about it, it arrived. It was addressed to the chaplain and it came from the wife of our sallow-faced mechanic in Oklahoma City. She had enclosed in the package the message that Denny had sent her, scrawled on his officer's card: "In memory of those heavenly nights. Denny."

"That swine!" I cried.

"A good description," Chappie agreed. "It reminds me of a story I heard in Syria. They say that when the Lord drove the Gadarene swine into the sea one stayed on shore. It refused to die. Three times the Lord commanded the great dark beast into the waves. But this swine was infested with the foulest devil, and in spite of the Lord's command it fled through the circle of villagers and rushed to the hills. The watchers were about to chase it when the Lord said, 'Suffer him to go. The Ultimate Swine!' I can see the face of one little boy as he told me the story and pointed toward the hills. His black eyes shone. He was certain that someday he would track down the Ultimate Swine. You remind me of that boy. But remember what Jesus directed. 'Suffer him to go!' " . . .

We let him go, and I never heard of Denny again until late in the war. I was stationed in Samoa and I finagled a big deal to inspect the Rivatabu seaplane base, because we had to keep blasting out the coral heads to keep them from puncturing our seaplanes on heavy landings. As soon as I arrived I looked up Taupi, and it was good to see that round smiling face.

It was even better to see Ugly Face. She seemed more beautiful than ever, but that was because of the fever flush, which was more vivid now. She still wore the Mickey Mouse wrist watch.

But when I looked beyond the watch I saw in the corner of the shack eight blue beer bottles. Taupi had accumulated them since my last visit. Ugly Face caught me looking at them and blushed. "They are for my grave," she said.

The words were terrible to hear. Frightening. They reminded me, strangely, of a blizzard in April, killing all growing things and making the coming summer desolate. Then, as if she accepted her impending death, she asked, "Denny Banks? Will he come back to Rivatabu? Soon?"

And hearing this halting question, from her, I was inclined to say, "I'll bring him back, Ngamata." But I said, "There's always a chance."

All the way back to Samoa I was haunted by Ugly Face and the wrist watch, by half-blind Taupi and the hoard of blue beer bottles. It seemed unreal, like everything I had seen in the South Pacific, and I realized that I was ready to go home. I would never understand these strange islands, and as I wrote out my report on the seadrome at Rivatabu, I felt sure that I would never see Taupi and his daughter again.

But three days later the governor of Samoa called me in and said, "That was a fine report, and I'm glad to tell you we're going to do something about it. A high-powered officer up in Honolulu has been requesting duty on Rivatabu. They're flying him down."

I had a premonition of disaster and I asked, "Could it be Denny Banks?"

"That's right!" the governor beamed. "The big ace. You know him?"

"Look, Governor!" I cried. "He mustn't get on that *island*."

"But he's already there."

"Then I've got to get back," I said urgently, getting red in the face.

"You make it sound like a matter of life and death."

"It is a matter of death, sir," I replied.

It was a hot afternoon, one of these supersticky Samoa jobs, and the governor ordered two beers. "What's this all about, son?" he asked.

So I put it to him straight. About Taupi and the beer bottles and Ugly Face. The governor smiled. "So you're in love with a Polynesian girl named Ugly Face!"

"No, Governor, I'm not. I have a wife in Denver. I can't tell you why I'm involved in this. It's just that Taupi has been a good friend to us Americans. I hate to think of a stinker like Denny Banks being the last American a dying girl knows."

The governor coughed. "I have no authority over Banks. But I know what you mean." He coughed again and sipped some beer. "You see, I have a couple of daughters myself. Why don't you drift on down to Rivatabu?"

I HAVE never known a more confused week. Denny met me at the airstrip. Ugly Face was with him. She had on a new dress, a fine new pair of shoes, and three flowers in her hair. She was as supremely happy as a girl in love can be.

She was thinner, too. Even in the few days I had been away she had grown much thinner, but there was a glory about her that I had not seen before. You might say that she walked in sunlight, the last days of sunlight she would ever know. And whenever she walked, all the men on the base stared at her; but she watched only Denny Banks.

And he was so tender with her that I felt a miracle must have taken place. In the first two minutes when I saw him lift her out of the jeep as if she were a great lady, I was aware that Ugly Face was now prepared to die, for she knew that no other girl on Rivatabu had ever been so happy.

I felt ashamed that I had come to this place to spy, so I left in an awful hurry for Samoa, where I reported to the governor. "Sometimes," I said, "you simply can't get things into focus. This Denny Banks! We thought of him as the Ultimate Swine. But in three years of marriage my wife has never looked as ecstatic as Ugly Face did after a week of Denny Banks."

The governor laughed. "It's about time we ship you home, son. You're getting island-happy."

So he relieved me of my duties, and I was loafing in the Pago Pago officers' club when the news finally came. I remember that the fog was drifting down from the mournful mountains, so that I was prepared for the message. It came in a TWX from Denny: BURIED UGLY FACE YESTERDAY. THIS ISLAND KILLING ME. PLEASE TAKE OVER.

ALL along I had known that this beautiful girl must die. I knew from the first moment I saw her that she was doomed, but she seemed so like a symbol of all the island girls who had loved Americans that I kind of hoped she might be spared. Now that she was dead I felt that the least I could do was to go back to Rivatabu and finish the job, so the Old Man gave me another set of orders.

I went directly to the grave and saw the mound of tragic earth surrounded by thirty-six blue bottles. Somehow, Taupi had found the money to buy the precious headstones.

I went back along the shore to see Taupi. He was not in his hut. Strange people lived there now. They said he had sold the hut to them to get money for the bottles. Then I saw his furniture inside. He had sold that, too. The people said, "Maybe you find Taupi at the store."

I sought out the rickety little store and there was half-blind Taupi, sitting in the sunlight, dangling his bare feet in the dust. His dark eyes that had once pierced the secret places of the ocean looked up at me with happy satisfaction.

"You fine fellow!" he grinned approvingly. "Denny Banks fine fellow. All Americans they good fellow."

I gave him some cigarettes. "Your daughter?" I asked. "How did she . . ."

"Ngamata she die very happy. Like a big going to sleep. Denny sat with her all the last days."

I had to look away. Denny's behavior was so unexpected, so unbelievably perfect a *beau geste*, that I couldn't think of anything to say. I was satisfied with my discovery that even the lousiest swine can pull himself together, if he wants to.

"Well," I finally mumbled, "I see you managed to get the blue bottles for her grave."

"Sure!" the fat pearl diver grinned. "I sell my house. My bed. Everything."

"You must have loved Ngamata very much," I said.

"You bet! Once in a thousand years you find a girl like her."

"But where will you live now?"

A great sunny smile broke over his face. "I build a new house next week," he said.

"But if you spent all your money for the grave—"

The confident smile widened and Taupi said, "I got lots of money!" He produced his tin cigar box and patted it fondly. "Your friend Denny Banks say, 'You take care of the grave, Pop. I'll pay you well.' So I sell my house, my bed. Now I am rich and I build a new one. With Denny's money!"

He lifted the box gently and with a benevolent avarice shuffled the money that meant so much to him. Then I saw that Denny had given him six hundred dollars in crisp, beautiful, worthless Japanese invasion bills.

Like I said, I don't know how a man ought to treat women. But he sure ought to play square with other men. THE END

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The Windmill Fixers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

trailer house, shushed the dogs, and said in a very sarcastic way: "You fellows seem to be making yourselves pretty well at home." He was a good six and a half feet tall and he looked even taller than that, with the gun and all. He had a big black, bushy mustache. He had a way of squinting his eyes like a man who has spent his forty-odd years in a high wind.

I took off my hat and said, "Mr. Wigginbotham, right now we do not exactly have any way to get out of here."

"Well," he told us, "you'd better figger a way to get out. You are trespassers, and I don't want the sun to go down on you here." At that, I looked out toward the west, and there was the sun, not over an hour high.

"Mr. Wigginbotham," I said to him as I looked up toward the house place, "I don't like the way that windmill of yours sounds. Ever have any trouble with it?"

"Some," he said, but he didn't say it like a man who counted on telling me any more.

"Listen to it," I went on as I cupped my hand over my ear. "Hear that 'calung-caplUk, calung-capluk?' Sounds to me like there's something loose somewhere."

"What do you know about windmills?" Mr. Wigginbotham asked me. He was drawing a mighty fine bead on me with both eyes, but he'd quit talking about trespassing.

"We're windmill fixers," I told him, and I held his eye to be sure he didn't look at Claudie. "You'd better let us check it over in the morning, first thing. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"There is something to that, all right," Mr. Wigginbotham allowed, then I went on: "My name is Clint Hightower. I and my assistant here, Claudie, will have that machine singing like a new one before noon tomorrow. It won't cost you a penny."

Mr. Wigginbotham agreed to let us look at the windmill the next morning. . . .

Even a trespasser has certain rights in Texas if he hasn't been run off by sundown, and a share in the chuck is one of them. We had a nice supper that night with the folks at the big house. Mrs. Wigginbotham was a fine cook; she served us hot biscuits, fried chicken and cream gravy, three or four kinds of garden sass, and wild plum jelly.

Mrs. Wigginbotham was not much bigger than a bar of soap, but she ran things around that house. She was the law and the prophets, and she was prompted from time to time by her old-maid sister Lula, who lived with them. Miss Lula and the Missus, as Mr. Wigginbotham called them, had little black snapping buckshot eyes, soft fair skin and dark straight hair. They both had very small hands, too, but big knuckles.

The ladies were pretty nice to us; nicer, in fact, than Mr. Wigginbotham was. From something in the air, I had a hunch that if he'd liked us more, they'd have liked us less. As we were eating I noticed, too, that Miss Lula was putting a right agreeable eye on Claudie from time to time.

AFTER supper the ladies went back into the kitchen to do the dishes, while I and Claudie went out on the front veranda, where we sat with Mr. Wigginbotham in some big wicker chairs by the honeysuckle vines.

After a bit I said, "Mr. Wigginbotham, it's nearly dark. I think I and Claudie will go down to the trailer house and turn in."

"No," he said, "when the Missus and Miss Lula get the dishes done, we'll have *the music.*"

"Music?" Claudie asked, and cleared his throat.

"Yes, Miss Lula has a talent for music," Mr. Wigginbotham answered. He said it in the same way you'd speak of someone having the bots.

"You all must like music an awful lot," I said.

"I listen to it an awful lot," he allowed. "Tonight you can help me with that."

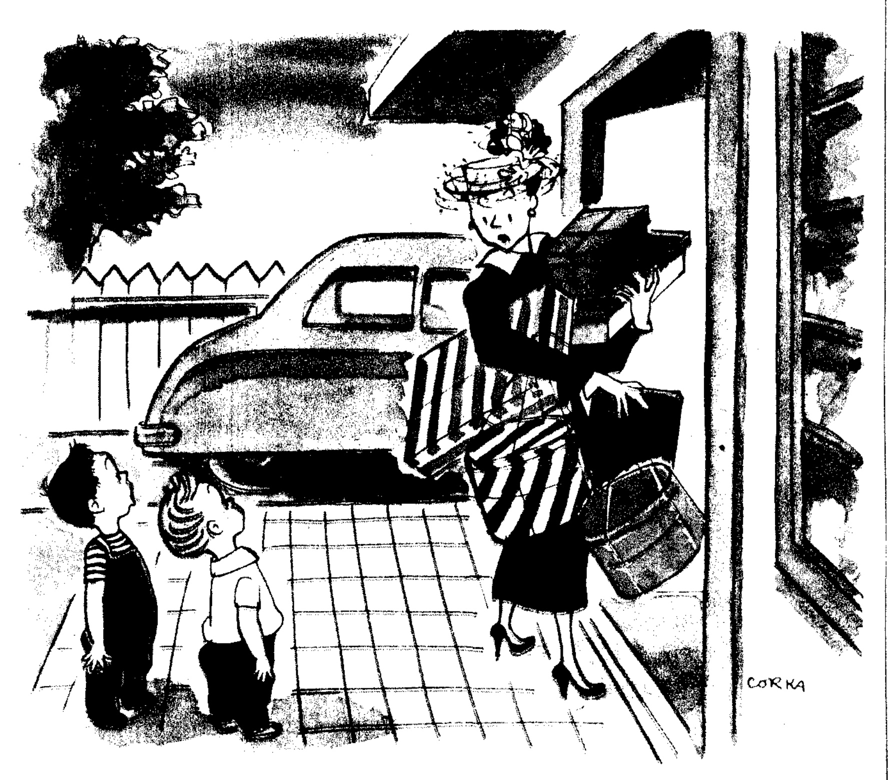
"We can do better than that," I told him. "Claudie, here, can sing bass."

"He don't have to," Mr. Wigginbotham answered. "I just wanted some company with the listenin'."

About this time Mrs. Wigginbotham came to the front door and said, "All right, Elbert, we've finished the dishes. You can bring the men on in."

When we started into the parlor, the Missus handed the coal-oil lamp to Mr. Wigginbotham, and he put it in the holder on the wall; then he turned the reflector around to where it put the best light on the organ.

It was a beautiful brown organ, as big as some I've seen in churches. It had a



COLLIER'S

"Mom, can Herbie come in and listen to Daddy?"

CORKA

dozen or more stops above the keyboard; and along the top, as well as along the sides, it had frilly carved-wood decorations.

While Miss Lula pumped away at the organ and knocked off a few chords to warm it up, Mrs. Wigginbotham sat close by in a big chair that had red plush on it as deep as it is on seats in trains. I and Claudie sat where we were told, on a green sofa with a hard bottom, and Mr. Wigginbotham went over to a rocking chair by a window on the far side of the room from the organ.

Then Miss Lula turned on her talent. She played and sang a number of the old favorite hymns, like Rock of Ages, Beulah Land and Old Rugged Cross; next some songs about nice places a long way off, such as My Old Kentucky Home, Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and Little Gray Home in the West. Toward the end, she rang in a few numbers about long-ago love: Down by the Old Mill Stream, Silver Threads Among the Gold and Moonlight and Roses. She veered her target toward Claudie, I thought, when she sang one called Comin' Through the Rye.

The music had been going on for over an hour when I looked over at Mr. Wigginbotham. His eyes were plumb glassy; he was gazing out of the window, and he looked for all the world like a man who had just gone clear across the country in a covered wagon. Then he looked like a man learning he'd have to go all the way back when Claudie asked Miss Lula if she could play Mother Machree. Claudie said he wanted to sing it.

Now Claudie sings a fine brand of country bass, and after he'd finished with Mother Machree, he did a duet with Miss Lula. She pulled out the *vox humana* stop, and they sang the one that begins Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord, while Claudie stood there by the organ and turned the sheets of the music. Miss Lula must have been ten or twelve years older than Claudie, but the way they looked at each other when they sang together was enough to put a man's teeth on edge. I noticed Mr. Wigginbotham was pulling the left end of his mustache down to his mouth. He seemed to be biting it.

After a while it was all over. I could tell that the ladies were pretty much taken with Claudie, and he was more taken with himself than I liked to see. When this happens he is likely to talk himself into such deep water that I have to bail him out, but this time he didn't exactly. He only said, "There's a bad note in that organ."

"The organ does need tuning," Miss Lula said as she smiled at Claudie.

"Claudie, here, can fix it; he was a piano tuner before he started windmill fixing," I stated.

At this Mr. Wigginbotham got up and said it was time to go wash his feet and go to bed, so I told them that Claudie would tune the organ as soon as we got through with the windmill; then we went back to the trailer house.

As we walked away from the Wigginbotham house I said, "Claudie, remember, the windmill comes first. I don't want you to touch that organ until we are through with the windmill."

"Wait a minute," he said. "You are the one that wants to fix the windmill."

"I'm only the one that had the idea," I answered. "You shouldn't expect me to do all the thinking and the work too. Now please don't try to start an argument, Claudie."

THE next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Wigginbotham went off early to the field to plant cotton, and I and Claudie went out to the windmill. There was a thirty- or forty-mile gale blowing, and I could tell it was going to take about everything Claudie had to stay on the tower long enough to make any showing at all, even if we got the windmill stopped. We found a lever on one leg of the tower that was very hard to work, but when we finally worked it, the windmill sang to a slow stop.

Claudie was balky as an old mule about going on the tower, even after I found him a monkey wrench and a pair of pliers. It was only when I pointed out that the ladies were watching him from the back porch that he gritted his teeth and started up the ladder. It made me right nervous to see that big lug picking his way along on the little bitty ladder, but as soon as he got to the platform up there, I felt better.

When Claudie came down, he said everything looked all right to him, but he had taken a little bolt out of a place where it didn't seem to belong and had put it into a place where it fit better. We worked the lever, and the windmill started again with a loud whine. I told him I thought it sounded smoother, but he said he didn't notice any difference. "Leave that part to me," I said; "it's still running, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's running, all right," he answered, "but it ain't pumping near as much water as it was."

We took a bucket of cold, fresh water up to the house and found that the Missus and Miss Lula were waiting for us on the back porch. They said the windmill had not been so quiet in years. They gave us some gingerbread with hard sauce on it; then Claudie, carried away with things going so good, said he was ready to start work on the organ. But when we went into the parlor, the ladies said we should sit down and rest up a bit from our windmill work.

THEY showed us the family album and a big leather-backed Bible with everything Jesus said printed in red; then they showed us some stereopticon views. Just when we got to the one of Mount Etna in eruption, there was a worse racket outside than a volcano erupting against a tin roof. The noise was so loud that it started the dogs to howling and the guineas to chattering, and as we all ran out of the house, a peacock a mile or so away let out a long, high scream.

It was the windmill, all right. It was in an awful shape, and right there before our eyes it was getting worse. The vane and the blades were all winding themselves up and batting together, until finally all the machinery up there stopped completely. That windmill was tied in knots, and some big, bent pieces kept springing loose up there and falling around the yard, while I and Claudie and the ladies stood off at a safe distance and watched.

Mr. Wigginbotham came from the cotton field in a lope; he swore a little and said some things that really stung our professional pride. "What have you dad-burned fellers done to my windmill?" was what he kept wanting to know.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Wigginbotham," I said. A soft answer like that is supposed to turn away the flame of wrath, but this only seemed to turn it up.

"You've ruined it," he said.

"Oh, no," I told him. "It just broke down before we could locate the trouble."

Just then a big metal brace of some kind sprung loose from the windmill and landed on the smokehouse roof; it bounced twice and fell to the ground, not ten feet away from where we were standing.

"You've ruined it," Mr. Wigginbotham said again, and I decided it was best just to let the matter drop there.

"Elbert—" the Missus started to say, but Mr. Wigginbotham paid her no mind.

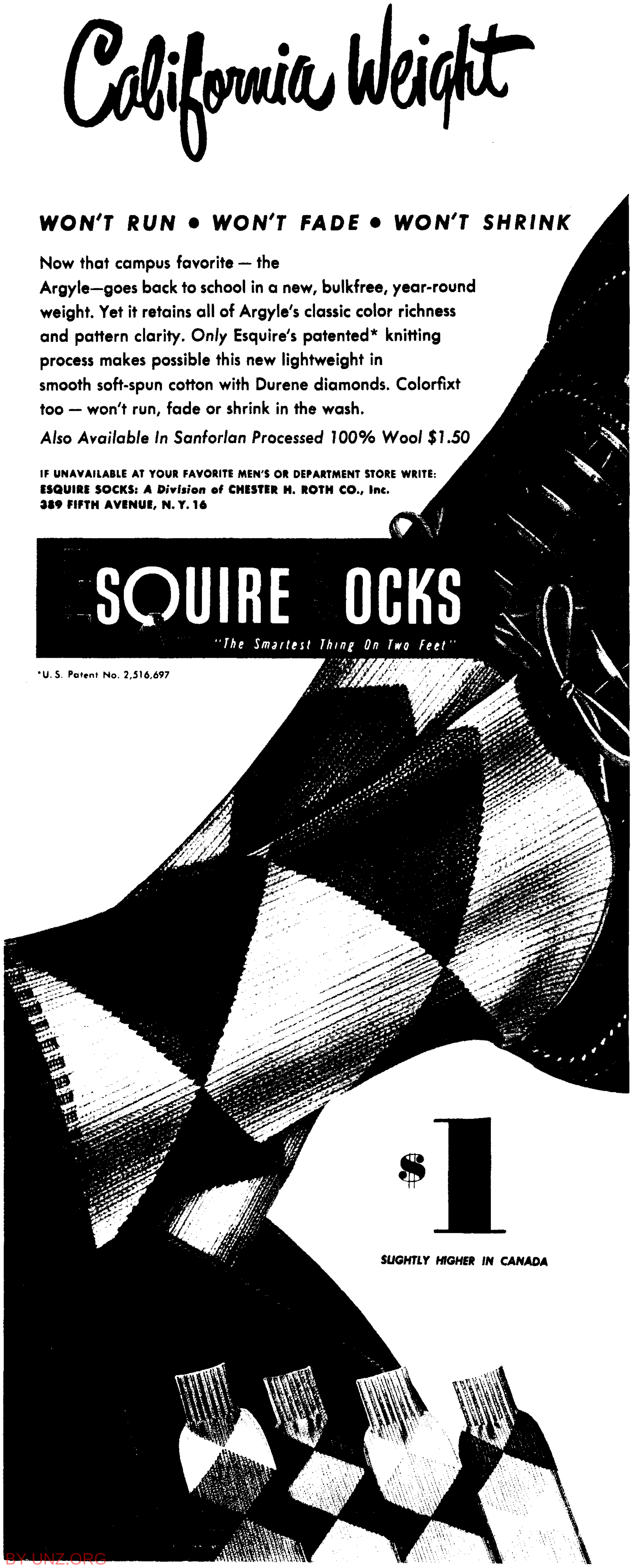
"The stock—" he said as he stood there looking at what was left of the windmill. "How are the stock going to get water?"

I thought he moved into much easier territory for me with this question, so I said, "I and my associate, Claudie, will take care of that. Leave it to us, Mr. Wigginbotham. How many head are there?"

"Thirteen cows, eight mares and a span of mules," he said.

I looked at Claudie, and he looked down toward the silo; then I said, "Claudie, maybe you'd better start drawing water right away. It's a warm, windy day, and the stock will be getting pretty thirsty."

"No you don't," Mr. Wigginbotham said to me, and I could see that, when you got



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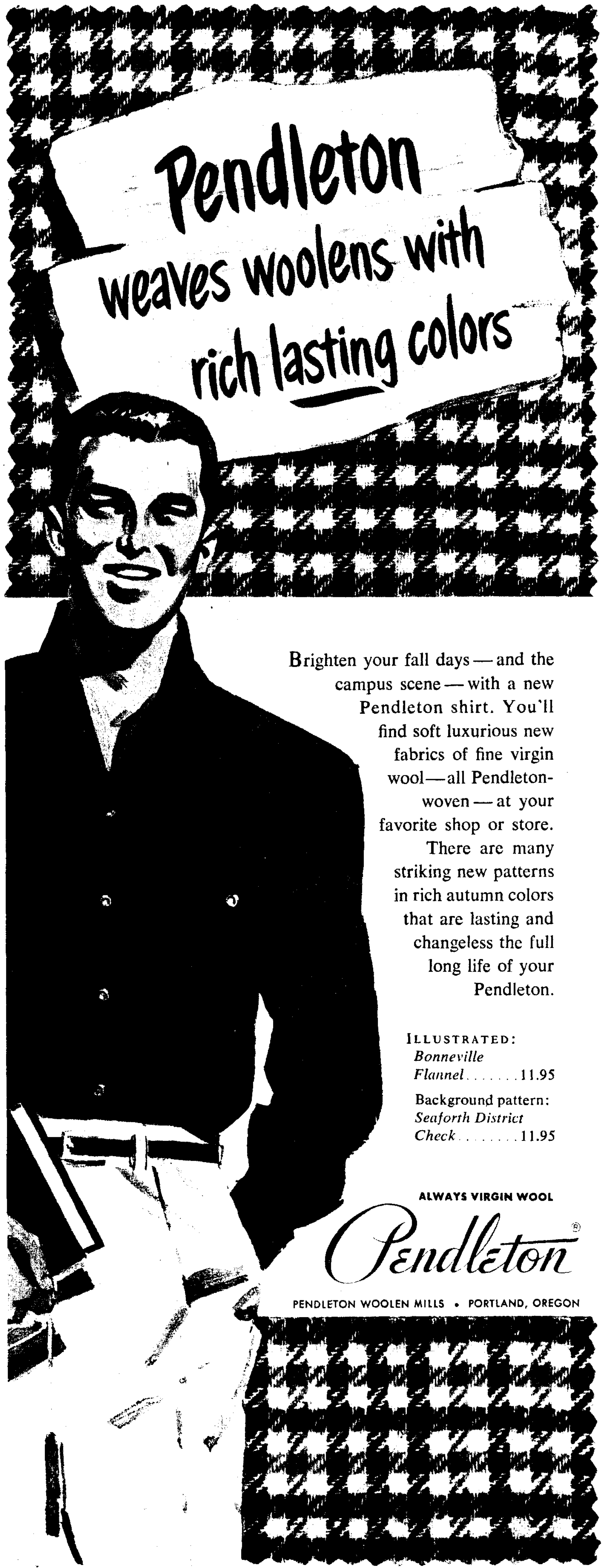

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away from the house where the Missus ruled the roost. Mr. Wigginbotham knew how to take charge. "You're the fellow that didn't like the way my windmill sounded last night. Well, I didn't like the way it sounded a few minutes ago. You can draw the water." He had the same look on his face he'd had the day before when he had the shotgun on his shoulder. He stood there looking at me as the stock started coming from the pasture toward the empty water tank beneath the windmill. Finally he said, "The rope and the bucket are there by the well," and as he turned to walk up toward the house, I said, "Yes, sir." He took Claudie with him.

A camel is supposed to be able to drink enough water to last him for several weeks, and I'd always thought no other animal in the world could match a camel in this way, but I'd never before drawn water with a small bucket for thirteen cows. For a man who has no liking for manual labor of any kind, drawing a lot of water is a very aggravating thing. Just when I'd begun to hold my own with the cows, and they had quit bawling, the horses and mules came along.

TOWARD noon the cattle grazed off, and I was just getting a little ahead of the other stock when the water bucket sprung a leak. At first it was just a small leak, but it soon got so bad that I wasn't able to get the bucket up more than half full from the well. I didn't see another bucket around anywhere, and, since Mr. Wigginbotham was still up there on the back porch watching me, I didn't think it was a good time to quit to go look for a bucket. Then the cattle came back for more water, and I couldn't help thinking what soft jobs those Israelites had in Egypt; they only had to make bricks without straw. . . .

It must have been one or two o'clock when the stock all wandered off again, and I tried to stand up straight for a little rest. I couldn't do it. Long, keen, galloping pains arched up from my hips and looped across my shoulder blades.

After a bit the Missus and Miss Lula came down to the well and brought me some cheese and crackers and some cold buttermilk. While I ate, they told me Mr. Wigginbotham was still in a pretty ugly frame of mind. They said he had been trying ever since the windmill went out to get a telephone call through to a man in Dallas. He was trying to reach a fellow named Pratt there who could come out and fix the windmill, they said. He couldn't get Mr. Pratt on the phone, and this had made him a whole lot madder than he had been before.

"Angus Pratt?" I asked.

"Yes, that's his name." the Missus said. "How'd you know?"

"In the windmill business I know the right people," I told them. Then I asked them what had happened to Claudie. They said he was tuning the organ; he had told them he thought he would have it in tune by the time they got back from town.

"You're not leaving?" I asked as I felt a cold sweat pop out on my forehead and between my shoulder blades.

"Yes," Miss Lula said, "we're going to drive in to Midlothian to the meeting of the Missionary Society." They left in the old sedan.

It must have been an hour later that I saw Mr. Wigginbotham leave the house and go off toward the barn. I figured he must have got his call through to Angus Pratt, and I knew that time was working against us from then on. So I went up to the house to see how Claudie was getting along.

From the back porch I called him, but nobody answered. I looked and saw Mr. Wigginbotham hitching up a team of mules down at the barn, so I went on in the house to find out what had happened to Claudie. The ox was in the ditch, and I couldn't see how anything I did could make matters any worse. Claudie wasn't in there, but when I went into the parlor I could see him through the front window. He was fooling around the trailer house.

I had to try the organ. I tried the low notes first, with the stops in; and when nothing happened, I pulled out all the stops and pumped away for all I was worth. Nothing happened again. I tried the high notes and the middle notes, and I pumped until those pains started arching up into my shoulders again the way they had at the well. All I got was one little guff, like the noise a cow's foot will make when she pulls it out of a boggy place. That organ was deader'n a doornail. "Well, Clint," I said to myself, "there goes the ball game. It serves you right for depending on that big, ugly lug, Claudie."

Just then the telephone rang—two longs, a short and a long. I answered it, and, sure enough, it was the Dallas call. Mrs. Pratt was on the line, and she said she had a message for Mr. Wigginbotham.

"I'll take it," I stated. "I work here."

"Tell Mr. Wigginbotham that Mr. Pratt is on his way. He'll be there in an hour," she said.

I hung up, ran out the front door and went down to the trailer house. Claudie was there, leaning up against the trailer door, cool as a cucumber.

"Claudie, you cluck," I yelled at him. "What the hell have you done to the organ? How are we going to get out of here? What are we going to do when Mr. Wigginbotham learns you've ruined the organ too? What are we going to do when Mr. Pratt gets here? He's a real windmill fixer."

Claudie was so mixed up that he couldn't say a word. The trouble he had caused didn't seem to be dawning on him at all.

"I can't answer all them questions at once," he said. Then I looked back toward the barn, and there came Mr. Wigginbotham in a wagon. Two mules were pulling it, and they came toward the trailer in a fast trot.

As they pulled up even with us, Mr. Wigginbotham got out and said, "I'm going to pull your trailer down the road to the public camp grounds. You're through here." He had some chains and baling wire, and with almost no help from Claudie and none at all from me, he fastened the trailer house on behind the wagon.

I began to feel a little left out of things so I said, "Mr. Wigginbotham, while you were hitching up those mules, a phone call came for you from Dallas. They said Angus Pratt was on his way. He's a windmill man."

"That's good," he said without looking away from what he was doing. "I need a windmill man."

I said, "Mr. Pratt is a good one," but I don't think Mr. Wigginbotham heard me, since he was back in the wagon by this time. He spoke to the mules, and they went off so fast that I and Claudie had to run to catch the trailer house. We got in just as Mr. Wigginbotham turned south on the highway. He popped the whip at the mules, and they went down the road in a full gallop.

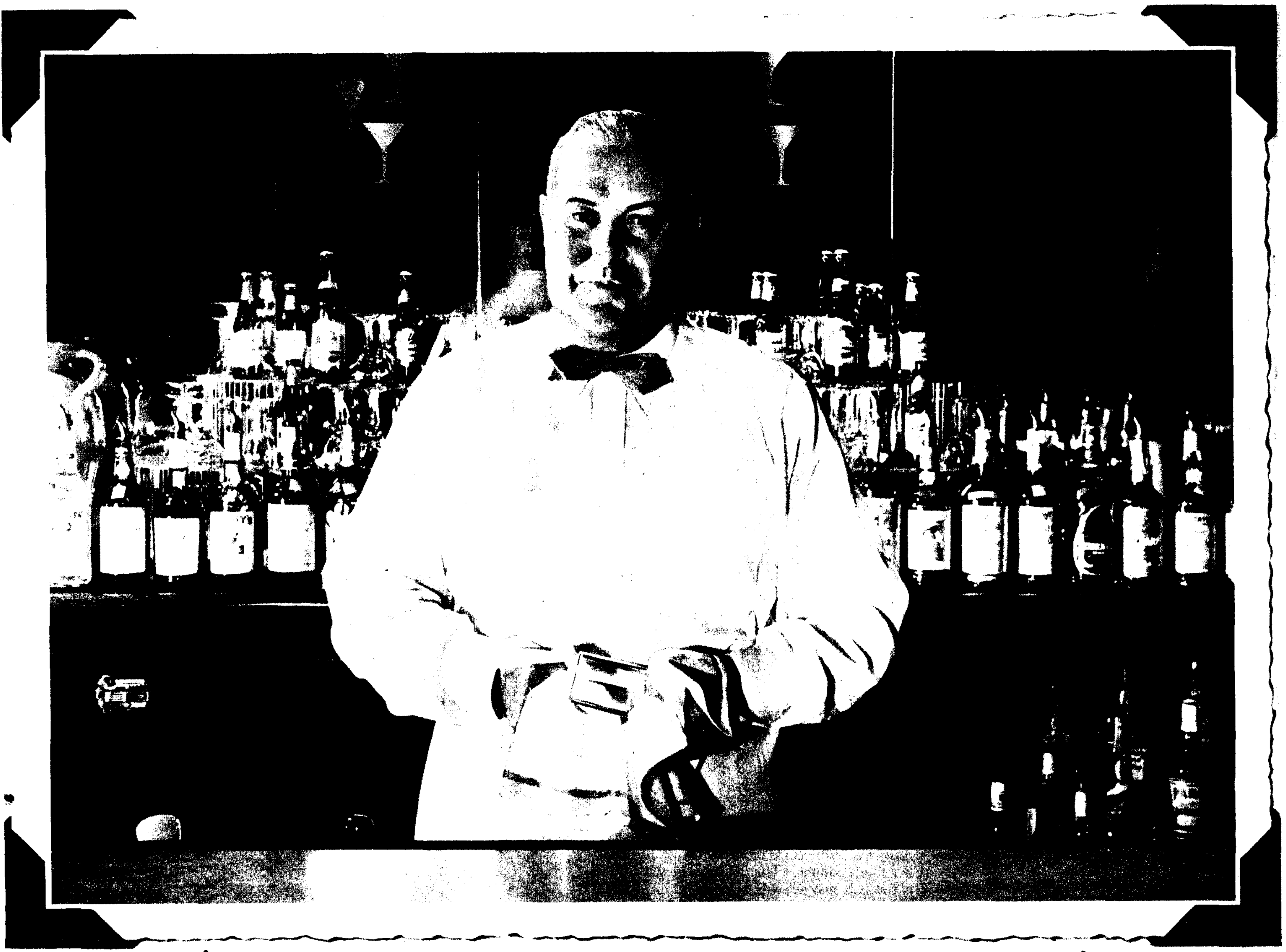
AS WE jostled along the road behind Mr. Wigginbotham's wagon, the sun was low and dark red in the west. While it slid from behind a lead-colored cloud bank into the gray dusk, I watched a long northbound freight train pass about a mile away, edging along between us and the sunset. The train whistle sounded lonesome and restless, and it did what a train whistle often does—make a man wonder if things aren't a lot prettier and easier where the train is going than they are where the train is whistling. I looked at Claudie and thought of all the misery and bother he had caused me since sundown the day before. He looked down at the floor, and, as I sat there, I wondered how much longer a man with my talents could put up with him.

"It's a good thing," I remarked, "that we are getting out of here before the Missus and Miss Lula learn what you did to that organ."

"That's the way Mr. Wigginbotham feels about it, too," Claudie answered.

"Does he know about the organ?" I asked.

"He ought to, Clint," Claudie said. "He told me he wanted me to give it the same treatment I had gave the windmill." THE END



"What's your idea of a tavern?"

"I'll bet your answer to that one would be something like—'a place where you can buy drinks and food.' That's right as far as it goes, but there's more to it.

"I'd like to give you *my* answer, and I think I can qualify as an authority. I'm Stuart Kelly, and I've owned my place at 14944 Livernois here in Detroit for six years. To me, a tavern is really a neighborhood 'club'—something like the 'pubs' they have over in England. It's a place where decent people can meet their friends in their off-hours, and have something to eat and a drink or two, without spending a lot of money.

* * *

"You see, there are millions of people in this country who can't afford hotels, restaurants and country clubs when they want an evening out after a hard week's work. That's where the neighborhood tavern fits in.

"Let me give you an idea of what goes on at my place. The boys in the bowling league meet here after their games for sandwiches and drinks, but mostly to alibi their scores, and it's the same way with the auto company softball teams. Hardly a week goes by but what I don't have a neighborhood social club meeting here, or a birthday or anniversary party.

"Now, you don't earn the respect—or the trade—of people like these without deserving it. You've got to serve good food and drinks, in clean, attractive surroundings. It goes without saying that you've got to obey all the liquor control laws to the letter.

* * *

"That's the way I run *my* place, and you'll find thousands like it all over the country. When you think back to Prohibition—with its bad liquor, gang wars, graft and all the other terrible things it brought—you *know* today's legal tavern makes far better sense. It fills a social need in the lives of us 'average Americans'—and it does it openly and legitimately.

"That's what a tavern really is today—a democratic institution as 'normal' and as 'American' as baseball. I hope we never go back to what we had before."

Stuart Kelly's message is sponsored by the producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages. As citizens and businessmen, we stand for the following aims in your community:

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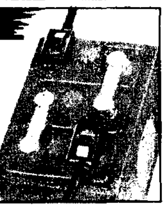

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- AT ALL DRUG STORES

'The Brain' of the U.S. Army

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

subject. He frequently drives his men to distraction with questions that have no apparent relation to the report at hand, and he has the habit of picking up his telephone and checking with specialists every point covered by the report.

In the conference room, there is no difference. As quick as an automatic, he shoots questions and looks for immediate answers. Gruenther goes into his conference briefed down to the last detail, sometimes having gone through a high stack of papers, reading the last one just before the meeting was to start. With the training of the general going into battle, he even anticipates the questions that might be asked by others and is prepared to counter with quick replies.

Gruenther attributes his good physical condition to his tennis playing. He's no Bobby Riggs on the court, his form isn't what you would call graceful, but the determination he displays in everything else makes him a winning player with the racket, too. He has no tolerance with mediocrity, either in himself or in others.

Along with his keen mind for grasping things, Gruenther is also a diplomat. While he can be tough with those working for him, he is still able to get along with almost everyone, a fact that is demonstrated by his handling of 15 different nationality groups when he was with the Fifteenth Army and his success on the Joint Staff. When the going is rough, he can always come up with an appropriate joke to ease the tension.

When the General Coughs

He is a man of firm convictions, but is willing to listen to the other side. However, anyone trying to change his opinion or sell a point should know every possible angle or he'll be tripped. When things aren't going just as he would like to see them in a meeting where he is not presiding, Gruenther will let his displeasure be known with a series of loud coughs. His temper heats quickly, but it is just as swift at cooling off.

One of Gruenther's amazing capacities, so far as those around him are concerned, is his memory. He can recall almost anything he is told. Tell him your birth date today and a year from now he will remember it. He can hypnotize his listeners with his recitation of countless data in what some observers like to call Gruenther's "snake charmer act." His own knowledge of the subject under discussion is so convincing that rarely does anyone dispute him.

His ability to get along with people helped Gruenther to become friendly with several Russian military leaders during his stay in Austria after the war. Gruenther was invited to many of the famous Russian parties where vodka was served by the barrel. When he stopped attending the parties—he doesn't drink much anyhow—he remarked, "I am sorry, I have but one stomach to give to my country." One of Gruenther's friends during the "honeymoon" period in Austria after the war was Colonel General Zheltov of the Soviet high command. The two played tennis frequently and when Gruenther was recalled to this country, Zheltov was certain that the American was being sent to our "Siberia" because of the friendship of the two.

There is a definite affinity between the miniature battles of cards and the sanguinary tactics and strategy of war. The master bridge player possesses a good memory, a psychologist's appreciation of his opponents and strong deductive powers. Given a limited number of facts, he must be able to reach accurate conclusions as to where all the cards lie. He must have initiative; he must be daring.

These are the things that make a great general—and Gruenther, a master bridge player, has them.

Once it must have seemed to him—young Al Gruenther, who entered West Point fresh from the farm lands of Platte Center, Nebraska—that he would be a lieutenant forever. He was among 277 unfortunates who were graduated from the Academy 11 days before the armistice of 1918.

When World War I ended, the last thing the War Department wanted or needed was 277 freshly hatched second lieutenants. They were commissioned, as the law required, but there was nothing for them to do. Ahead of them were tens of thousands of other lieutenants, toughened by training and combat. So the Army sent them back to West Point, and made them go through their final term again. "We were neither fish nor fowl," Gruenther recalls. "Neither the cadets nor the instructors would have anything to do with us."

Then came the Army's lean years, when no man could win a promotion, and there wasn't enough money from Congress to keep the barracks watertight. In 1921, Gruenther was attending the Field Artillery School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, when a major invited him to dinner. After dinner the major looked around and saw there were 12 people in the room. "How fortunate," he remarked. "Just enough for three tables of bridge!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the small and apparently undernourished lieutenant, "but I don't play."

"You will play bridge!" the major commanded.

That's how Gruenther became a bridge player. A year later he found a partner for life, attractive Grace Crum, secretary of the officers' club. They were married. Al thinks she's almost as good a bridge player as Mrs. Ely Culbertson.

Gruenther began to play in the big leagues. In 1928 he entered the Eastern tournament, finished fourth, but was depressed by the unmilitary manner in which the tournament was conducted, with the contestants sometimes two hours late at their tables. When he groused, he was told, "Well, if you think you can do better—"

So he became a bridge-tournament referee and almost immediately made an awesome name for himself.

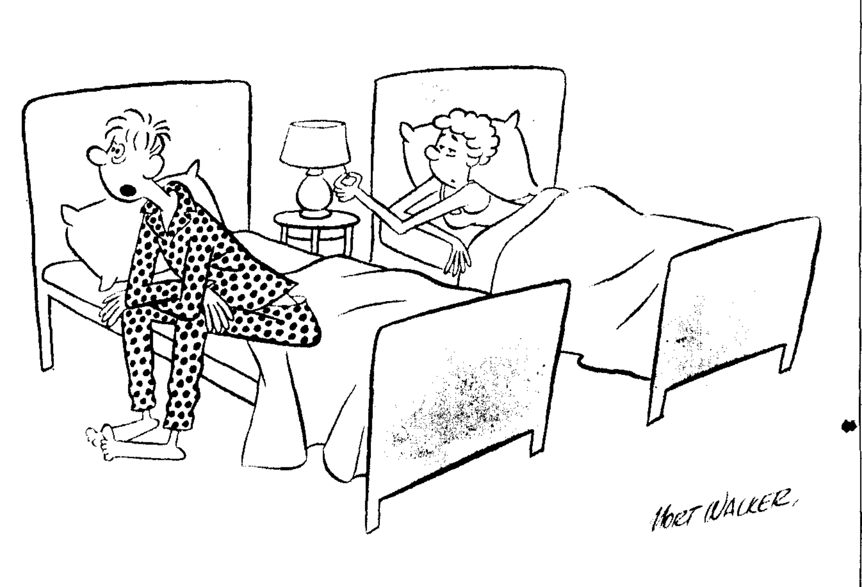
One of the big tournaments of the time was the Goldman Cup. Julian Goldman, who donated the trophies and participated in the play, invited Gruenther to referee. Goldman turned up eight minutes late, and Gruenther disqualified him. When he had achieved the dizzy rank of first lieutenant (altogether he was a lieutenant 17 years) and was teaching at West Point, he was invited to referee the famous Culbertson-Lenz tournament in New York City. This marathon was to be the World Series of bridge.

Every night Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson battled Sidney Lenz and Oswald Jacoby over a small, four-sided table, and sometimes Gruenther didn't finish totaling the score until two or three in the morning. Then he'd crawl into his ancient car, which was equipped with a bed, and sleep while his wife drove him back for his eight-o'clock class. He'd arrive at West Point in time to shave, dress and meet the class. And he'd reflect, "Well, it isn't everybody who can make $100 a night as a referee, and be known as the Judge Landis of contract bridge!"

Among those who were particularly impressed by the bridge referee's performance were Generals Eisenhower, Marshall, McNair, Stilwell and Krueger. When it came time to plan the big assault on *Festung Europa*, they put him to work.

Gruenther lives in an old house in the cloistered grounds of the National War College. He has two sons, Captain Donald Gruenther, now an instructor at West Point, and Richard L. Gruenther, first lieutenant in command of an infantry company under General MacArthur. General Gruenther doesn't smoke, and drinks only occasionally, and is seen around the smartest Washington dinners and receptions only when official protocol commands him to be there.

He doesn't like to go out much, and be questioned in conversation. As he says, "I'm afraid to talk. I might say something wrong." About the only safe thing he can talk about is contract bridge. THE END



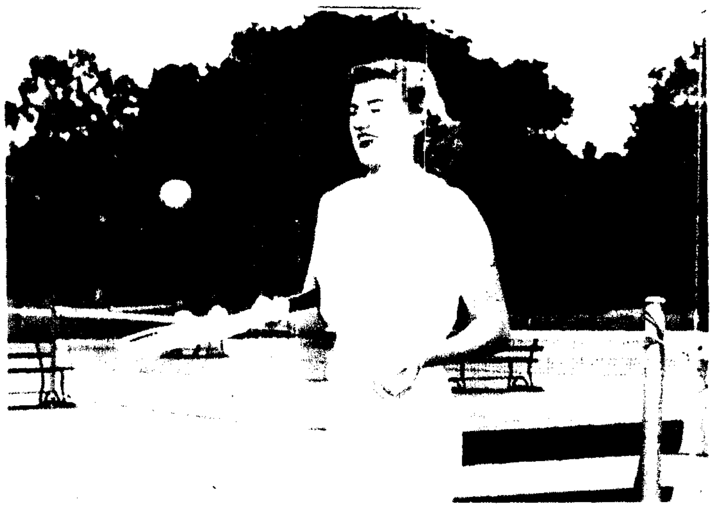
COLLIER'S "It's those bedtime stories I read to Junior. They get me so excited I can't sleep" MORT WALKER

Next Week

The Great Potato Scandal

A New Science-Fiction Fantasy
Harry Sylvester's latest love story

MICHIGAN fullback, Dick Kempthorn, whose brilliant running, hard-tackling helped spark Michigan's great 1949 team, says, "I'm flying to Chicago for the All-Star Game. It's my favorite way to travel."



STANFORD will welcome Jacqueline Miller this fall when she returns from her home in Portland, Oregon. "I've made several trips by air," says Jackie, "and I wouldn't dream of going any other way—even short trips save so much time."

HARVARD student, Kenneth Sundwall, attends the School of Business Administration. He hails from Salt Lake City and says, "I never consider coming East except by air. Flying is a real time saver."

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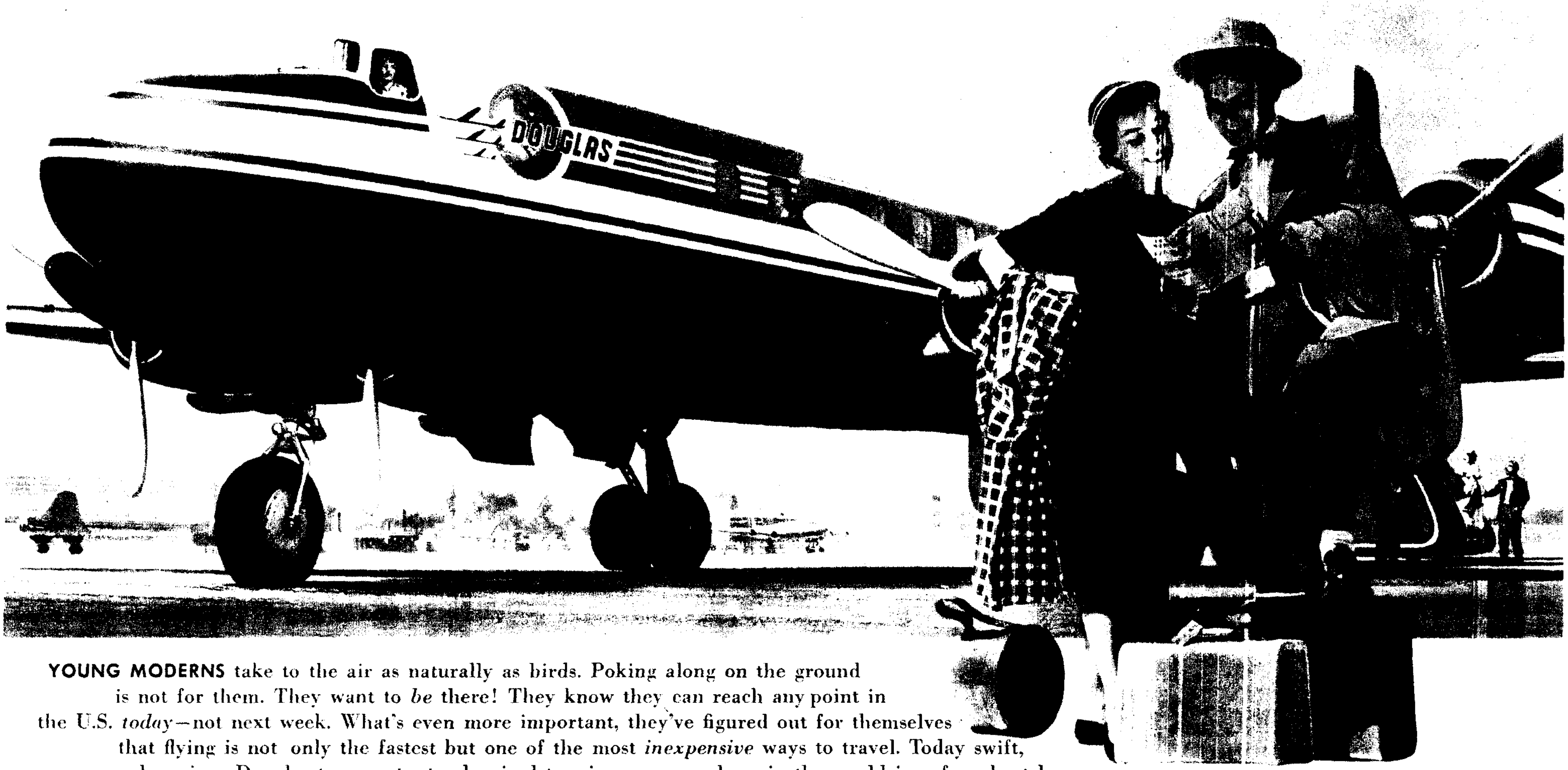

YOUNG MODERNS take to the air as naturally as birds. Poking along on the ground is not for them. They want to *be* there! They know they can reach any point in the U.S. *today*—not next week. What's even more important, they've figured out for themselves that flying is not only the fastest but one of the most *inexpensive* ways to travel. Today swift, luxurious Douglas transports stand poised to wing you anywhere in the world in a few short hours. So next time—compare the price—*and you'll take a plane!*

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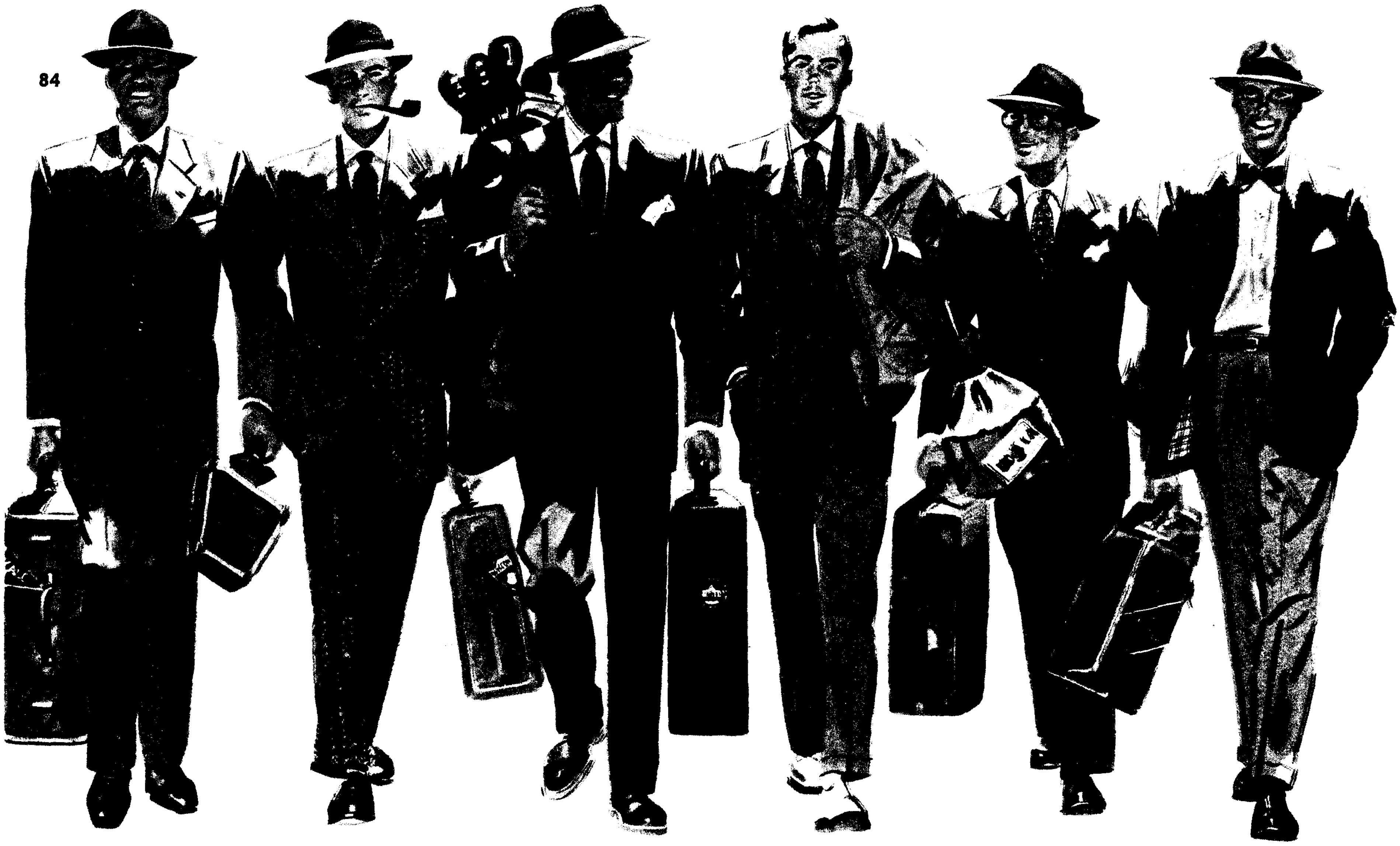
30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

AMHERST student, John S. Alvord, lives in Santa Barbara, California. He says, "Of course I fly. A plane gets you places faster, and it's so much more comfortable. I've already flown over 20,000 miles."

GEORGIA is the home of Charley Trippi, former All-America star of the University of Georgia. "I'm playing for the Chicago Cardinals this fall," says Charley, "but Chicago is only a couple of hours by air. I always fly, and prefer the DC-6."

MOUNT HOLYOKE junior, Mary Ella Morris, commutes by air from her home in Tulsa, Oklahoma. "It's wonderful," she says, "how flying cuts down distance between friends in Tulsa and at school."



Correct on Campus

By BERT BACHARACH

College men, heading for the halls of ivy in various sections of the country, show a diversity of apparel preferences—but as usual they'll be dressing comfortably and in the best of taste

IN RECENT years, the impression has got around that college men have grown careless—even sloppy—about their apparel, what with wearing sweat shirts, blue jeans and run-over loafers. Style authorities view this trend with alarm. Frankly, we think it's a healthy sign.

College men, more than any other group in this big country of ours, have learned to dress for the occasion. When they're at the serious business of attending classes, they're attired in the most comfortable duds at hand—and who's to quarrel with that? When they go to an outdoor sports event, they dress to be comfortable and warm. When they attend a formal affair, they put the rest of us to shame with the practicality and good looks of their dress attire. And, when they go out on a date or for a week end, they're the smartest-looking and best-dressed young men in the world.

Campus apparel almost always moves in trends. The men will wear funny hats, beer jackets, and the like, as a gag; but they won't go overboard for the foppish or garish articles of clothing sometimes seen in Hollywood or on Broadway. Yet they're great ones for running with the ball once an unusual item hits their fancy—providing it's practical, comfortable and in good taste.

The illustrations accompanying this article show you some of the general apparel trends and "retrends"—if we can coin a word for the conventional and classic favorites—that will be seen nation-wide this fall and winter. Of course, some additional items will differ slightly in various parts of the country.

In all sections, however, there's a definite movement to more colorful dress. The pioneer spirits of each campus undoubtedly will be the first to appear in the new authentic Tartan-plaid sport jacket, or one that is Tartan-lined. The slightly more conservative will go for a plaid or Tattersall vest; and even the least-daring will sport Tartan tie, belt or braces.

Here's a run-down on what the well-dressed collegian will wear:

Sport jackets range from the aforementioned Tartan plaids, through a gamut of colorful woolens, to high shades of corduroy—some with printed patterns. Suitings run from the classic gray flannel to lightweight gabardines, with a wide assortment of fabrics, colors and weights in between. Plaids and shepherd checks spice the topcoat picture, which still finds coverts and gabardines as top choices. Camel's-hair polo coats and lined ulsters lead the field for colder weather.

Caps of all kinds are making a comeback. Again, that's because college men like comfort, and little comfort is derived from having a cold or wet head of hair! Hats, too, are being seen more and more on and off campus. That's because the smaller shapes, now available, are more flattering to the younger men.

There's an endless variety of shoe styles and each type has many adherents: loafers, many with elastic insets for greater comfort; suèdes and bucks, including whites; triple-sole brogues; wing-tip Scotch grains; and various leathers with crepe rubber soles—all share popularity.

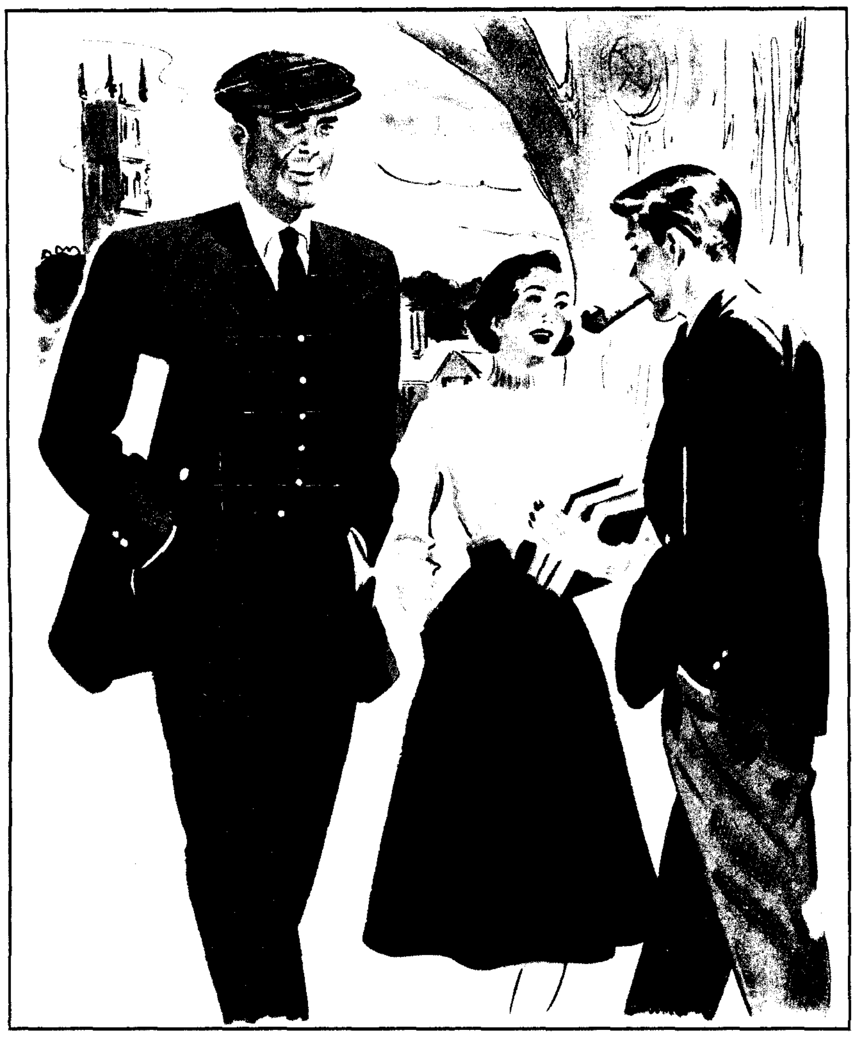
Argyle hose is favored more than ever, with high shades of plain colors a photo-finish choice for second place.

Most important note for dress wear is the wide acceptance of the lightweight dinner jacket for year-round use. This provides the ultimate in comfort when worn with the low-slope, vanishing-band dress shirt.

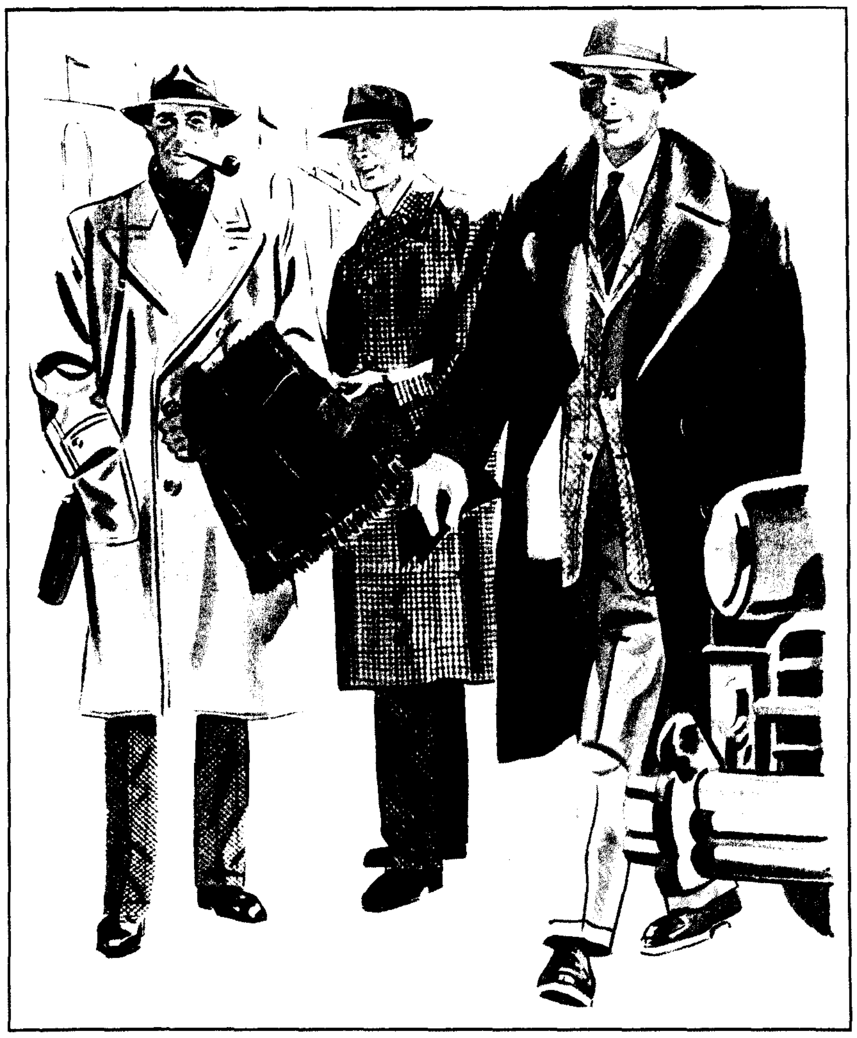
A colorful touch that might conceivably develop into something is the Tartan-plaid dress tie, with cummerbund or waistcoat to match.

Widespread collar shirts share the popularity spotlight with the traditional buttoned-down collar. Plain colors are smarter with most outfits, and more practical, than white. There's an increase in French cuffs. The selection of ties, as always, is up to the wearer. Some like the neat patterns; others prefer bolder colorings. Bow ties are being worn more.

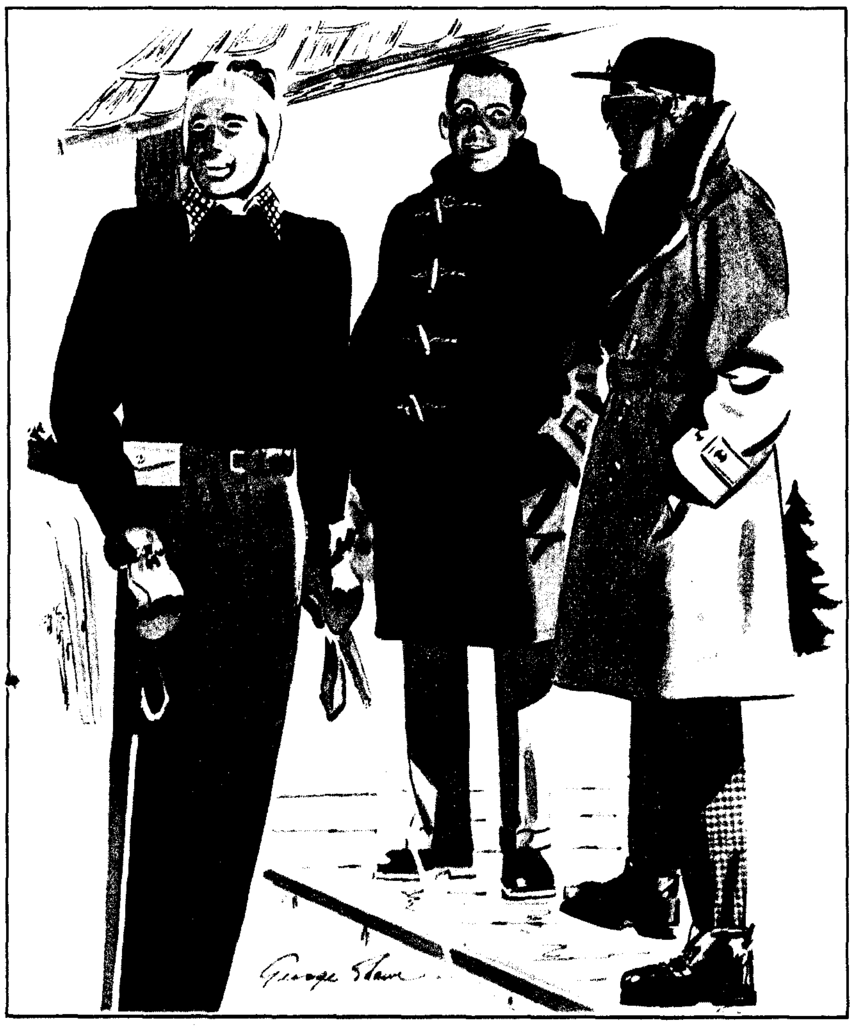
That's the campus style story for 1950—a fashion portrait of the best-dressed and most sensibly dressed man you'll find anywhere. THE END



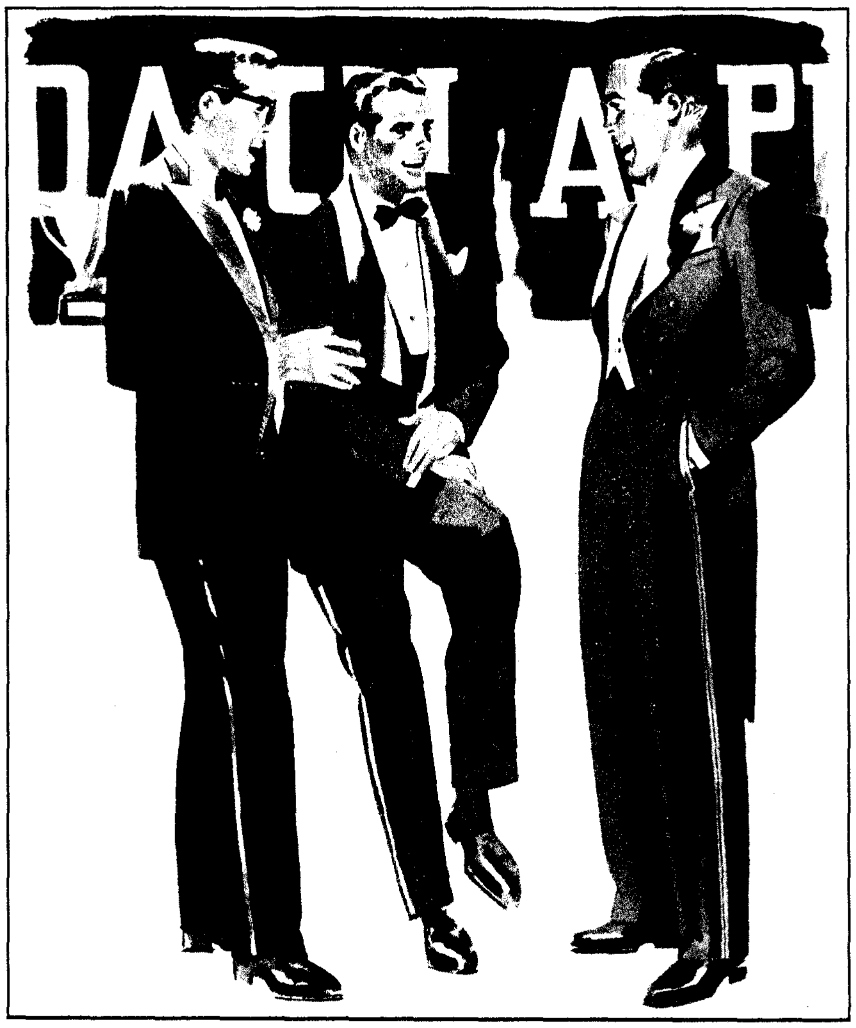
Authentic Tartan plaids will highlight the sportswear picture this year. The more conservative colors will be available in jackets; the bolder tones in linings as well as in accessories



Both the checked raglan coat, with in-and-out lining, and the lined ulster, in a variety of colors, are close-up competitors to the classic camel's-hair polo coat for "most popular" honors



College men dress smartly even when faced with the necessity of keeping warm. The colorful ski sweater, the hooded ulster and the short, lined coat are good-looking cold-climate attire



Dinner jackets today are among the most comfortable clothes a man can wear, due to major improvements in construction and in weight. Shawl collars and the midnight-blue hue are preferred

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE SHAWE

Here they are!

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CAMPUS WARDROBE COUNSELOR

Professional Husband

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

husbands as they sat down to dinner, "The Lindsays were at it again. You should have heard what he said to her."

The husband would say, "You don't fall for that junk, do you? They get paid to argue. It helps their rating."

"You're so smart," the wife would say. "You know all about everything, don't you?"

"Drop dead," the husband would say.

The husband was right, as far as he went. Arguing had largely accounted for the success of Brunch with Betty and Bill. As a dynamic science had made more and more apartment walls soundproof, more and more American women had been cut off from a prime source of entertainment—the quarrels of the next-door neighbors. Betty and Bill had filled the gap.

The cynical husband was wrong in one respect, however. Arguing was no preconceived effort for Betty and Bill. It came as naturally to them as unction to an announcer's voice. Unfortunately, it was a two-edged sword.

AS THEY left the air after a spirited performance, Betty said, "I can't stand this arguing any longer. I can't stand it another day."

"What's the matter with arguing, anyway?" Bill said. "I always had the idea you thrived on it."

"How little you understand me! Above all I yearn for peace, peace, peace!"

"You also yearn for food, food, food," Bill replied reasonably. "The day we stop arguing, our rating will drop ten points and we will be unemployed."

"The price of peace is never low," Betty said.

"This isn't you speaking. It's Pandro MacLeary."

"Pandro is right. You're just an insensitive beast who knows nothing but fight, fight, fight!"

"I'll prove that to Pandro in spades, spades, spades," Bill said, "unless he keeps his big fat opinions out of my marriage!"

Pandro took this unfortunate moment to emerge from the booth. "Oh, Betty," he said, "did you speak to Bill about my guest appearance?"

"Oh, yes," Betty said with elaborate casualness. "Pandro *is* going to be our guest star tomorrow. He'll discuss interior decorating."

It took Bill a moment to grasp the full import of her statement.

"Pandro will be our guest star tomorrow over my dead body," he said quietly. "He may eventually louse up the *décor* of my apartment, but he will not ruin my program."

"It's *our* program," Betty corrected, unconsciously slipping into her boxing stance, "and don't tempt me with that 'dead body' routine. I've already invited Pandro."

"Please don't argue about me," Pandro said.

"Pandro," Betty said, "don't interrupt."

"I'm terribly sorry."

"If you're going to come between me and my husband, don't do it in the middle of a sentence."

"You're right, of course," Pandro said.

Betty turned to Bill. "You see?" she said.

"For crying out loud!" Bill said.

"Pandro is always patient and agreeable."

"He can afford to be," Bill snapped. "He's not married to you!"

"The same may be said of you before long," Betty said stiffly. "Come, Pandro."

"Just a minute." Bill set his jaw and took a deep breath. "Pandro, you're right. This is no time for arguing. What you're doing is subversion and must be dealt with."

He hooked a short left to Pandro's midsection and followed it with a crisp right to the jaw. Soundlessly, Pandro folded into an easy chair and was still. That was on a Friday. . . .

Pandro did not appear as guest star during any of the following week's programs. Brunch with Betty and Bill took its regular turn on the air, but an observant viewer might have noticed a change. There was the usual quota of arguments, but they lacked the happy air of a well-enjoyed fight that had marked the couple's previous encounters. And there were moments when the program settled into a hostile silence that amounted to pantomime.

Sam Plascow, the agent, was an observant viewer. It was on a Monday, a week or so after Bill flattened Pandro MacLeary, that Sam found Bill in Hurley's bar after the broadcast. Sam eased his large round frame alongside Bill at the bar and ordered a beer.

"Pee-ew!" Sam said.

"Hello, Sam," Bill said.

"The program in recent days, I'm referring to," Sam said. "Also your personal appearance. You look like what the cat dragged in. Your cheeks are sunk."

"I know," said Bill. "I shave with difficulty."

"Okay with the jokes," Sam said irritably. "I'm your agent. Right? I got a right to know your troubles. Right?"

"Right," Bill said. "You are entitled to share at least ten per cent of my grief." He fixed the agent with a glittering eye. "Sam, has it occurred to you to wonder why I'm drinking alone at Hurley's? Alone, that is."

"The thought passed through my head," Sam said stiffly.

"You should have flagged it down." Bill sipped his beer sadly. "I have been alone for the past week, Sam. All alone."

A dawning horror appeared in the agent's eyes. "Oh, no!" he said. "You don't mean—"

Bill nodded. "I am registered at the Windsor Hotel under the name of Martin Quackenbush. A single room, Sam."

"You and Betty—you're separated?"

"By about twenty city blocks."

"But you can't be!" Sam's rosy cheeks were drained of their color. "If any of your sponsors should find out you and Betty are separated for even five minutes, you would be a dead duck in television from now on into infinity!"

"I knew you'd see it my way," Bill said bitterly. He regarded his beer with a desolate air. "Tomorrow is our wedding anniversary, Sam."

The agent leaned an elbow on the bar and put his head in his hand. "I can't believe it," he said heavily. "Two such nice kids. Bill, do you know what it says in the contract?"

"I've read both my contracts," Bill said. "The one for the program and my marriage contract. I wouldn't take bets on either. It's a complicated situation."

"Complicated, he says!" The portly agent mopped his brow. "Devastated, he should say! How did this happen, Bill?"

BILL sketched in the situation for him. When he had finished, Sam said, "And you let her kick you out? Is that it?"

"Not exactly. In view of the situation, when she suggested I find other quarters, I complied."

"He complied," Sam muttered. He lapsed into a deep brooding silence for some minutes. Finally he roused himself and put his hand on Bill's arm. "Look," he said gently, "don't worry. We'll figure out something. And if the worst comes to the worst, I'll get you back your job announcing in radio, it should rest in peace."

Bill shook his head. "Thanks, Sam, but it would take me years to get back my zing as an announcer. I'm a professional husband now. I like the work. I love my wife—Oh, well." He clapped his hat to his head and turned to leave. "Did I mention that tomorrow is our wedding anniversary?"

"Yes."

"You see?" Bill said poignantly.

He had started to go when Sam called him back. "Bill," he said, "this can't happen. She loves you, Bill."

"She loves peace and Pandro MacLeary. At least she thinks she does. Betty's a born scrapper. She couldn't stand that milksop for more than a month."

"Aha!" Sam said. "Did you tell her that?"

"When? How? The only chance I get to talk to her alone, a million people are staring at us on their TV sets. The rest of the time Pandro is around, making noises like the U.N."

"Wait a minute," Sam said. He was silent for a long moment, his round face creased in thoughtful lines. "You still got a key to your apartment. Right?"

"Sure, but—"

"But what?" Sam demanded. "You want to talk to Betty alone? Go talk to her alone! She's your wife, isn't she?"

"It's an idea," Bill said thoughtfully.

"Talk to her," Sam said. "Only for a change don't go in like you're the captain of the debating crew from Yale."

"You're right, Sam." A dreamy look came over his face. "I'll woo her like a bride. Anniversary eve, and all that."

"Don't overdo it. Just let her see you're still in love with her, no matter what."

"Sam," Bill said fervently, "I'll take flowers."

IT WAS raining that night when Bill arrived in front of the brownstone house where he and Betty lived. Feeling very much like the youth who five years earlier had won his wife, he let himself in at the street entrance and walked quietly up the single flight to their apartment.

"I've come home, darling," he murmured under his breath as he shifted the bouquet he carried to his left hand and softly turned the key in the door. As he tiptoed into the darkened apartment, he was aware that his heart was pumping at an unusually fast rate. That was at eleven fifteen.

At 11:15:30, as these things are reckoned in television, Bill was prone on the living-room floor. In the intervening thirty seconds he had quietly closed the door behind him, moved through the foyer and into the living room in the dark. Then his foot came in sharp contact with a large object on the floor. He fought for his balance for an anguished moment before crashing noisily to the floor.

"Damn!" Bill said at 11:15:31. As he scrambled to his feet, still clutching his bouquet, he heard sounds from the bedroom, and then Betty's voice.

"Who's there?"

It was another five seconds before Bill replied. "What kind of a question is that?" he said.

He heard her come into the living room.

"Oh," she said. "It's you."

"What the devil," Bill said, "is that footstool doing in the middle of the living room?"

"I ask the same question about you," she said.

"I've come home," Bill said. The words reminded him of his mission. Holding out the flowers, he moved toward the spot from which her voice had come. "Darling, I brought a—"

"It better be a search warrant," she said.

"A what?" Bill said. Something caught him just below the knees and catapulted him forward into an easy chair.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"For some reason I keep falling over the furniture," Bill said. "Let's put on a light and—"

"Oh, no, you don't," Betty said in a strained voice. "Outside, snooper!"

"Snooper?" Bill was on his hands and knees, groping about the floor.

"What do you think you're looking for?"

"The flowers. I dropped them."

"A likely story," she said. "I never thought you'd be so low as to resort to spying."

"Spying?"

"Where's your private eye?"

"Huh?"

"I hate to disappoint you, but you will get no evidence here. I am alone."

"Now wait a minute," Bill said. A horrible thought crept into his brain. "Betty, you don't think I would—I mean, you don't think I think—"

"You'd better crawl out quietly," Betty said in a voice that glowed in the dark, "while you can still crawl."

"But, Betty! Good heavens, I—"

"Get out of here!" she yelled. "Gestapo!"

"You're making a terrible mistake!"

"No bigger than the one I made five years ago!" she shouted. "Of all the ornery, mean sneaking . . ." An object whistled over Bill's head to crash against the far wall.

"Betty," Bill said reasonably, "stop throwing things."

"This is the last straw," she said. "We are through! Finished! Wrapped up!" The next missile whistled close by Bill's ear in the dark.

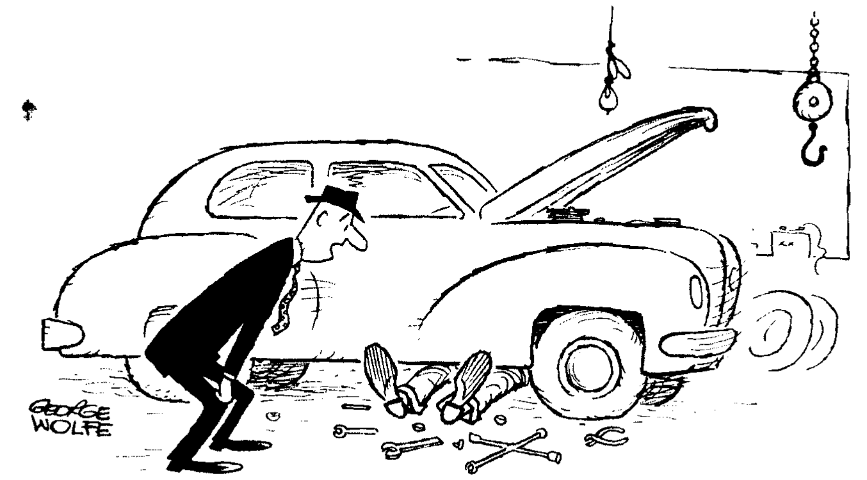
Great Scott, she must have radar! Bill thought, moving hastily toward the door. He said, "Betty, so help me. I came in peace. I never so much as thought—" He tripped on a piece of furniture and staggered to the wall. His head struck a shelf sharply, releasing a shower of sparks in his brain. He drew himself up.

"All right," he said. "If you won't listen to reason, then I suppose it is all for the best. Good-by."

"Drop dead, you cad!" Betty yelled tearfully. Bill skipped out the door and was closing it behind him when the ash tray smashed against it. He opened the door again.

"Happy anniversary," he said bitterly. . . .

Bill was having his breakfast in the Windsor Coffee Room the following morning when Sam came along and sat down. He looked at Bill and sighed. "Don't tell



"You're making an awful lot of noise—got any idea what each 'clunk' is going to cost me?"

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me," he said. "From your face I can tell you loused it up."

Bill pointed to his throat and said hoarsely, "I couldn't tell you if I tried, Sam."

"What happened to your voice?"

"I walked most of the night in the rain." Bill's voice was a rasping whisper, barely audible over the rattle of dishes in the room.

"You argued with her?"

"She argued with me. It's the same thing."

Sam drew a deep breath. "So?" he said.

Bill shrugged and spread his arms helplessly. Sam nodded funereally. He sat in a gray cloud for some minutes. Finally he said, "How will you do the show today with no voice?"

"I'll nod," Bill said. "It's more visual."

"Come on," Sam said. "I'll walk you to the studio."

"It's still raining," Bill croaked.

"I know," Sam said. He was looking at Bill intently, a thoughtful frown on his face. "What can you lose? You'll nod dry or you'll nod wet. I want to talk to you."

THEY were still deep in conversation when they arrived at the studio. Only minutes remained before air time. Bill stopped short as they walked on to the set.

"What happened?" he croaked.

A stage hand came up and said, "Does the set look all right now, Mr. Lindsay?"

"It's different," Bill said. "Everything's moved around."

"Mrs. Lindsay and your decorator gave us the plans, but I wanted to check with somebody. Is that about the way it's set up in your apartment? That footstool looks funny in the middle of the room, doesn't it?"

"Oho!" Bill croaked.

"She changed the apartment around, huh?" Sam said.

Bill nodded slowly, a light of comprehension in his eyes.

"Pandro did the job?"

Bill nodded. Sam turned to the stagehand and said, "Bill says that's the way it looks in his apartment. Good job." The stagehand left. Sam turned back to Bill, who now sat in his favorite easy chair.

"It's the last straw," Sam said. "Right?"

Bill nodded.

"You'll do like I tell you?"

Bill shrugged hopelessly and nodded.

It was at this moment that Betty and Pandro made their entrance. Bill stood up as they approached.

"Well?" Betty said.

"Hello," Bill whispered.

"He lost his voice," Sam said.

"That's a break for the program," Betty said. "How do you like the new living-room arrangement?"

"Fine," Sam said.

Bill nodded.

"I'm so pleased," Pandro said.

There was an awkward pause. Bill tugged at Sam's sleeve and gestured toward Betty and Pandro. Sam nodded.

"I got news for you," Sam said. "Bill is going to be reasonable about everything."

"That's the biggest news since Hiroshima," Betty said. "What's he going to be reasonable about?"

"Everything," Sam said. Bill nodded. "He says he would like Pandro to be his guest on the show today."

"Isn't that fine?" Pandro said.

"Now wait a minute," Betty said. "Why does he want Pandro on the show?"

"I want to be reasonable," Bill croaked.

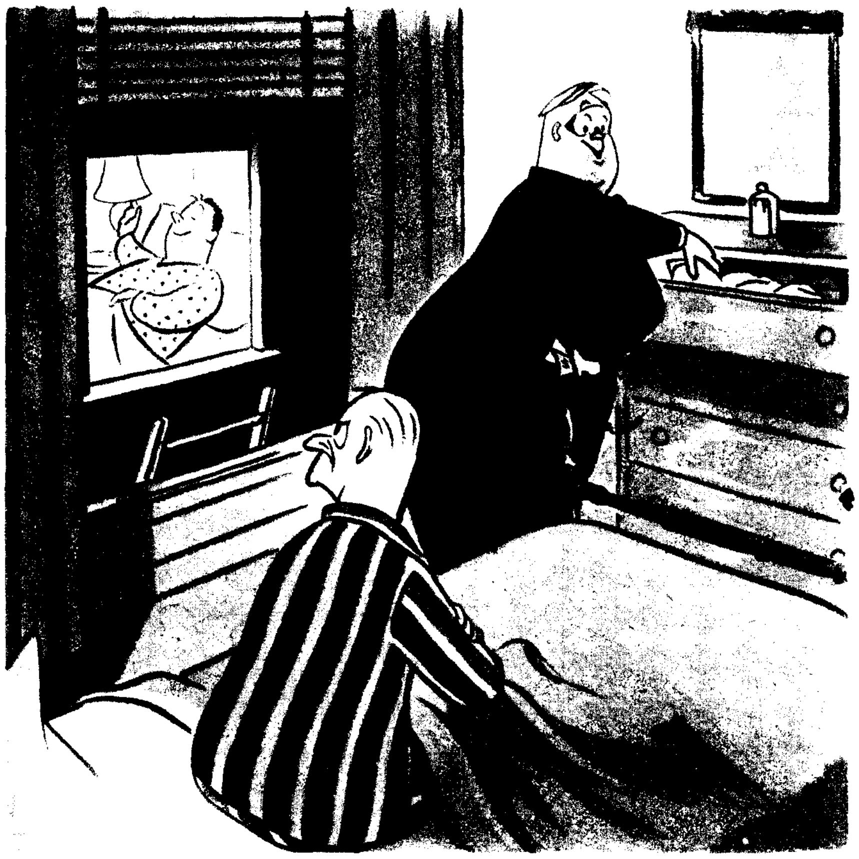
"Don't strain yourself," Betty said.

"Come, Pandro, old man," Bill said. They took their places on the set. Betty followed slowly. She wore the slightly wary air of a cat cradled in the forelegs of a dog.

Sam slipped into the control room and took a chair facing the monitor screen. He nodded to the sponsor, a stout man named Hastings whose company produced a variety of products for the home. The director threw a cue and the program began. The cameras lined up a three-shot and individual close-ups of Betty and Bill. The director chose the three-shot from the bank of small screens before him.

Betty said, "Isn't it nice that our old friend, Pandro MacLeary, the interior

BUTCH



"The guy next door spoke well of you. He told me your things were much more valuable than his old junk"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

decorator, could drop over today to have brunch with us, Bill?"

"Delighted to have him," Bill said hoarsely.

Betty said, "You weren't so delighted about it last week."

"That was last week," Bill said. "I've become reasonable since then. I want you to know that you can have any kind of a property settlement you want, bar nothing. How's that?"

"Most reasonable," Pandro said calmly.

THERE was a nervous stir in the control room. The director threw a startled glance at Sam, who shrugged.

"Just a darn' minute here," Betty said.

"Is something wrong?" Bill said.

Her little chin was set firmly. She said, "Pandro, tell him nobody needs his charity."

"I couldn't do that," Pandro said.

"Tell him he can keep his property. We will fight it to the highest court, if necessary."

"There's really no need to argue, dear," Pandro said.

Betty flushed. "You see?" she said. "He never argues."

Bill nodded solemnly. Betty's flush deepened.

"Tell Bill," she said, "that he knows what he can do with his opinion."

In the booth, the sponsor was leafing worriedly through his copy of the script. "Is that in the text?" he said. "I seem to have lost my place."

"Sometimes they ad-lib," Sam said. The director relayed a frantic cue, and Betty went into a commercial for Gravelies, a particularly brittle breakfast food.

"What did he mean by 'property settlement'?" the sponsor demanded.

"It's an expression," Sam explained. "Quiet, please, I want to hear this commercial." This was enough to return Mr. Hastings' attention to the monitor screen. Bill was saying, "And furthermore, I take all the blame. I have been unreasonable, argumentative, rude and boorish. I am the guilty one."

"Oh, no!" Betty said. "If there's going to be any of that stuff, I will do it. Right, Pandro? We have nothing to be ashamed of."

Pandro smiled gently and said, "We don't want to invite dispute, do we?"

"We certainly do!" Betty said in a loud voice. "What's going on here?"

"What's going on here?" Mr. Hastings said in the booth. His round face had grown suddenly quite red. "What are they saying?"

"I haven't the faintest idea!" the director said distractedly. He threw a succession of cues, all of which were disregarded on the set.

Bill said, "I'm just trying to be reasonable."

"Excellent," Pandro said.

"What is this?" Betty demanded. She was pacing back and forth as the cameras followed her like fascinated children. "Haven't I got anything to say here? Am I a cow you two boys are trading?"

"I only agreed, dear, that Bill is being—"

"What about woman's rights?" Betty said.

"But I—"

"Come over here and say that!" Betty said hotly.

"Say what?" Pandro said reasonably.

"You see?" Betty said. She turned hopelessly to Bill. "He can't even keep track of an argument!"

Bill nodded gravely. In response to frantic waving from the booth, he read the commercial for Squidgies, a product whose use he understood only vaguely though it seemed to be a food. Betty sat restlessly shifting in her chair.

"This is terrible!" the sponsor said. "Take them off the air! Right after this commercial!"

"We can't do that," the director said. "We have no stand-by program ready!"

"Then get one!" the sponsor shouted. "They will ruin me!"

"It's just a family quarrel," Sam said. "Wait!"

Bill came out of the commercial gracefully, saying, "That's a good piece of advice for our lady viewers. And here's some advice for you, Pandro."

"Yes?" Pandro said.

"Don't listen to him," Betty said.

"I wish you all the luck in the world, old man," Bill said hoarsely, "but be careful. She has a loving nature, but a terrible temper."

"Hey!" Betty said.

"Also, she has a tendency to be unreasonable, but I imagine you will change all that with your benign influence."

"I'll try," Pandro said.

"That does it," Betty said softly. "Pandro, are you going to let this boor insult me?"

"I'm sure he means it only in the kindest sense," Pandro said.

"You heard what he said! Are you going to stand there and take it, or are you going to smack him down?"

"Cut!" the sponsor shouted in the booth. "Cut!"

"That's a movie expression, from motion pictures," Sam said. "It don't apply in television. Continue the show!"

Pandro said, "Are you suggesting I strike him? Good heavens!"

Betty swung to face Bill. "Are you going to stand there and let this milksop break up our marriage?"

Bill nodded sadly.

"Pandro," Betty said, "let him have it!"

"I couldn't!"

"Bill," she said, "hang one on him!"

Bill looked at Sam in the booth and nodded. He swung a looping right uppercut from the floor and caught Pandro neatly on the jaw. The interior decorator took two backward steps and sat down abruptly. Inside the booth, the sponsor sat down and put his head in his hands.

Betty let out a sigh. "Well, all right, for Heaven's sake," she said. She walked up to Bill and said, "We'll get some stuff to rub on your throat as soon as we get home."

"Home?" Bill said.

"Where else?" she said calmly. "And remember, darling, home is where every woman needs Mirakle Kleaner, the soap of a thousand uses."

"You're so right, darling," Bill murmured.

Betty ran off the commercial, and a semblance of calm returned to the show. Eventually, calm was restored in the booth as well. As Sam told Mr. Hastings, "It was the regular little family argument, only we made it visual for TV."

IN HURLEY'S, much later, Bill turned to his agent and said, "Sam, you're a genius."

Sam buffed his nails on his lapel self-consciously and said, "I ain't gonna argue with you."

"Who's a genius?" Betty said.

"Sam. He effected our reunion," Bill's voice was much clearer. "He had it figured that you could only stand Pandro as long as I was around for you to blow off steam against. The minute I stopped arguing with you, it worked—just the way he said it would."

"It worked, huh?" Betty said quietly.

"Like a charm."

"I've got news for you," she said.

"Yes?"

"Neither one of you is a genius." She lowered her eyes. "I found your flowers after you left last night."

"You did?"

"I accepted your apology. That's all there was to it."

"Oh, yeah?" Bill said.

"Happy anniversary, darling," Betty murmured.

"I guess so," Bill grinned and took his wife in his arms.

They still quarrel about who it was that brought them back together again. They seem to enjoy the discussion a great deal. People around television are giving odds that they will argue about it, happily married, to the end of their days. THE END

1895—bicycling was near its peak. Thousands of cyclists thronged the roads around Millis, Mass., home of Clicquot Club then and now.

Back in 1895 Clicquot Club was delivered by wagon to towns near Millis, Mass., and to roadside refreshment stands. People tasted it—smacked their lips—told other people! Soon the fame of Clicquot Club spread throughout New England—then across the nation. Over 50 years a favorite, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale gives you the extra ripeness and richness of *flavor-aging*—an exclusive process wherein finest Jamaica ginger and other pure ingredients are mellowed for months. And ice-cold carbonation means longer-lasting, livelier sparkle—for *all* Clicquot Club beverages.

"Lots of flavors!"

(pronounced Kleek-o)

GINGER ALE • SPARKLING WATER

Try these and other Clicquot Club flavors. They're delicious!

ORANGE COLA ROOT BEER GRAPE

JOHN R. HAMILTON

No Lead Editorial This Week

IT SAYS IN OUR DICTIONARY that dog days are "a period of malignant influences." The man that wrote that must have been a New Yorker.

New York, New York, it's a wonderful town, as Karl Schriftgiesser proved in our July 1st issue. But New York, New York has a tendency to get took down with the high humidity along about this time of year. So do its inhabitants—including us.

Air conditioning is wonderful. But air conditioning stops at the front door. And every time you step outside you rediscover that Manhattan skyscrapers have a remarkable capacity for storing up heat and then hitting you on the head with it.

That remarkable capacity is one of the most malignant of the dog-day influences. It can cause a person to sit endlessly, staring at the picture above and wishing that he were leading a dog's life.

We ought to be working right this minute. Yes, sir, we ought to be fretting and stewing over the state of this troubled world. But we've been so taken up with stewing the last few days that we haven't any energy left for fretting.

Whew! Sure is hot. How's it been out your way lately?

Tempest in a Pot-au-Feu

WE'VE JUST COME ACROSS a statement which at worst may create an international incident. At best it's likely to start a culinary controversy that will make the argument over the relative merits of New England and New York clam chowder seem mild by comparison.

Fellow named Emmanuel de Runigo says that New England boiled dinner was originally French. What's more, he claims that Irish stew is also a Gallic importation. Both dishes, he says, are variations of *pot-au-feu,* which means pot on the fire.

The pot's been on the fire in France since the fifteenth century at least, according to M. de Runigo. And he also has implied, in a moment of provocative chauvinism, that the alleged original model is better than either of the alleged imitations. He particularly objects to the practice of cooking the potatoes in with the rest of the ingredients.

We shall reserve space in the Week's Mail for any indignant readers who wish to proclaim that boiled dinner is as native to our land as Indian pudding, or that Irish stew was first served during the reign of Brian Boru. In the meantime, we have a word of advice for M. de Runigo.

This gentleman is the head chef of the Liberté, which is due in New York this week on her maiden voyage under the French flag. (The last time she was here she was the German liner Europa.) We think he would be wise to stay below for a day or two until he finds what state of temper the local inhabitants are in. And we urge him, in the sweet name of peace, to stay south of the 42d parallel.

If he should venture a few miles north of the line he might run into the Boston Yankees and the Boston Irish. Such an encounter might well turn into another Boston Massacre.

It's Up to All of Us

SEVERAL FRIENDS have asked us recently what we think is going to happen to business, now that the national economy is on a semiwartime footing. They want to know whether the country is headed back toward the red points and blue points and price ceilings of OPA.

Before venturing more than a guess on the subject we passed the questions along to Senator Burnet Maybank, who knows a lot more about the subject than we could hope to. For the senior senator from South Carolina is chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, which must pass upon all wartime control legislation presented to the Senate. As such, he is in intimate contact with the whole situation.

Here is his reply:

"Nothing is going to happen to business in this emergency unless business and the consumer make it happen. I don't want to see price controls come back. This Congress does not want them. Nobody wants them. And we do not need them—so long as people behave with fairness and good sense.

"The great majority do, of course, without any prompting. But it doesn't take many people to cause high prices and temporary shortages and create a situation in which everybody suffers.

"Less than a month after South Korea was invaded the President found it necessary to point out to the country the folly of hoarding. Less than a month after the invasion the black market was already with us again, and consumers were paying arbitrary and unwarranted price rises in many goods and services. If such practices as these are continued they will inevitably pave the way for the return of OPA, *with ceilings set as of the beginning of the emergency, and not at the inflated level which the smart price-hikers have created.*

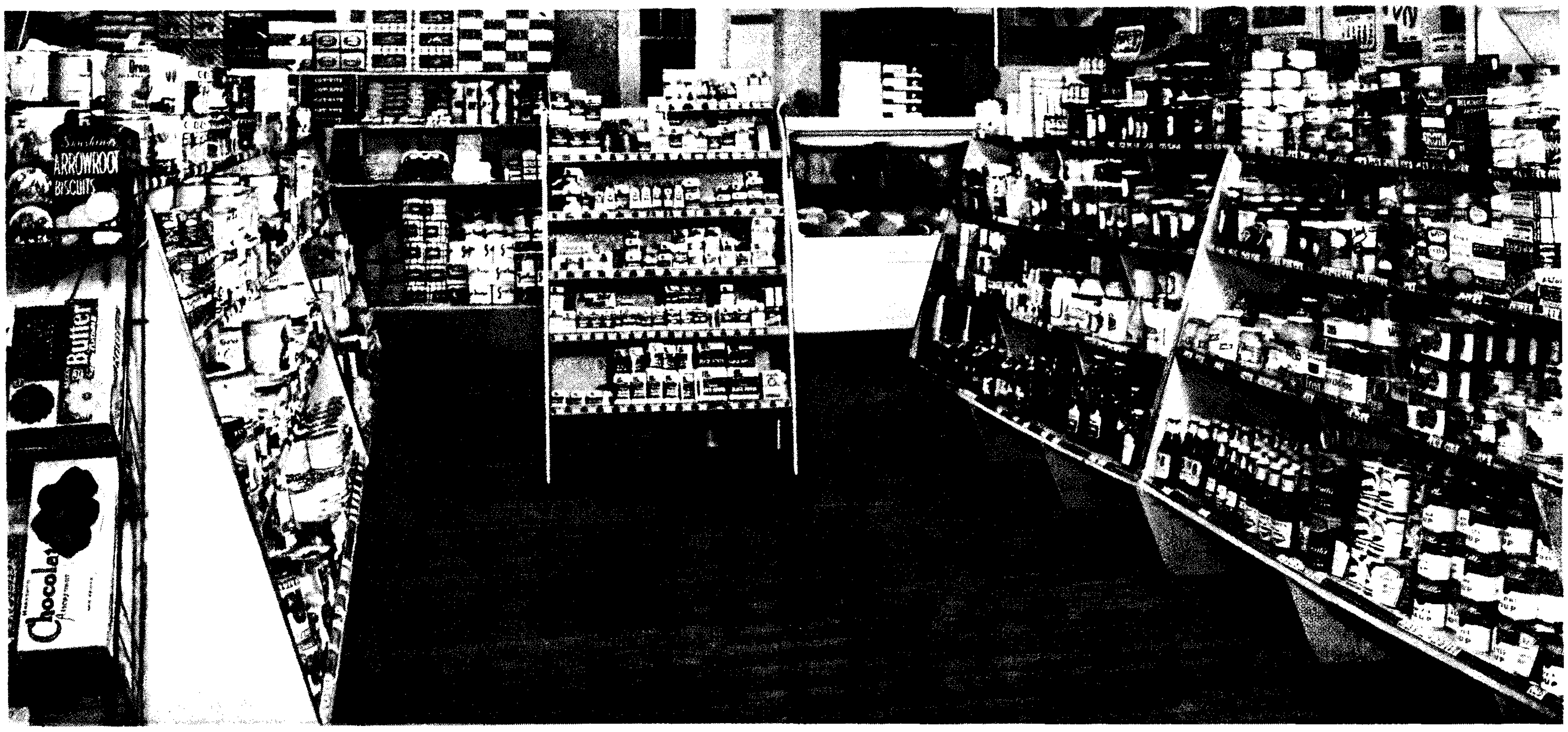
"We have all heard the complaints of businessmen against the encroachment of government controls upon private enterprise. Well, here is an excellent chance for private enterprise to prevent that encroachment by its own actions.

"It is well within the power of America's businessmen to avoid price controls in the present situation. I want to see them do it. I think they can. I want to see business regulate itself and police itself so that the country may be strengthened with the least shock to the national economy. I hope that business will help to educate the public in the part that it must play if this is to be accomplished.

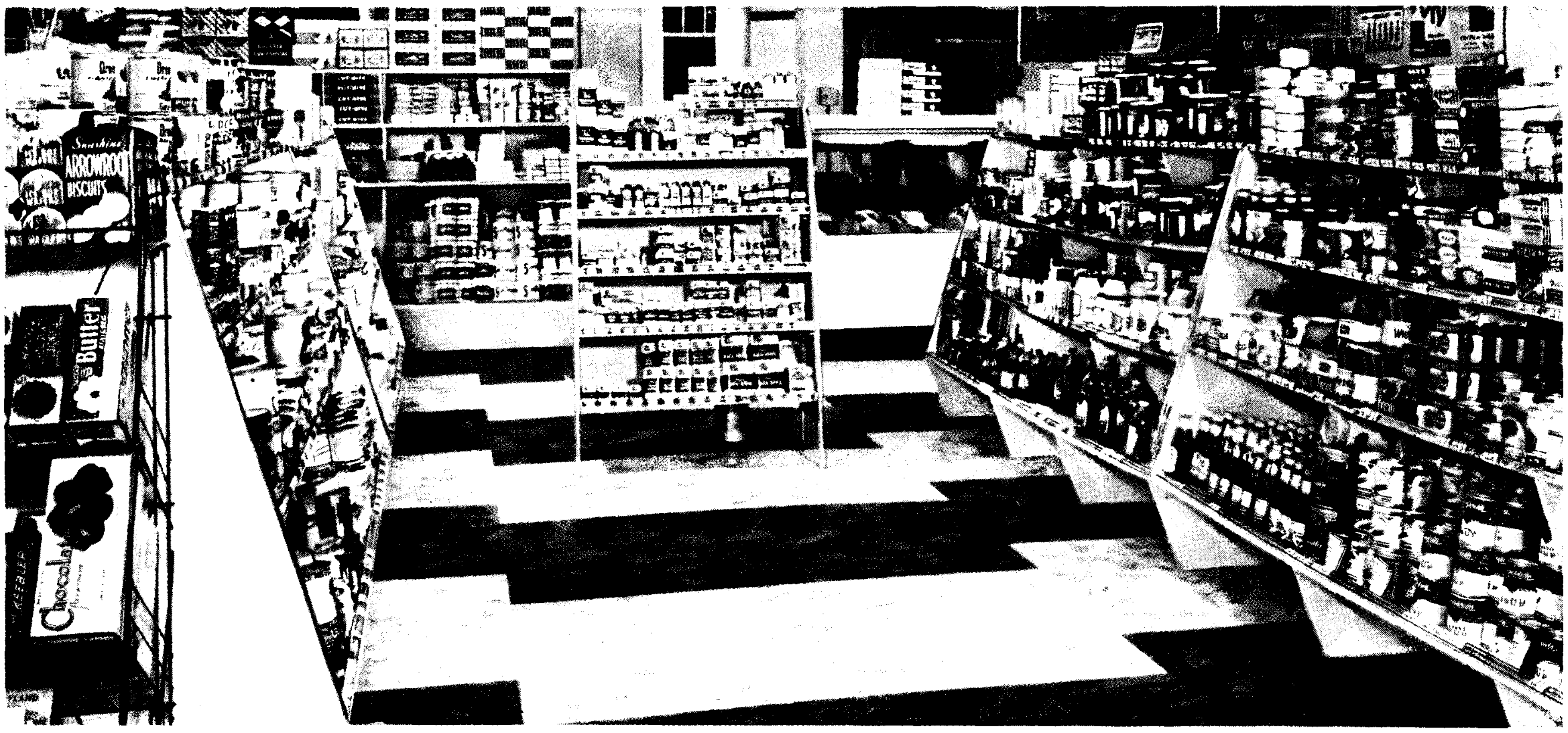
"There is no cause for panic. We have plenty of food. The economy is in excellent shape. What is needed most now is calmness, determination and co-operation.

"This is not a time to think of getting rich. It is a shameful thing that once again there are a few who are eager to take profits paid for by the blood of American soldiers. Let's put a stop to it. Let's work together, all of us—manufacturer, merchant, worker and consumer—to help win this war and win it quickly."

To which we can only add our thanks to Senator Maybank, and an amen to his plea for controlled prices without price controls.



NOTHING IS CHANGED BUT THE FLOOR



LATE one afternoon folks in the neighborhood saw a truck pull up in front of this grocery store. Two men got out and unloaded a kit of tools and some rolls of Armstrong's Linoleum. That night the lights blazed behind a locked door and drawn shades.

The next morning the store was open for business again. The first customers stopped at the door, blinked hard, looked again. They could hardly believe what they saw. What had been a drab store yesterday was now miraculously changed. The whole interior seemed brighter, fresher, cleaner. What had happened? How had so much "remodeling" been done so fast?

Smiling, the owner and his wife pointed out that a new Armstrong Floor had been the only change. Nothing else had been done. It was just the new floor that made everything else look so much better.

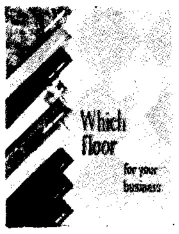
The only customers who didn't mention the change were the new ones who came in for the first time because the store looked like such a clean and attractive place to shop.

Since then, this store owner has found that Armstrong's Linoleum offers more than improved appearance. Cleaning time has been reduced. He says, "When I think of the hours I wasted trying to keep the old floor clean, I don't see why I didn't get Armstrong's Linoleum sooner." His wife has another point: "I'm not nearly so tired as I used to be at the end of the day." That's because Armstrong's Linoleum is resilient, comfortable underfoot.

Perhaps your place of business, too, could benefit from a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. Any decorative requirement can be met with the wide range of colors and patterns. Your near-by Armstrong flooring contractor can show you how a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum will improve the appearance of your store or office.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you can spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5008 Jackson St., Lancaster, Pa.



ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

"MY VOICE IS MY LIVING"...

says *Vaughn Monroe*

RADIO AND RECORDING STAR

...so it's only common sense that I smoke the cigarette that agrees with my throat —CAMEL!
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

HIS VOICE is in demand around the clock—network radio... theater appearances... motion pictures... dance dates (over 100 last year) from Maine to California... plus recording hit tunes that sell in the millions of copies. Vaughn Monroe is the singingest band leader in the U. S. A.

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS...

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

Make a Note... Remember Your Throat!

VOICE COACH George Griffin: "My career asks a lot from my throat. Thanks to the 30-Day Test, I found the cigarette that agrees with my throat—mild, flavorful Camels!"

HOUSEWIFE Mrs. Jane Christman: "I don't use my voice for a living, but throat irritation doesn't go with me either. Camels for me—they agree with my throat!"

SHIP-TO-SHORE RADIO DISPATCHER Donald Minor: "On my job, cigarette mildness is important. I stick to Camels. They're a real mild, good-tasting cigarette!"

Make your own 30-Day Camel MILDNESS Test

in your "T-ZONE"
(T for Throat—T for Taste)

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.